

# Bobby Bare, Homestead on the Farm

I wonder how the old folks are at home I wonder if they miss me while I've gone  
I wonder if they pray for their boy who went away  
And left his mom and papa all alone  
You could see the cattle lowin' in the lane  
You could see the fields of blue grass where I've grown  
You could almost hear them cry as they kissed their boy goodbye  
I wonder how the old folks are at home

Just the village and the homestead on the farm  
And the mother's love there to keep you from all harm  
There's the mother's love so true and the sweetheart who loves you too  
I wonder how the old folks are at home  
You could hear the cattle lowin'...  
I wonder how the old folks are at home