

Linda Davis, The Boy Back Home

The first time she saw him he stood at home plate
He knocked that curve ball almost out of state
The crowd went wild
He kinda smiled
And her heart melted away
The last time she saw him was at the airport gate
He'd write from college every other day
Letters sent
With good intent
But the miles got in the way
She tried to fall again
And every now and then she got real close
But it never worked out right
And with every sad goodbye her mind goes to
The boy back home
And their favorite song
And more shining stars than a girl could wish upon
Where there were no dreams
Out of reach
She'd go anywhere to find the boy back home
She drove last weekend to the old home town
Their favorite soda shop had been torn down
The drive-in's gone
And her heart longs
For a place that can't be found
And in the hours spent
In youthful innocence
Safe in the arms of
The boy back home
And their favorite song
And more shining stars than a girl could wish upon
Where there were no dreams
Out of reach
She'd go anywhere to find the boy back home