

# Porter Wagoner, I Wonder How The Old Folks Are At Home

Well I wonder how the old folks are at home  
I wonder if they'll miss me when I'm gone  
I wonder if they'll pray for the boy who went away  
And left his dear old parents so alone  
Now you can hear the cattle lowin' in the lane  
You can see the fields of blue grass where I roam  
You can almost hear them cry as they kiss their boy goodbye  
I wonder how the old folks are at home  
( el.banjo - fiddle )  
Just a village and a homestead on the farm  
And a mother's love to shield you from all harm  
A mother's love so true a sweetheart that loves you  
Just a village and a homestead on the farm  
Now you can hear the cattle lowin'...