

Home

Roger Miller

I've been a traveler the most of my life
I never took a home I never took a wife
Ran away young and decided to roam
But now I'd like a see my Mama and my Papa back home

Well a home where the river runs cold
The water tastes good the winters ain't cold
A home where trees grow tall
The home fires burn the whippoorwills call

Well I remember stories that my Pappy used to tell
Yeah my eyes would get big his chest would 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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Now Mama dear Mama do you still love your boy?
After all my roamin', can I still bring you joy?
Mom you sent a letter got it not long ago
And you said to come home 'cause you're missin' me so

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