

Justin Tubb

"Home"

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(Roger Miller)

Home where the river runs cold
The water tastes good the winters ain't cold
Home where trees grow tall
The homefires burn and the whippoorwills call.

Well I've been a traveler most of my life
I never took a home I never took a wife
I ran away young and decided to roam
But now I wanna see my mama and my daddy back
home.

Home where the river runs cold
The water tastes good the winters ain't cold
Home where trees grow tall
The homefires burn and the whippoorwills call.

Well, I remember stories that my pappa used to tell
My eyes get big and my chest begin to 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.

Home where the river runs cold
The water tastes good the winters ain't cold
Home where trees grow tall
The homefires burn and the whippoorwills call.

Mama dear mama do you still love your boy
After all my roamin' can I still bring you joy
Mama sent a letter got it not long ago
And it said come home I'm a missing you so.

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