

Beth Jeans Houghton

"Heading Home"

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Driving down the innerstate got one thing on my mind
today
Passing those city signs heading to the place where I
belong
90 miles to go before I see those old dirt roads
I'll hit the gas, get there fast, ya I'm heading home

The black top ends before you pass the city limit sign
No mercedes, rusty tractors are just fine
And I wanna see golden fields blow in the breeze
That's how I know I'm heading home

It's been a couple years wonder if anything has
changed round here
I up and left so fast with my big dreams and a tank of
gas
I couldn't wait to see what this big ole world had
planned for me
I found out that when I get back I never wanna leave

The black top ends before you pass the city limit sign
No mercedes, rusty tractors are just fine
And I wanna see golden fields blow in the breeze
That's how I know I'm heading home

I'm Heading home
I'm heading home

The black top ends before you pass the city limit sign
No mercedes, rusty tractors are just fine
And I wanna see golden fields blow in the breeze
That's how I know I'm heading home

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