

A Place Called Home

Kim Richey

It's not hard to see anyone who looks at me
Knows I am just a rolling stone
Never landed any place to call my own
To call my own

Well it seems like so long ago
But it really ain't you know, I started off a crazy kid
Miracle I made it though the things I did
The things I did

Some day I'll go where there ain't no rain or snow
Till then I'll travel alone
And I'll make my bed with the stars above my head
And dream of a place called home

I had a chance to settle down, get a job and live in town
Work in some old factory
I never liked the foreman standing over me
Over me

No I rather walk a windy road, rather know the things I know
See the world with my own eye
No regrets, no looking back, no good byes
No good byes

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And dream of a place called home

Na na na na
Na na na na na
Na na na na
Na na na na na ah na
Ah na na na na na

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Some day I'll go where there ain't no rain nor snow
Dream of a place called home