

Hometown

Bucky Covington

Sittin' on a train bridge
Waitin' on sundown
River winds
Settin' low on that old town
And nothin' else to do but think
And toss a stone and watch it sink
Oh I hope heaven's a lot like my hometown

Walkin' down the old track
Balancin' on the rail
A Sunday breeze
Carryin' church bells
Sun like a kaleidoscope
Through the leaves of a scarlet oak
Lord I hope heaven's a lot like my hometown

Hallelujah
Let my spirit lift to the sky
And tell I'm home again
In the sweet by and by
By and by

Well I've heard the preacher talkin' bout streets of gold
But I'll be fine forever
Walkin' these dirt roads
The homeplace ain't much to see
But it's magic enough for me
Lord I hope heaven's a lot like my hometown
Hey Lord I hope heaven's a lot like my hometown
Yeah