

Sing Me Back Home

Joan Baez

The warden led a prisoner down the hallway to his doom
I stood up to say goodbye like all the rest
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell
Let my guitar playing friend do my request

Let him sing me back home, a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Take me away and turn back the years
Sing me back home before I die

I recall last Sunday morning, a choir from off the street
Came in to do a few old gospel songs
And I heard him tell the singers, there's a song my mama sang
Could I hear it once before you move along?

Won't you sing me back home, a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Take me away and turn back the years
Sing me back home before I die