

# Hometown

Bucky Covington

Sittin' on a train bridge  
Waitin' on sundown  
River winds  
Settin' low on that old town  
And nothin' else to do but think  
And toss a stone and watch it sink  
Oh I hope heaven's a lot like my hometown

Walkin' down the old track  
Balancin' on the rail  
A Sunday breeze  
Carryin' church bells  
Sun like a kaleidoscope  
Through the leaves of a scarlet oak  
Lord I hope heaven's a lot like my hometown

Hallelujah  
Let my spirit lift to the sky  
And tell I'm home again  
In the sweet by and by  
By and by

Well I've heard the preacher talkin' bout streets of gold  
But I'll be fine forever  
Walkin' these dirt roads  
The homeplace ain't much to see  
But it's magic enough for me  
Lord I hope heaven's a lot like my hometown  
Hey Lord I hope heaven's a lot like my hometown  
Yeah