

Home

Joe Diffie

The only the thing I see ahead is
Just the heat a rising off the road
The rainbows I've been chasing keep on fading before I find my pot of gold
But more and more I'm thinking, that the only treasures that I'll ever know
Are long ago and far behind and wrapped up in my memories of home
Home was a swimming hole and a fishing pole and the feel of a muddy row between my toes
Home was a back porch swing where I would sit and mom would sing amazing grace
While she hung out the clothes,
Home was an easy chair with my daddy there and the smell of Sunday supper on the stove
My footsteps carry me away but in my mind I'm always going home
Now the miles I put behind me ain't as hard as the miles that lay ahead
And its much too late to listen to the words of wisdom that my daddy said
The straight and narrow path he showed me turned into a thousand winding roads,
My footsteps carry me away, but in my mind I'm always going home.
Home was a swimming hole and a fishing pole and the feel of a muddy row between my toes
Home was a back porch swing where I would sit and mom would sing amazing grace
While she hung out the clothes,
Home was an easy chair with my daddy there and the smell of Sunday supper on the stove
My footsteps carry me away but in my mind I'm always going home
Yeah, the straight and narrow path he showed me turned into a thousand winding roads,
My footsteps carry me away, but in my mind I'm always going home.

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