

Keith Richards

"Sing Me Back Home"

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The warden who led a prisoner down the hallway to his
doom
I stood up to say, goodbye like all the rest
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached
my cell
Let my guitar playing friend do my request

Let him sing me back home with a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Oh please, take me away and turn back the years
Sing me back home before I die

I remember Sunday morning, a choir from off the
streets
They came in to sing a few old gospel songs
And I heard him tell the singers, there's a song my
mama sang
Won't you sing it once before I move along?

Oh, won't you sing me back home? There's a songs I
used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Please, take me away and turn back the years
Sing me back home before I die

Oh, won't you sing me back home before I die?

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