

Roger Miller "Home"

Visit "[Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I've been a traveler the 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 like a 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 home fires burn the whippoorwills call

Well I remember stories that my Pappy used to tell
Yeah my eyes would get big his chest would 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
The water tastes good the winters ain't cold
A home where trees grow tall
The home fires burn the whippoorwills call

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

A home where trees grow tall
The home fires burn the whippoorwills call
A home where the river runs cold
The water tastes good the winters ain't cold
A home where trees grow tall
The home fires burn the whippoorwills call

Visit [Roger Miller](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.