

Sing Me Back Home

Billy Ray Cyrus

The warden led a prisoner down a hallway to his doom
I stand up to say goodbye like all the rest
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell
"Let my guitar playing friend do my request"

Let him sing me back home with song I used to hear
And make my old memories come alive
And take me away and turn back the years
And sing me back home before I die

I recall last Sunday morning a chair from off the streets
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs
And I heard him tell the singers, "There's a song my momma sang
Could I hear it once before you move along?"

Let him sing me back home with song I used to hear
And make my old memories come alive
And take me away and turn back the years
And sing me back home before I die
"And sing me back home before I die"