

Detroit City

Dean Martin

I want to go home
I want to go home
Oh, how I want to go home

You know last night I went to sleep in Detroit city
And I dreamed about those cotton fields back home
I dreamed about my mother, dear old papa, sister and brother
I dreamed about that girl who's been waiting for so long

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folks think I'm big in Detroit city
From the letters I write they think I'm fine
But by day I make the cars
And by night I make the bars
If only they could read between the lines

You know I rode a freight train north to Detroit city
After all these years I find I've just been wasting my time
So I just think I'll take my foolish pride put on a southbound
train and ride
And go on back to the loved ones the ones I left there waiting
so far behind

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