

## Humble Gods

### "Down Home Again"

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Well, the show's all over  
I'll just pack my guitar  
Well, what am I doing here, girl?  
Get up--c'mon make for your car  
Head on back to where the air is clear  
There's a young girl there  
Who's part of my life  
She says I'm her only  
I call her my wife  
I'm so glad to be back home again  
Well, let me sit down slowly  
Put my feet up somewhere  
I let it all out of my head  
Well a day-dreamin' guitar-pickin'  
Nothin'-doin' pint of milk  
Wakes up with the horrors  
Of a hotel bed  
But it's alright, there's a hand on my cheek  
And it belongs to the girl  
That makes my will power weak  
I'm so glad to be back home again  
Oh, get on home  
Well, there's a young girl there  
Who's part of my life  
She says I'm her only  
But I call her my wife  
I'm so glad to be back home again  
Ooh, ooh  
Get on home, yeah  
I'm so glad to be back home again  
I don't want your money  
But I just want your lovin'  
Well, I'm so glad to be back home again  
I don't want your money  
But I just want your lovin'  
I'm so glad to be back home again  
I don't want your money  
But I just want your lovin'  
I'm so glad to be back home again  
I don't want your money  
But I just want your lovin'

I'm so glad I'm back home again  
I don't want your money  
But I just want your lovin'

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