

Home

Roy Drusky

I've been a traveler most of my life never took a home never to
ok a wife

Ran away young and decided to roam

I wanna see my mama and my daddy back home

Home where the river runs cold the water tastes good the winter
s ain't cold

Home where trees grow tall the homefires burn and the whippoorw
ills call

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

Home where the river runs cold...

Well mama dear mama do you still love your boy

After all my roamin' can I still bring you joy

Mom sent a letter got it not long ago it said come home I'm a m
issin' you so

Home where the river runs cold...