

I Wonder How The Old Folks Are At Home

Anne Murray

Well, I wonder how the old folks are at home
I wonder if they miss me while I'm gone
I wonder if they pray for the girl who went away
And left her dear old parents all alone.

You could hear the cattle lowing in the lane
You could see the fields of blue grass where I've roamed
You could almost hear them cry as they kissed their girl goodbye
e
Now, I wonder how the old folks are at home.

Just a village and a homestead on the farm
And a mother's love to shield you from all harm
The sky's above are blue a sweetheart that loves you
A village and a homestead on the farm.

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