

Old Tennessee

Dan Fogelberg

End of October
The sleepy brown woods seem to
Nod down their heads to the Winter.
Yellows and grays
Paint the sad skies today
And I wonder when
You're coming home.

Woke up one morning
The wind through the window
Reminded me Winter
Was just 'round the bend.
Somehow I just didn't
See it was coming

It took me by surprise again.
And I hear you're in San Francisco
Living with your sister who's a mother to be.
And her husband's way down in Georgia
And I'm still in old Tennessee

Wishing you'd come home to me.
Life here is easy
I'm sure you recall
How it's so warm and breezy
In the Summer and the Fall.

But Winter's upon me
And I've got no heat here
And I miss your fire so sweet, Dear
I miss your fire so sweet.
And I hear you're in San Francisco
Living with your sister who's a mother to be.

And her husband's way down in Georgia
And I'm still in old Tennessee
Wishing you'd come home to me.
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Nod down their heads to the Winter.

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Paint the sad skies today
And I wonder when
You're coming home
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