

# Home

Alan Jackson

In small town down in Georgia  
Over 40 years ago  
Her maiden name was Musik  
Until she met that Jackson boy

They married young like folks did then  
Not a penny to their name  
They believed the one you vowed to love  
Should always stay the same

And on the land his daddy gave him  
A foundation underway  
For a love to last forever  
Or until their dying day

They built a bond that's strong enough  
To stand the test a time  
And a place for us to turn to  
When our lives were in bind

And they made their house from a tool shed  
Granddaddy rolled out on two logs  
And they built walls all around it  
And they made that house a home

And they taught us 'bout good living  
And taught us right from wrong  
Lord, there'll never be another place  
In this world that I'll call home

My mama raised five children  
Four girls, and there was me  
She found her strength in faith of God  
And a love of family

She never had a social life  
Home was all she knew  
Except the time she took a job  
To pay a bill or two

And my daddy skinned his knuckles  
On the cars that he repaired  
He never earned much money  
But he gave us all he had

He never made the front page  
But he did the best he could  
Folks drove the cars from miles around  
And let 'em look underneath the hood

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