

Homesick Blues

Joe Purdy

Well I look down from this eagle,
I see Texas land, flat, as expectation,
I see a million water towers,
They mock a million different towns
Across the nation.

And this morning, from a train,
I watched a soldier kiss his sweetheart
At the station.

We are far from where we're headed,
And San Francisco ain't our final destination.

I got my baby by my side,
We are lonesome for the Ozark mountains.
We've been nestled in tall grass,
With the falls changing colors all around us.

And it seems like forever,

Since the last time that we dipped
Ourselves in the water.

We think about it often,
But the thinking 'bout it
Only makes it farther.

I wanna go back.
Won't you let me go in.
Fight the devilish cold
And the lonesome wind.

I wanna go back.
Ooh, won't you let me go in.
And when I get there,
I will never leave...again.