

# Everybody's Got A Home But Me

Eddie Fisher

Scooted out of Frisco over route 101,  
Got a hitch as far as San Jose  
Rode aboard a Greyhound till I run out of dough  
Bid the bus good-bye at Monterrey...  
But I see a lot of things along the way  
And I did a lot of thinkin on the way.

I rode by a house, with the windows lighted up  
Looking pretty as a Christmas tree  
And I said to myself,  
As I rode by myself  
Everybody's got a home but me.

I rode by a house, where the moon was on the porch  
And the girl was on her fellas knee  
And I said to myself  
As I rode by myself  
Everybody's got a home but me.

Im free and Im happy to be free.  
To be free in the way I wanna be.

But once in a while, when Im talkin to myself  
And theres no one there to disagree  
I look up and I cry  
To a big empty sky  
Wont there ever be a home for me?  
Oh, Lord,  
Everybody's got a home but me.