

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