## **Home Sweet Home**

**Blake Shelton** 

I look out across corn rows from a dirt road Babys kicked back in the front seat Got her bare fit hanging out the window

We take a trip down memory lane Dirt on the truck, no chance of rain My third generation farming friends all pray that its on the way And if it dont show up, we'll be alright Because folks round here wouldnt take a million For a different life

Home sweet home I thank my lucky stars at night I was raised down here and raised up right And my pride, you've got that right Home sweet home Where a little bit goes long way And we shut her down on sundays I wont ever get too far away From Home sweet home

Pull down to the cane bridge
Park in the ditch
Folks and poles are lined up
A little kid holds a stringer up
Got a mess of fish
I drive away with a smile on my face
Knowing that this place is blessed
By God's amazing grace

Home sweet home I thank my lucky stars at night I was raised down here and raised up right And my pride, you've got that right Home sweet home Where a little bit goes long way And we shut her down on sundays I wont ever get too far away From Home sweet home

Know matter i go Or where the road might leave This little speck on the map, will always be

Home sweet home I thank my lucky stars at night I was raised down here and raised up right And my pride, you've got that right Home sweet home Where a little bit goes long way And we shut her down on sundays I wont ever get too far away From Home sweet home...

## Yeah, I'm coming home.

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