

Umphey's McGee

"Home"

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Voices of relatives, long time gone
Smiles and times we've spent, I can't forget
Laughs that etched their way in the storm
After all these years

And all set point right back to home

The air does not clean nearly fast enough around here
Choked words and unfinished sentences
These never ending subtle messages of home
Trees and notes

And all roads point right back to home

You rise and shine because the virgin mother said
Legs can't walk, givin' up
Givin' up is not one of the options
Givin' up is not in the plans

I know the trip is long on the body
So don't ask it 'Where they're yet?' like a child
'Cause patience is a virtue
Rain and snow

And all roads point right back to you

Find a path of consistency
Sink my teeth into it
Soak my feet in the mud of my past
Flesh and blood

And all roads point there back to home

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