

Old Home Place

Robert Earl Keen

It's been ten long years since I left my home
In the hollow where I was born
Where the cool fall nights make the wood smoke rise
And the foxhunter blows his horn

I fell in love with a girl from the town
I thought that she would be true
I ran away to Charlottesville
And worked in a sawmill or two

What have they done to the old home place
Why did they tear it down
And why did I leave the plow in the field
And look for a job in the town

Well my girl she ran off with somebody else
The taverns took all my pay
And here I stand where the old home stood
Before they took it away

Now the geese they fly south and the cold wind blows
As I stand here and hang my head
I've lost my love I've lost my home
And now I wish that I was dead