

# 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...