

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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