I'm Going Home

Arlo Guthrie

Like the tree that grows so tall Leaves turn gold and then they fall They've gone down, but now they've grown They're going home

Mountain streams may run and flow Clean the sands on which they go Stretching down like it had known It's going home

Sunrise early in the dawn Slips away, and then it's gone Leaves the night to carry on While it's going home

Once a man he lived and died What he said death could not hide Even though it's often tried But he was going home

Now my friends it's time to go
And this love will live to grow
And I want you all to know
I'm going home