

That's Not Home

Glen Campbell

Maybe tomorrow, I won't go home
Maybe she won't even care
At seven, she'll throw a kiss towards the door
And smile at my empty chair

For there's nothing there for a man to cling to
Nothing to pull me back home
Only a girl that's a stranger to me
Breathing on flames that are gone

Home isn't where I hang up my hat every night
And home isn't anything
Like cold arms holding me tight, that's not right
And home isn't some place to go
Just to feel all alone, that's not home

Maybe she might never see me again
Maybe that's the best way
I'll join myself to some south blowing wind
And leave her to find her own way
And maybe I'll find home someday