

## Kingston Trio "I'm Going Home"

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Well, no matter where I wandered  
I know, I'll always find a welcome  
At the end of every journey  
There'll be friendly people waitin'

California would not hold me  
Though I loved her timbered mountains  
Worked her fields and worked her orchards  
Up and down her central valley

I have driven open highway  
Through the golden Utah valley  
And I watched the rivers gently gliding  
I wave my hand to friendly people

California would not hold me  
Though I loved her timbered mountains  
Worked her fields and worked her orchards  
Up and down her central valley

Folks who know me call me a drifter  
They don't know I'll stop my ramblin'  
They don't know that someday, somewhere  
Somebody's gonna make me settle down

I'm going home, Lord, I'm going home  
I'm going home, Lord, I'm going home

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I'm going home

