

# Flatt And Scruggs, Homestead On The Farm

Well I wonder how the old folks are at home  
I wonder if they miss me while I roam  
I wonder if they pray for the boy who went away  
And left his dear old parents all alone

Now you can hear the cattle lowing in the lane  
You can see the fields of bluegrass where I'd roam  
You can almost hear them cry as they kiss their boy goodbye  
I wonder how the old folks are at home

Just a village and a homestead on the farm  
And a mother's love to shield you from all harm  
A mother's love so dear and a sweetheart brave and true  
Just a village and a homestead on the farm