

**Tim Maia****"Home"**

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Mama's got her apron on  
Standing in the kitchen  
Cooking up my favorite dish  
Whatever she is fixing  
Daddy's in a picture in a frame  
That's always sitting by the phone

Daffodils are popping up  
Out behind the clothesline  
Underneath that tree I planted  
When I was just a boy of nine  
Man I never can believe  
Just how much it's grown when I go

Home  
Back home  
To the gentle place that held me close  
As I became a man  
And the streets are all familiar  
And an old friend shakes my hand  
And I feel fine  
So fine  
Yeah, knowing that this road I'm wandering on  
From time to time  
It always leads me home

Brother, he'll be waiting with the  
Latest from the grapevine, saying  
Man you won't believe them stories  
About those crazy friends of mine  
And all them little scandals  
That a small town can't seem to leave alone

Later on we'll sit around  
Bellies tight from supper  
Telling all them stories  
That we just can't get enough of  
And somewhere in an honest laugh  
It'll finally hit me that I'm

Home

Back home  
Where the memories all have gathered up  
And slowly turned to gold  
And I carry them along with me wherever I may go  
And I feel fine  
So fine  
In knowing that this road I'm wandering on  
From time to time  
It always leads me home  
Back home

Well I go and put some flowers down at daddy's stone  
And I see that empty space beside him  
It always makes me glad that I came

Home  
Back home  
Where the Bible is the Bible  
And the angels get their wings  
And the circle is unbroken  
When I hear them church bells ring  
And I feel fine  
You know I feel so fine  
Yeah, knowing that this road I'm wandering on  
From time to time unwinds  
Cross the rivers, through the pines  
It always leads me home

Back home  
Yeah I'm going back home  
Back home

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