

Statler Brothers

"You Can't Go Home"

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(Don Reid)

Roy taught me how to play baseball
And do the foxchase on the harp
Taught me how to swim and fish
And tell the difference between bass and carp.

Taught me how to snap my fingers
Whistle through my teeth, oh, Uncle Roy
He sure took time to make times good
For a little pesty half grown boy.

And Kathleen would wash my clothes
And blow my nose whenever nature called
Darn my socks and damn the pox
That kept me out of school from fall to fall.

Gave me movie money though I
Never did my chores the way I should
To a nasty little nephew Kathleen
You sure made aunthood awful good.

And Freddy used to lie for me
Whenever something valuable got broke
He taught me how to climb a tree
About birds and bees and taught me how to smoke.

He took me on my first date
I was scared to death but he said you'll do fine
Good buddy, you're my cousin
But you seem more like a brother of mine.

But you can't go home to the good times
You can't go home anymore
Roy's all crippled up now, Kathleen can hardly see
Freddy's off somewhere to fight a war.

And you can't go home to the good times
You can't go home anymore
Everything has changed and who is there to blame
For the fact that you just can't go home.

--- Instrumental ---

Looking back I'd say I had the best childhood
That money just can't buy
And I owe it all to three good folks
Who took me in when mom began to die.

They always told me son just do what's right
And you'll be proud just wait and see
Well, Roy and Kathleen I'm only proud
That you're the ones who's proud of me.

But you can't go home to the good times
You can't go home anymore
Roy's rheumatism, Kathleen's cataract
And Freddy's fightin' someone else's war...

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