

# Rick Nelson, Down Home

Down home oh down home there used to be rivers and trees  
Fresh bread every single morning and sweet magnolia in the breeze  
Oh fishing lines and young dreams oh I hear them calling to me  
But there's no way to get down home cause down home's just a memory  
[ trumpet - guitar ]  
Wish I could leave this big town city living ain't living to me  
But there's no way to get down home  
No you can't retrieve it cause once you leave it oh down homes just a memory  
Down home oh down home