

## More Than One Way Home

Keb' Mo'

Daddy came around every once in a while  
But momma, she was there all the time  
And summertime in Compton was not like TV  
But we were right there where we needed to be  
And the Thurmond Boys on Peach Street with only their dad  
So proud of themselves and that old Pontiac they had  
And Miss Brooks, her Bible and her three little boys  
At the Double Rock Baptist Church makin' a joyful noise  
There's more than one way home  
Ain't no right way, ain't no wrong  
And whatever road you might be on  
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way home  
Got me a job at the grocery store  
Workin' weekdays after school from 5 to 9  
And Tommy, John and Charlie were the neighborhood stars  
With their midsize homes and their big fancy cars  
And when the eagle flied on Friday I'd go out to play  
Wastin' time with Otis out on the dock of the bay  
And my ticket to adventure was a ride on the bus  
Different places, different faces but they were just like us  
Well, there's more than one way home  
Ain't no right way, ain't no wrong  
And whatever road you might be on  
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way home  
Well, there's more than one way home  
Ain't no right way, ain't no wrong  
Whatever road you might be on  
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way home  
There's more than one way home  
And there ain't no right way, ain't no wrong  
Whatever road you might be on  
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way home  
More than one way home  
Ain't no right way, no wrong  
Whatever road you might be on  
You find your own way 'cause there's more than one way home