Flatt And Scruggs, Gone Home

All of my friends that I loved yesterday Gone home (they have gone home) gone home (they have) The songbirds that sing in the dell seem to say Gone home (they have gone home) gone home (they have)

They've joined the heavenly fold They're walking the streets of pure gold They left one by one as their work here was done Gone home (they have gone home) gone home (they have)

Life here is lonely since they've gone before Gone home (they have gone home) gone home (they have) The old weeping willow that stands by the door Sadly says (they have gone home) gone home (they have)

The trumpet will sound on that Great Judgment day Gone home (they have gone home) gone home (they have) We'll see all our friends that have gone on that way Gone home (they have gone home) gone home (they have)