

## The Civil Wars "My Father s Father"

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I hear something hangin' on the wind  
I see black smoke up around the bend  
I got my ticket and I'm going to go  
Home

The leaves have changed a time or two  
Since the last time the train came through  
I got my ticket and I'm going to go  
Home

My father's father's blood's on the tracks  
A sweet refrain drifts in from the past  
I got my ticket and I'm going to go  
Home

The winding roads that led me here  
Burn like coal and dry like tears  
So here's my hope, my tired soul  
And here's my ticket, I want to go

Home  
Home  
Home

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