

## Back Where I Belong

Darryl Worley

There's a little shack tucked back in the timber  
It wasn't much back then but it was home  
Sometimes it hurts me to remember  
Just how long I've been gone

Oh how I miss the smell of mama's kitchen  
And the way she used to sing those gospel songs  
Right now I wish that me and dad were fishin'  
So I could tell him, he was right, and I was wrong

Big city nights and lights surround me  
Feels like a prison to my soul  
I can hear a whippoorwill calling me home  
Back where I belong

Now all the rockin' chairs are empty  
I hate to think how tall the weeds have grown  
I'd give back everything the good Lord gave me  
If I could just go back to where I belong

Big city nights and lights surround me  
Feels like a prison to my soul  
I can hear a whippoorwill calling me home  
Back where I belong  
Back where I belong