

Rick Nelson

"Down Home"

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Down home, oh, down home
There used to be rivers and trees
Fresh bread every single morning
And sweet magnolia in the breeze

Oh, fishing lines and young dreams
Oh, I hear them calling to me
But there's no way to get down home
?Cause down home's just a memory

Wish I could leave this big town city
Living ain't living to me
But there's no way to get down home

No, you can't retrieve it
?Cause once you leave it
Oh, down homes just a memory
Down home oh down home

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