

## Amateur Transplants

### "The End Is Not In Sight"

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Guess I knew it all along  
I'd have to come back home  
'Cause this living on the road  
Only makes me tired and sore  
Like a bird without a nest  
Like a stranger in the night  
And my soul cries out for rest  
And the end is not in sight  
Tastes like sweet magnolia wine  
Honey dripping from your mouth  
And that sweet little gal of mine  
She's the finest in the south  
Now the day's are gettin' longer  
And the nights are gettin' colder  
I just want to come back home  
Lay my head down on your shoulder  
Guess I knew it all along  
I'd have to come back home  
'Cause this living on the road  
Only makes me tired and sore  
Like a bird without a nest  
Like a stranger in the night  
And my soul cries out for rest  
And the end is not in sight

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