

Corey Smith "Single-Wide Home"

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Daddy worked out in the lumber yard,
By the cemetery road.
Carrying the load the best he could.
We; d see him from the highway
When mom would drive us to town.
He looked so small between those rolls of wood

He'd come home around supper time
Kick the sawdust off his boots
Take my baby brother in his arms
I was only five years old
But I remember it so well
I learned what love was there in our single wide home

It was a single wide home
On a dead end gravel road
The back side of my granddaddys land
We had a fifteen acre playground
And it was paradise to me
Lord I wish I could go home again.

We got cable television, back in 85.
50 channels were the world to me.
Then the cartoons and the evening news
Taught me how to be afraid
Of guns and drugs and poverty

I cried momma oh momma I don't ever wanna leave
She said son one day you'll be on your own
But jesus died so you might live and you don't have to
be afriad
Yea I found God there in our single home

It was a single wide home
And I had a bible in my hand
And jesus saved me from my sins
As I've gotten older
I've drifted away
Lord I wish I could go home again.

I wish I could go home again

Now that trailers in the scrap yard
Out by the interstate where all the strangers come in
When grandad died they sold the property
Tore down the timber
And started builing

It was a single wide home
Just off jackson trail
Back before the developers moved in
It's all covered up now
By track houses and rows
Lord I wish I could go home again
I wish I could go home again
To a single wide home
Ohhha

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