

# Ricky 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

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 home's just a memory  
Down home  
Oh, down home