

Home

Hardy

The only thing I see ahead
Is just the heat risin' off the road
The rainbows I've been chasin'
Keep on fading 'fore I find my pot of gold

And the more and more I'm thinking that
The only treasures that I'll ever know
Are long ago and far behind
Wrapped up in my memories of home

Home was a swimming hole and a fishing pole
And the feel of a muddy road between my toes
Home was a back porch swing where I would sit
And mama'd sing "Amazing Grace"
While she hung out the clothes
Home was an easy chair with my daddy there
And the smell of Sunday supper on the stove
My footsteps carry me away
But in my mind, I'm always going home

Now the miles I put behind me ain't as hard
As the miles that lay ahead
It's way too late to listen to the words of wisdom that my dadd
y said

The straight and narrow path he showed me
Turned into a thousand winding roads
My footsteps carry me away
But in my mind, I'm always going home

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