

I'm Going Back Home

Nina Simone

I'm going back home where I was born
First I planned to stay but I can't live this way
I'm going back home where I was born

Try to understand, I think this city's grand
But with all it's charm give me a little country farm
I'm going back home where I was born

Oh yeah, now, oh yeah, oh yeah, now, oh yeah
I tell you all about it, I think you ought to know
Tell you all about it, why I wanna go

I miss the country preacher and the house of prayer
I miss the bootlegger smellin' in the air
Miss friendly faces and the country smiles
The crickets singing, you can hear it for miles

I miss the rooster crowing at the break of dawn
Yes, it all happens where I was born
Miss the fried chicken, colored greens
Miss the hot biscuits and the lima beans
Miss the prayer meetings where people pray
With the drum beating till the break of day

You can have it, you can have it
You can have it, you can have it
You can have thy town, I won't be around
This here life's too fast but'll never, never last

I'm going back home where I was born
I got to go home, got to go home
Where the people are real, people can feel
Got to go down, got to go down
Leavin' today on my way, so long, so long

Going back home, going back home
Got to go home, got to go home
Got to go home, got to go home
Where I, where I was born