

Bill Monroe, I Wish I Was In The Southland Sitting

I left my old home in the mountains
And the only friends I ever had
And while I rambled this world over
My heart felt so lonely and sad

I'm going back to the old home
Back to the place I love so well
Where the sweet waters flow and the wildflowers grow
Back to the old home on the hill

I know that dear old mother's waiting
Waiting alone on that hill
With the silver in her hair and a twinkle in her eye
In the old cabin home on the hill

Years have gone by since I saw her
I've traveled many a mile
But tonight there's a light in the window
And she's waiting at the door with a smile