

Robert Earl Keen, Coming Home Of The Son And

Time for the singer
Time for the singer boy to make his way home
A prodigal I've been distressed
This lonely child can't make it on his own
I've been traveling states away
I've been playing in a bluegrass band
Now it's the coming home
Of the son and brother again

Time has slipped away
I don't know if I can play another tune
They want me to build single handed
A road up to the moon
They only pay me nickels and dimes
In a game that I can never win
So it's the coming home
Of the son and brother again

It's been a long long time
Since I've seen all of my family and friends
I want to hear them tell their stories
Tell em all about the places I have been
So open all your doors up wide
Invite all the neighbors in
For the coming home
Of the son and brother again