

Alan Jackson, Home

(Alan Jackson)

In a small town down in Georgia over forty years ago
Her maiden name was Musik til she met that Jackson boy
They married young like folks did then, not a penny to their name
But they believe the one you vow to love
Should always stay that same

And on the land his daddy gave him, a foundation under way
For a love to last forever or until their dying day
They built a bond that's strong enough to stand the test of time
And a place for us to turn to when our lives were in a bind

And they made their house from a toolshed
Granddaddy rolled down on two logs
And they built walls all around it
And they made that house a home
They taught us 'bout good living
They taught is right and wrong
Lord there'll never be another place
In this world I'll call home

My momma raised five children, four girls then there was me
She found her strength with faith in Gof and love of family
She never had a social life, home was all she knew
Except the time she took a job, to play a bill or two

My daddy skinned his knuckles on the cars that he repaired
He never earned much money but he gave us all he had
He never made the front page but he did the best he could
And folks drove their cars from miles around
To let him look underneath the hood

And they made their house from a toolshed
Granddaddy rolled down on two logs
And they built walls all around it
And they made that house a home
They taught us 'bout good living
They taught is right and wrong
Lord there'll never be another place
In this world I'll call home
No there'll never be another place in this world
That I'll call home