

Frank Sinatra**"Don't Ever Be Afraid To Go Home"**

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Don't ever be afraid to go home,
Don't ever be afraid to go home,
When you've hitched your wagon to a fast falling star,
And the last string is broken on your love-sick guitar,
Whatever you're doing and wherever you are,
Don't ever be afraid, don't ever be afraid to go home,
I used to be afraid to go home.
But one day, I was made to go home,
Now I was almost certain they would lock the door on
me,
'Cause I'm that sour apple on my old family tree.
But folks who really love me made me welcome as
could be,
Don't ever be afraid, don't ever be afraid to go home.
I used to be afraid to go home.
But one day, I was made to go home,
Now I was almost certain they would lock the door on
me,
Cause I'm the sour apple on my old family tree.
But the folks who really love me made me welcome as
could be,
Don't ever be afraid, don't you ever be afraid,
Don't ever be afraid to go home.

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