

Buck Owens, Homeward Bound

I'm sittin' in the railway station
Got a ticket for my destination mhm
On a tour of one night stands
My suitcase and guitar in hand.

And every stop is neatly planned
For a poet and a one man band
Homeward bound
I wish I was homeward bound.

Home where my thought's escaping
Home where my music's playing
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.

Every day's an endless stream
Of cigarettes and magazines mhm
And each town looks the same to me
The movies and the factories

And every stranger's face I see
Reminds me that I long to be
Homeward bound
I wish I was homeward bound.

Home where my thought's escaping
Home where my music's playing
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.

Tonight I'll sing my songs again
I'll play the game and pretend mhm
But all my words come back to me
In shades of mediocrity.

Like emptiness and harmony
I need someone to comfort me
Homeward bound
I wish I was homeward bound.

Home where my thought's escaping
Home where my music's playing
Home where my love lies waiting
Silently for me.

Silently for me, silently for me...