

Down Home

Ben E. King

Down home... Oh, down home
There used to be rivers and trees
Fresh bread every single morning
And sweet magnolia in the breeze
Oh, fishing lines and young dreams

Oh, I hear them calling to me
But there's no way to get down home
Cause down home's just a memory

Wish I could leave this big town
City living ain't living to me
But there's no way to get down home

No you can't retrieve it
Cause once you leave it

Oh, down home's just a memory
Down home... Oh, down home