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I was born in Michigan,
And I wish and wish again
That I was back in the town where I was born.
There's a farm in Michigan,
And I'd like to fish again,
In the river that flows beside the field of waving corn.
A lonesome soul am I...here's the reason why.
I want to go back, I want to go back, .
I want to go back to the farm..
Far away from harm, with a milk pail on my arm. .
I miss the rooster, the one that use-ter wake me up at 4am..
I think your great big cities very pretty...nevertheless
I want to be there, .
I want to see there a certain soemone full of charm. .
That's why I wish again that I was in Michigan, down on the far
m.
I want to go back, I want to go back,
I want to go back to that old farm.
Far away from harm, with a milk pail on my arm.
I miss the rooster, the rooster that use-ter wake me up at 4am.
I think your great big cities very pretty...nevertheless
I want to be there,
I want to see there a certain someone full of charm.
That's why I wish again,
That I was in Michigan, down on the farm.
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