

# That's Not Home

Glen Campbell

Maybe tomorrow, I won't go home  
Maybe she won't even care  
At seven, she'll throw a kiss towards the door  
And smile at my empty chair

For there's nothing there for a man to cling to  
Nothing to pull me back home  
Only a girl that's a stranger to me  
Breathing on flames that are gone

Home isn't where I hang up my hat every night  
And home isn't anything  
Like cold arms holding me tight, that's not right  
And home isn't some place to go  
Just to feel all alone, that's not home

Maybe she might never see me again  
Maybe that's the best way  
I'll join myself to some south blowing wind  
And leave her to find her own way  
And maybe I'll find home someday