

# Sing Me Back Home

Ernest Tubb

The warden let the prisoner down the hallway to his doom  
And I stood up to say goodbye like all the rest  
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell  
Let my guitar playing friend do my request  
Let him sing me back home the song I used to hear  
Make my old memories come alive  
Take me away and turn back the years sing me back home before I  
die

I recall last Sunday morning a choir from off the street  
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs  
And I heard him tell the singers there's a song my mama sang  
Could I hear it once before you move along  
Won't you sing me back home...  
Won't you sing me back home before I die