

Latresa

"I Miss My Home"

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My mind's eye sees reflections of her blue Kentucky
moon
And the sun as it dances on her goldenrods at noon
Her fillies in the fields are pure splendor in the grass
And music in her hollers calls me back

And the moon is a pale shade of grey again tonight
And the stars in this sky still refuse to share their light
Lord, the clouds are moving in
I need the sun to shine again
I've been gone far too long
I miss my home

I can still remember clearly all her long summer days
And her hills in the autumn dressed in misty, purple
haze
I miss her children's smiles, the friends and kin I left
behind
And dinners on the ground beneath her pines

And the moon is a pale shade of grey again tonight
And the stars in this sky still refuse to share their light
Lord, the clouds are moving in
I need the sun to shine again
I've been gone far too long
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