

Everybody's Got A Home But Me

Eddie Fisher

Scooted out of Frisco over route 101,
Got a hitch as far as San Jose
Rode aboard a Greyhound till I run out of dough
Bid the bus good-bye at Monterrey...
But I see a lot of things along the way
And I did a lot of thinkin on the way.

I rode by a house, with the windows lighted up
Looking pretty as a Christmas tree
And I said to myself,
As I rode by myself
Everybody's got a home but me.

I rode by a house, where the moon was on the porch
And the girl was on her fellas knee
And I said to myself
As I rode by myself
Everybody's got a home but me.

Im free and Im happy to be free.
To be free in the way I wanna be.

But once in a while, when Im talkin to myself
And theres no one there to disagree
I look up and I cry
To a big empty sky
Wont there ever be a home for me?
Oh, Lord,
Everybody's got a home but me.