

# Single-Wide Home

Corey Smith

Daddy worked out in the lumber yard,  
By the cemetery road.  
Carrying the load the best he could.  
We'd see him from the highway  
When mom would drive us to town.  
He looked so small between those rolls of wood

He'd come home around supper time  
Kick the sawdust off his boots  
Take my baby brother in his arms  
I was only five years old  
But I remember it so well  
I learned what love was there in our single wide home

It was a single wide home  
On a dead end gravel road  
The back side of my granddaddys land  
We had a fifteen acre playground  
And it was paradise to me  
Lord I wish I could go home again.

We got cable television, back in 85.  
50 channels were the world to me.  
Then the cartoons and the evening news  
Taught me how to be afraid  
Of guns and drugs and poverty

I cried momma oh momma I don't ever wanna leave  
She said son one day you'll be on your own  
But jesus died so you might live and you don't have to be afraid  
Yea I found God there in our single home

It was a single wide home  
And I had a bible in my hand  
And jesus saved me from my sins  
As I've gotten older  
I've drifted away  
Lord I wish I could go home again.

I wish I could go home again

Now that trailers in the scrap yard  
Out by the interstate where all the strangers come in  
When grandad died they sold the property  
Tore down the timber  
And started building

It was a single wide home  
Just off jackson trail  
Back before the developers moved in  
It's all covered up now  
By track houses and rows  
Lord I wish I could go home again  
I wish I could go home again  
To a single wide home  
Ohhh