

Homeward Bound

Buck Owens

I'm sittin' in the railway station got a ticket for my destination mhm

On a tour of one night stands my suitcase and guitar in hand
And every stop is neatly planned for a poet and a one man band
Homeward bound I wish I was homeward bound

Home where my thought's escaping home where my music's playing
Home where my love lies waiting silently for me

Every day's an endless stream of cigarettes and magazines mhm
And each town looks the same to me

The movies and the factories and every stranger's face I see
Reminds me that I long to be
Homeward bound...

Tonight I'll sing my songs again I'll play the game and pretend
mhm

But all my words come back to me in shades of mediocrity
Like emptiness and harmony I need someone to comfort me
Homeward bound...

Silently for me silently for me