

# 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

My footsteps carry me away

But in my mind I'm always going home

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