

Tim Kasher**"Home"**

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

Mama's got her apron on
Standing in the kitchen
Cooking up my favorite dish
Whatever she is fixing
Daddy's in a picture in a frame
That's always sitting by the phone

Daffodils are popping up
Out behind the clothesline
Underneath that tree I planted
When I was just a boy of nine
Man I never can believe
Just how much it's grown when I go

Home
Back home
To the gentle place that held me close
As I became a man
And the streets are all familiar
And an old friend shakes my hand
And I feel fine
So fine
Yeah, knowing that this road I'm wandering on
From time to time
It always leads me home

Brother, he'll be waiting with the
Latest from the grapevine, saying
Man you won't believe them stories
About those crazy friends of mine
And all them little scandals
That a small town can't seem to leave alone

Later on we'll sit around
Bellies tight from supper
Telling all them stories
That we just can't get enough of
And somewhere in an honest laugh
It'll finally hit me that I'm

Home

Back home
Where the memories all have gathered up
And slowly turned to gold
And I carry them along with me wherever I may go
And I feel fine
So fine
In knowing that this road I'm wandering on
From time to time
It always leads me home
Back home

Well I go and put some flowers down at daddy's stone
And I see that empty space beside him
It always makes me glad that I came

Home
Back home
Where the Bible is the Bible
And the angels get their wings
And the circle is unbroken
When I hear them church bells ring
And I feel fine
You know I feel so fine
Yeah, knowing that this road I'm wandering on
From time to time unwinds
Cross the rivers, through the pines
It always leads me home

Back home
Yeah I'm going back home
Back home

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