

## I Wish I Was In The Southland Sitting In A Chair

Bill Monroe

I left my old home in the mountains  
And the only friends I ever had  
And while I rambled this world over  
My heart felt so lonely and sad

I'm going back to the old home  
Back to the place I love so well  
Where the sweet waters flow and the wildflowers grow  
Back to the old home on the hill

I know that dear old mother's waiting  
Waiting alone on that hill  
With the silver in her hair and a twinkle in her eye  
In the old cabin home on the hill

Years have gone by since I saw her  
I've traveled many a mile  
But tonight there's a light in the window  
And she's waiting at the door with a smile