

# Bill Anderson, Home and Things

Never thought I'd miss that little old shack where I was born  
Never thought I'd miss that little hick town  
But then I never thought I'd wander quite this far away  
Or my dreams would get turned quite this upside down  
Home and things are heavy on my mind tonight and I'd fly south if only I had wings  
This big old world can make you miss the simple life you used to live  
Oh what I'd give to just see home and things

Things like my mama coolin' off her applepies and the window sill  
And dryin' her washin' on a limb from a hickory tree  
Things like my daddy takin' his lunch to work in a paper sack  
And tellin' all of his buddies how proud he is of me  
Things like the preacher standin' in the pulpit early on Sunday morning  
Preachin' to the sinners and leadin' everybody in a prayer  
Oh the sun was yellow and the grass was green  
And the folks they were warm and friendly  
And your soul could take a good deep breath of God's fresh air  
Home and things are heavy...  
Home and things are heavy on my mind tonight