

# Mel Tillis, That's Not Home

Maybe tomorrow I won't come home maybe you won't even care  
At seven you'll throw a kiss toward the door and smile at my empty chair  
For there's nothing here for a man to cling to nothing to keep me at home  
Only a girl that's a stranger to me breathing on flames that're gone  
Home isn't where I hang up my hat every night  
And home isn't anything like cold arms holding me tight that's not right  
And home isn't some place to go just to feel all alone that's not home  
Maybe you might never see me again maybe that's the best way  
I'll join myself to some south blowing wind leave here and find my own way  
And maybe I'll find home someday