

She Keeps The Home Fires Burning

Ronnie Milsap

Crack of dawn I hit the road, set my shoulders for the heavy load
Coffee leaking through the paper sack
The foreman says I'm late again, he can't stand it when I only grin
He's got me eight hours, she's got me after that
I can't wait 'til it's quittin' time
She got something cookin' for me tonight

She keeps the home fires burning
While I'm out earning a living in a world
That's known for its pouring rain
She keeps the home fires burning
Ooh and it's her warm loving that keeps me returning again
And again

Out of gas, just my luck, four bald tires on my pickup truck
No more credit on my credit card
When I come home and hit that door
I remember what these aching arms are for
She's my one light when the world goes dark
Tomorrow it's the same old grind
But she'll be burning in my mind

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