

Hank Snow, Down The Old Road To Home

I'm thinking of you while here all alone
I'm wishing and longing for you and for home
I'd give this whole world if I could only say
I'm climbin' that old hill heading that way
For I'm lonesome and blue for some place to roam
And I wish it could be down that old road to home

With a troubled mind and a heart full of pain
I've searched this whole world for fortune and fame
But I'm longing to be with you once again
So we could go strolling down old mem'ry lane
[fiddle]

There's a little white house on the top of the hill
Not very far from an old sawmill
And I'd give this world if I could only say
I'm climbing that old hill heading that way
For I'm lonesome and blue for some place to roam
And I wish it could be down that old road to home