

Back Home

Wayne Hancock

Well it sure is hot and my cloths are sticking to me,
There's nothing up here but blowing dust, far as I can
see

I got strapped on my back everything I own,
but I know it'll be all right when I get back home.

The cars keep passing me by but I really don't care.
For two weeks now I've been walking this road living on
luck and prayer.

It's the longest that I've been away and gone
but I know it'll be all right when I get back home.

Back home, there's good old country cooking.
And those I love, will be waiting there for me.

It sure got dark and I think I saw some lightning in
that cloud.

I just heard feel a thunder, boy it sure was loud.
This is the hardest kind of walk I've ever known,
but I know it'll be all right when I get back home.

Back home, there's good old mamma cooking.
And those I love, will be waiting there for me.

The rain keeps a coming down and sheets and my cloths
are soaking wet.

The runners getting deeper, but I ain't drowning yet,
the cold rain really chills me to the bone,
but I know it'll be all right when I get back home.

yeah, I know it'll be all right when I get back home.