

Kenny Rogers

"Homeland"

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Homeland

There's a piece of prairie with a white picket gate.
The geographic center of the lower 48.
How long it's been in our family is anybody's guess.
We were riding these plains before the pony express.

There's a sycamore tree all splintered and brown.
Well, it used to touch the sky 'till the twister came
round.
It's got this one green branch pointing in the air.
Yeah it's still hanging on, just like the people around
here.

You can hold back the rain, bring on the wind.
Knock us right down, we'll get up again.
We've dug in deep, made our stand.
This is our homeland.

I can feel their spirit deep in my bones.
Up on the hill we carved it in stone.
Been a long line before us, and little ones to come.
Yeah, it's a family thing that we're carrying on.

You can hold back the rain, bring on the wind.
Knock us right down, we'll get up again.
We've dug in deep, made our stand.
This is our homeland.

We've dug in deep, made our stand.
This is our home...
This is our homeland (repeat and fade)

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