

Kim Richey, A Place Called Home

Well, it's not hard to see
Anyone who looks at me
Knows I am just a rolling stone
Never landing anyplace to call my own
To call my own
Well, it seems like so long ago
But it really ain't you know
I started out a crazy kid
Miracle I made it through the things I did
The things I did
Someday I'll go where there ain't no rain or snow
Til then, I travel alone
And I make my bed with the stars above my head
And dream of a place called home
I had a chance to settle down
Get a job and live in town
Work in some old factory
I never liked the foreman standing over me
Over me
Oh I'd rather walk a winding road
Rather know the things I know
See the world with my own eyes
No regrets, no looking back, no goodbyes
No goodbyes
Someday I'll go where there ain't no rain or snow
Til then, I travel alone
And I make my bed with the stars above my head
And I dream of a place called home