

Sing Me Back Home

Marianne Faithfull

The warden led a prisoner
down the hallway to his doom
I stood up to say good-bye 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 with a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Oh please take me away and turn back the years
Sing Me Back Home before I die

I remember Sunday morning
a choir from on the streets
They came in to sing a few old gospel songs
And I heard him tell the singers
'There's a song my mama sang.
Won't you sing it once before I move along?'

Won't you sing me back home
with a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Please take me away and turn back the years
Sing Me Back Home before I die

Won't you sing me back home before I die