

Gil Scott-Heron

"Home"

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There's been a whole lot said about your city living
They told us that the streets were paved with gold
And some of us believed 'em, left our home and came
looking
But that was just another story they told
I got to get back and see my people
Someday and someday

My old Uncle Henry don't believe in those airplanes
Lord knows you sure been good to me
Gave me piggy bak rides down them dusty highways
When I came just up to his knees
I got to get back and see my people
Someday and someday

I never thought I'd be lost and start searching for
warmth and a smile
I never thought I'd be running through the city streets
like a newborn child
No, no, no

I never thought I'd be lost and start searching for
warmth and a smile
I never thought I'd be running through the city streets
like a newborn child
But here I am
And I got some people and I know that they love me
And I know just where to look this time
Collar greens and cornbread on my Sunday dinner
And don't you know that makes me think it's working
out fine
When I get back to see my people
Someday and someday
Someday and someday
And someday, and someday

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