Billy Ray Cyrus, Sing Me Back Home

Written by Merle Haggard

The warden led a prisoner down a hallway to his doom.
I stood up to say goodbye like all the rest.
And I heard him tell the warden, just before he reached my cell:
"Let my guitar playing friend do my request."
"Let him sing me back home, with a song I used to hear.
And make my old mem'ries come alive.
Ane take me away and turn back the years.
And sing me back home before I die."
I recall last Sunday morning, a choir from off the streets.
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs.
And I heard him tell the singers:"There's a song my Mama sang.
Could I hear it once before you move along?"
"Let him sing me back home, with a song I used to hear.
And make my old mem'ries come alive
And take me away and turn back the years.
And sing me back home before I die."
"And sing me back home before I die."