

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)