

Hank Snow "Home Call"

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At the close of the day when the sun sinks away
Below the western sea
Then I'll seek my rest in a little love nest
Built for Carrie, Anita and me.

A big mora's chair awaits for me there
Beside a bright log fire
My babe at my knee and my wife sings with me
While I strum on my old guitar.

In fact we're as happy
As happy can be
Every evening
Just Carrie, Anita and me.

--- Instrumental ---

Everything may go wrong as I pull all day long
But when the shadows fall
Then the cares of the day slip softly away
As I hear that old home call.

A big mora's chair awaits for me there
Beside a bright log fire
My babe at my knee and my wife sings with me
While I strum on my old guitar.

In fact we're as happy
As happy can be
Every evening
Just Carrie, Anita and me...

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