

# Rory Gallagher, Going To My Hometown

Mama's in the kitchen baking up a pie.  
Daddy's in the backyard, "Get a job, son,  
You know you ought to try"

I packed up my bag, I headed down the road,  
I got me a job from Henry Ford.  
But I made a mistake, I moved much too far  
And now I know what the lonesome blues are . . .  
I'm getting lonesome, I'm getting blue,  
I need someone to talk to.  
I'm getting lonesome, I'm getting blue,  
Let me tell you where I'm going to . . .

Yes I'm going to my home town,  
I don't care ever even if I have to walk.  
Yes I'm going to my home town,  
I don't care even if I have to walk.  
I gotta move on now baby, I got no more time left to talk.

Yes I'm going to my home town,  
Sorry but I can't take you.  
Yes I'm going to my home town,  
Sorry but I can't take you.

Only got one ticket, you know I just can't afford two.  
Take me home.

The day I left,  
You know the rain was pouring down.  
The day I left,  
You know the rain was pouring down.  
I'm going home again baby,  
I believe the sun's gonna come on out.  
Let's go home, boy, let's go home.

Yes I'm going to my home town,  
You know baby I gotta go.  
Going to my home town,  
You know I just have to go.  
I really love you, woman,  
I'll see you in a year, maybe no, maybe yes.

Going to my home town,  
I'm going to my home town,  
Going to my home town,  
Going to my home town.