

# Home

Sam Cooke

O, when shadows fall  
and trees whisper day is ending  
My thoughts are even when they home  
O when crickets call  
my heart is forever yearning  
Someday to be returning home

When the hills conceal the setting sun  
Stars begin a-peepin, one by one  
Night covers all and no fortune may for sale  
My dreams will ever take for home  
Night covers all and no fortune may for sale  
My dreams will ever take for home