

My Home Is in the Street

Merle Haggard

No sir, I'm not homeless, my home is in the street
I'm not some lonely person down there begging round your feet
Somehow we stay warm and cozy huddled in the wind
No sir, I'm not homeless, we just need a house to put it in

You see daddy lost his good job last November
And we were way behind on rent by then
Mom and dad said, "Baby, always hold your head up high
Yeah, and always keep your backside to the wind"

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At first they looked just like another family down on their luck
Searching for shelter in a storm
But it was then I noticed something different
I think more in attitude than in appearance
And though it was rather cold that morning
As I stepped closer to their circle it seemed to radiate warmth
And in this little girls eyes were a light
And as I asked her about being homeless
She proudly raised her head and said it right

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