

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.