

This Is Home

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Riding in the backseat of an old Ford station wagon
Four kids, dogs, and bare feet back in 1967
Finally the sign reads the name of my hometown
Dad drives a little slower and we roll the windows down

This is home
I just know where the old elms touch the sky
This is home
Where we are, don't know how, I don't know why
Sometimes I want to be right here, sometimes just be alone
This is home

I backed out of the driveway, one morning before dawn
I could not wait to make my break and finally be gone
'Cause I could hear the gypsy life calling out my name
Once you find the open road you never are the same

This is home
I just know anywhere is where I'm found
This home
After all another night, another town
Where you walk the streets and think you're home, but mostly yo
u're unknown
This is home

I watched your truck disappear in summer, dust, and light
I used my hand to shade my eyes as you pulled out of sight
And while you're gone the days are long, the nights are longer
still
I hear your voice in every room, I know I always will

This is home
I just know a place inside a heart
This home
Where we are together not apart
The way you know some things are true in your flesh and bones
This is home
This is home
This is home