

Porter Wagoner, Come On In (And Make Yourself

(Come on in sit right down make yourself at home)

If I had one wish I wish I could go back to my old neighborhood

For the good folks they all loved you as their own

Then I'd go over to my neighbor's house knock on the door and they'd all sing out

Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home

I sing their praises long and loud cause they're all my friends and I'm mighty proud

Of the little old town back home where I was born

I wish that I could hear them say in the good old fashioned friendly way

Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home

[el.banjo]

Well they don't lock their doors at night cause they all know they're a doing right

And the good Lord's bound to have them for his own

If I'd go back to hear them pray in the little fine church they all would say

Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home

When I was a child of only three I said my prayers at my mother's knee

And I knew right then from God I'd never roam

When I get the summons on the judgement day I hope that I hear my Saviour say

Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home

Come on in sit right down and make yourself at home