

Walter Egan, Goin' Home

by Walter Egan

Going home many years since I've been gone
On my way dreamed a scene of yesterday
Days when we lived at home

Memories once these streets belonged to me
I was young and just begun

Back to the old neighborhood
Filled with the ghosts of the past
Good just to stand where I'd stood
Home at last

Home again to my long lost long time friend
In the hall; I voices call

When did it all slip away
How has it all gone so fast
Now there is only today
Home at last

Goin home many years have come and gone
Time has flown and no one's home

Goin' home