

Hank Snow, Home Call

At the close of the day when the sun sinks away below the western sea
Then I'll seek my rest in a little love nest built for Carrie Anita and me
A big mora's chair awaits for me there beside a bright log fire
My babe at my knee and my wife sings with me while I strum on my old guitar
In fact we're as happy as happy can be every evening just Carrie Anita and me
[ac.guitars]
Everything may go wrong as I pull all day long but when the shadows fall
Then the cares of the day slip softly away as I hear that old home call
A big mora's chair...