

Roy Drusky, Home

I've been a traveler most of my life never took a home never took a wife
Ran away young and decided to roam
I wanna see my mama and my daddy back home
Home where the river runs cold the water tastes good the winters ain't cold
Home where trees grow tall the homefires burn and the whippoorwills call
[ac.guitar]
I remember stories that my pappa used to tell
My eyes get big and my chest begin to swell
I could sit for hours and listen with glee
As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like me
Home where the river runs cold...
[ac.guitar]
Well mama dear mama do you still love your boy
After all my roamin' can I still bring you joy
Mom sent a letter got it not long ago it said come home I'm a missin' you so
Home where the river runs cold...