

Darryl Worley, Back Where I Belong

(Darryl Worley/Steve Leslie/Randy Hardison)

There's a little shack tucked back in the timber
It wasn't much back then but it was home
Sometimes it hurts me to remember
Just how long I've been gone
Oh how I miss the smell of mama's kitchen
And the way she used to sing those gospel songs
Right now I wish that me and dad were fishin'
So I could tell him, he was right, and I was wrong
Big city nights and lights surround me
Feels like a prison to my soul
I can hear a whippoorwill calling me home
Back where I belong
Now all the rockin' chairs are empty
I hate to think how tall the weeds have grown
I'd give back everything the good Lord gave me
If I could just go back to where I belong
Big city nights and lights surround me
Feels like a prison to my soul
I can hear a whippoorwill calling me home
Back where I belong
Back where I belong