

This room's fire drifts away
I feel the tin to warm bones
Scarce of the signs of child's play
This cold is useless, without the snow
And I'm on the road...
Bound for home
Back to what I know,
Back to Idaho

There's a river tumbling down the mountain side
I can feel the north wind blow
Through the trees and over to the other side
Carry me down down to the valley below
And I'm on the road...
Bound for home
Back to what I know,
Back to Idaho

The soles of my shoes succumb to the mounds
My ragged clothes left frayed and torn
A mixed of solitude of silence
On the snow-capped peaks where I was born
And I'm on my own...
But I'm finally home,
Never more alone,
From Idaho...

Idaho...