

Home And Things

Bill Anderson

Never thought I'd miss that little old shack where I was born
Never thought I'd miss that little hick town
But then I never thought I'd wander quite this far away
Or my dreams would get turned quite this upside down

Home and things are heavy on my mind tonight
And I'd fly south if only I had wings
This big old world can make you miss the simple life you used to live
Oh, what I'd give to just see home and things

Things like my mama coolin' off her apple pies and the window sill
And dryin' her washin' on a limb from a hickory tree
Things like my daddy takin' his lunch to work in a paper sack
And tellin' all of his buddies how proud he is of me

Things like the preacher standin' in the pulpit early on Sunday morning
Preachin' to the sinners and leadin' everybody in a prayer
Oh, the sun was yellow and the grass was green
And the folks they were warm and friendly

And your soul could take
A good deep breath of God's fresh air

Home and things are heavy

Home and things are heavy on my mind tonight