

# Way Back Home

Phil Keaggy

Way back home in the wild woods of my past  
I ask what became of the lads and the friends  
From school days gone by, gone by  
I hope they all turned out alright.

I remember the winding of the road that goes  
To that old farm in Hubbard  
And the old stone driveway doesn't seem quite as long  
It's here that I learned my first song.

There's a warmth in a mother's love for her child  
She smiles as she chases fear away  
And the boy feels very glad, oh so glad  
And bravely runs to the woods to play.

See the old red barn standing there  
Just the same, the same as it did so long ago  
And the water pump that took a part of me  
Started me reliving that day when I was four.

Way back home in the childhood of my past  
I ask what becomes of a man who leaves behind  
The memory of youth, of youth  
Instead of looking back to live again.