

# Gary Puckett, Home

And every night they lie awake  
And dream of mama's chocolate cake  
And wonder if they'll be a tomorrow  
And will they ever see their home and their family  
Or will they ever be back home  
And boys who never learned to pray  
Look to the heavens everyday  
And stumble through a simple little prayer  
And ask the Lord above  
To send them home to the one's they love  
Oh god I hope they make it home  
And every day some young man die's  
And in the night some young girl cries  
He'll never hear his baby's laughter  
He'll never ever see his home and his family  
Or what he's done for you and me  
But I guess he's on his way back home