

# Home

Joe Diffie

The only the thing I see ahead, is just the heat a rising off t  
he road  
The rainbows I've been chasing keep on fading before I find my  
pot of gold  
And more and more I'm thinking, that the only treasures that I'  
ll ever know  
Are long ago and far behind, wrapped up in my memories of home

Home was a swimming hole and a fishing pole  
And the feel of a muddy row between my toes  
Home was a back porch swing where I would sit  
And mom would sing amazing grace, while she hung out the clothe  
s

Home was an easy chair with my daddy there  
And the smell of Sunday supper on the stove  
My footsteps carry me away  
But in my mind I'm always going home

Now the miles I put behind me ain't as hard as the miles that l  
ay ahead  
And it's way too late to listen to the words of wisdom that my  
daddy said  
But the straight and narrow path he showed me  
Turned into a thousand winding roads

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But in my mind I'm always going home

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