

## Hancock Wayne "Back Home"

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Back Home by Wayne Hancock

Well it sure is hot and my cloths are sticking to me,  
There's nothing out here but blowing dust, far as I can  
see

I got strapped on my back everything I own  
But I know it'll be all right when I get back home  
The cars keep passing me by but I really don't care  
For two weeks now I've been walking this road  
Living on luck and prayer  
It's the longest that I've been away and gone  
But I know it'll be all right when I get back home  
Back home, there's good old country cooking  
And those I love will be waiting there for me  
It sure got dark and I think I saw some lightning in that  
cloud

I just heard a peel of thunder  
Boy it sure was loud  
This is the hardest kind of walk I've ever known  
But I know it'll be all right when I get back home  
Instrumental  
Back home, there's good old mamma's cooking  
And those I love will be waiting there for me  
The rain keeps a coming down in sheets and my cloths  
are soaking wet  
The runoff's getting deeper  
But I ain't drowning yet  
The cold rain really chills me to the bone,  
But I know it'll be all right when I get back home.  
Yeah, I know it'll be all right when I get back home

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