

Home

Dillon Carmichael

Home

Grown Cherokee tomatoes off the vine
Salt shaker and a sharp case knife
Grab a mason off the shelf
Make some sweet tea and yourself
Feel at home
Where it says so on that front door welcome mat
Where your heart is no matter where you're at
It's just a fact
I'll always call it

Home

Where Old Glory still waves proudly in the wind
Where they see ya on the sidewalk
And ask ya how's your mom and them
Where I was born and born again
And I pray one day that's where they'll lay these bones
When the good Lord calls me home

Home

Team colors on October Friday nights
Shoulder pads, go Bobcats
Hometown pride
Lord, ya know there ain't no place
Like...

Home

Where Old Glory still waves proudly in the wind
Where they see ya on the sidewalk
And ask ya how's your mom and them
Where I was born and born again
And I pray one day that's where they'll lay these bones
When the good Lord calls me home

Shirt off their backs, hard workin' people
Gathered underneath that steeple
Folded, calloused hands in prayer
Lord, bring our soldiers over there
Back home

Where Old Glory still waves proudly in the wind
Where they see ya on the sidewalk and ask ya how's your mom and them
Where I was born and born again
It don't matter where on earth I roam
Woah, I pray one day that's where they'll lay these bones
When the good Lord calls me home