

Home

Red Foley

Home where the river runs cold
The water tastes good the winters ain't cold
Home where trees grow tall
The homefires burn and the whippoorwills call.

Well I've been a traveler most of my life
I never took a home I never took a wife
I ran away young and decided to roam
I wanna see my mama and my daddy back home.

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I remember stories that my pappa used to tell
My eyes get big and my chest begin to swell
I could sit for hours and listen with glee
As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like me.

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Oh mama, dear mama, do you still love your boy
After my roamin' can I still bring you joy
Mama sent a letter got it not long ago
It said come home I'm a missing you so.

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