

Willie Nelson "Goin' Home"

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The closer I get to my home, Lord
The more I wanna be there
There'll be a gatherin' of loved ones and friends
Lord, you know I wanna be there

There'll be a mixture of teardrops and flowers
Crying and talking for hours
'Bout how wild that I was
And if I'd listened to them, I wouldn't be there

Well, there's old Charlie Toll
They threw away the mold when they made him
And Jimmy McCline
It looks like the wine's finally laid him

And Billie McRae
That I could any day in a card game
And Bessie McNeal
But her tears are real, I can see pain

There's a mixture of teardrops and flowers
Crying and talking for hours
'Bout how wild that I was
And if I'd listened to them, I wouldn't be there

Lord, thanks for the ride
I got a feeling inside that I know you
And if you see your way, you're welcome to stay
'Cause I'm gonna need you

There's a mixture of teardrops and flowers
Crying and talking for hours
'Bout how wild that I was
And if I'd listened to them, I wouldn't be there

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