

## Porter Kalan

### "Come On In"

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If I had one wish I wish I could go back to my old  
neighborhood  
For the good folks they all loved you as their own  
Then I'd go over to my neighbor's house  
Knock on the door and they'd all sing out  
Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home.

I sing their praises long and loud  
'Cause they're all my friends and I'm mighty proud  
Of the little old town back home where I was born  
I wish that I could hear them say in the good old  
fashioned friendly way  
Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, they don't lock their doors at night  
'Cause they all know they're a doing right  
And the good Lord's bound to have them for his own  
If I'd go back to hear them pray  
In the little fine church they all would say.

Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home  
When I was a child of only three I said my prayers at my  
mother's knee  
And I knew right then from God I'd never roam  
When I get the summons on the judgement day  
I hope that I hear my Saviour say.

Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home.  
Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home...

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