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