

Harlan Howard, Home From The Forest

Oh the neon lights were flashing and the icy wind did blow
The water seeped into his shoes and the drizzle turned to snow
His eyes were red his hopes were dead and the wine was running low
And the old man came home from the forest
His tears fell on the sidewalk as he stumbled to the street
A dozen faces stopped to stare but no one stopped to speak
For his castle was a hallway and the bottle was his friend
And the old man stumbled in from the forest

(ac.guitar)

Up a dark and dingy staircase the old man made his way
His ragged coat around him as upon his cot he lay
And he wondered how it happened that he'd ended up this way
Getting lost like a fool in the forest
And as he lay there sleeping a vision did appear
Upon his mantle shining the face of one so dear
Who'd loved him in the springtime of a long forgotten year
When the wildflowers did bloom in the forest

(harmonica)

She touched his grizzled fingers as she called him by his name
And then he heard the joyful sound of children at their games
In an old house on a hillside in some forgotten town
Where the river runs down from the forest
With a mighty roar the big jet soars above the canyon streets
And the con men con but life goes on for the city never sleeps
But to an old forgotten soldier the dawn will come no more
For the old man has come home from the forest