

# Tom Jones, Detroit City

Last night I went to sleep in Detroit City,  
and I dreamed about those cotton fields at home.  
I dreamed about my mother,  
dear old Papa, Sister and brother,

I dreamed about that girl  
who's been waiting for so long.  
I wanna go home, I wanna go home,  
oh, how I wanna go home!

Home, folks think I'm big in Detroit City.  
From the letters that I write, they think I'm fine.  
But by day, I make the cars,  
and by night I make the bars,  
If only they could read between the lines!

[Spoken]

You know,  
I rode a freight train north to Detroit City.  
After all these years,  
I find that I've just been wastin' my time.  
So I just think I'll take my foolish pride,  
put on a south bound freight and ride,  
Goin' back to the love ones,  
The ones I left waitin' so far behind.

I wanna go home, I wanna go home,  
oh, how I want to go home.