

Far Away

Marty Stuart

Fields are deathly quiet
Where the cotton used to grow
I'm a stranger in a land
That I used to know
In a land
A land I've not forgotten
Look away
Far Away

Everything has changed here
"Cept some things inside of me
I've hid 'em from the world
Kept them under lock and key
Like the sound of my mama's voice
Callin' me back home
To the place
Where I belong

Far Away
Far Away
Don't know why I left you
And look how long I've stayed
Far away
Far away
How'd I get so far away

Carved my name one Sunday morning
On a sweet magnolia tree
I cried when I walked away
Broke my heart to leave
Took that little piece of me
Put it in my pocket
I've lost myself a time or two
And I never once forgot it

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