

# Stealing Home

Willie Nelson

Being young got old  
I couldn't wait to grow up  
When I finally hit eighteen  
I got out of this tired old town  
I didn't get back much  
As much as mama wanted  
The few times I did get back  
It didn't hit me like it is right now

The house got small  
Dad lost his hair  
The rope swing and the trees aren't there  
The neighbor, she ain't sweet old Mrs. Jones  
Little sister's not right down the hall  
Rex ain't around to fetch his ball  
No need to ride to grandma's down the road  
Damn old Father Time for stealing home

It didn't take two weeks  
From the time the sign first went up  
Dad said the folks who bought it  
Sure do seem to love the place  
Mom called and I came  
To help her load the U-Haul  
Seems for every box I pack  
I find another yesterday

The house was huge and dad had hair  
There was a rope swing on the tree right there  
No one baked a pie like Mrs. Jones  
And we grew like weeds on the kitchen wall  
Rex, he lived to fetch his ball  
And grandma was a bike ride down the road  
Damn old Father Time for stealing home

Little sister's not right down the hall  
Rex ain't around to fetch his ball  
No need to ride to grandma's down the road  
Damn old Father Time for stealing home