

# Bucky Covington, Hometown

I'm sittin' on the train bridge waitin' on sundown.  
River winds settin' low on that whole town.  
And nothin' else to do but think.  
And toss a stone and watch it sink.  
Lord, I hope Heaven's a lot like my Hometown.

I'm walkin' down the old track balancin' on a rail.  
A Sunday breeze carrying church bells.  
A Sunlight Kaleidoscope,  
And through them leaves of a scarlet hope.  
Lord, I hope Heaven's a lot like my Hometown.

Halleluiah, lift my spirit into the sky.  
Until I'm home again in the sweet by and by...  
By and By.

I've heard the preacher talkin' 'bout streets of gold.  
But, I'll be fine forever walking these dirt roads.  
The home place ain't much to see,  
But it's mansion enough for me.  
Lord, I hope Heaven's a lot like my Hometown.  
Hey, hey...  
Lord, I hope Heaven's a lot like my Hometown.  
Yeah..