

Dean Martin "Detroit City"

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I want to go home
I want to go home
Oh, how I want to go home

Last night I went to sleep in Detroit city
And I dreamed about those cotton fields at home
I dreamed about my mother, dear old papa, sister and
brother
I dreamed about that girl who's been waiting for so
long

I want to go home
I want to go home
Oh, how I want to go home

At home folks think I'm big in Detroit city
From the letters that I write they think I'm fine
But by day I make the cars and by night I make the bars
If only they could read between the lines

You know I rode a freight train north to Detroit city
After all these years I find that I've just been wasting
my time
So I just think I'll take my foolish pride put on a
southbound train and ride
And go on back to the loved ones the ones that I've left
waiting so far behind

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