

# Home

Roy Drusky

I've been a traveler most of my life never took a home never to  
ok a wife  
Ran away young and decided to roam  
I wanna see my mama and my daddy back home  
Home where the river runs cold the water tastes good the winter  
s ain't cold  
Home where trees grow tall the homefires burn and the whippoorw  
ills call

I remember stories that my pappa used to tell  
My eyes get big and my chest begin to swell  
I could sit for hours and listen with glee  
As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like me  
Home where the river runs cold...

Well mama dear mama do you still love your boy  
After all my roamin' can I still bring you joy  
Mom sent a letter got it not long ago it said come home I'm a m  
issin' you so  
Home where the river runs cold...