

## Roger McGuinn

### "Home"

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I've been a traveler most of my life I never took a home  
I never took a wife  
Ran away young and decided to roam  
But now I'd likea see my mama and my papa back  
home  
Well a home where the river runs cold the water tastes  
good the winters ain't cold  
A home where trees grow tall the homefires burn the  
whippoorwills call

Well I remember stories that my pappy used to tell  
Yeah my eyes would get big my chest just a swell  
I could sit for hours and listen with glee  
As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like me  
Well a home where the river runs cold...

Now mama dear mama do you still love your boy  
After all my roamin' can I still bring you joy  
Mom you sent a letter got it not long ago  
And you said to come home cause you're missin' me so  
Well a home where the river runs cold...

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