

Jim Reeves **"Home"**

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Well, I've been a traveler most of my life
Never took a home, never took a wife
Ran away young and decided to roam
Wanna see my mama and my daddy back home

Home, where the river runs cold
The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold
Home, where the trees grow tall
The home fires burn, the whippoorwill's call

I remember stories that my daddy used to tell
My eyes would get big and his chest would swell
I could sit for hours and listen with glee
As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like me

Home, where the river runs cold
The water tastes good, the winters ain't cold
Home, where the trees grow tall
The home fires burn, the whippoorwill's call

Well, mama dear, mama, do you still love your boy
After all my roamin' can I still bring you joy
Mom sent a letter, got it not long ago
She said, "Come home, I'm missin' you so"

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