

Ernest Tubb, Sing Me Back Home

The warden let the prisoner down the hallway to his doom
And I stood up to say goodbye like all the rest
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell
Let my guitar playing friend do my request
Let him sing me back home the song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Take me away and turn back the years sing me back home before I die
[guitar]
I recall last Sunday morning a choir from off the street
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs
And I heard him tell the singers there's a song my mama sang
Could I hear it once before you move along
Won't you sing me back home...
Won't you sing me back home before I die