

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