

# I'm Going Back Home

Nina Simone

I'm going back home where I was born  
First I planned to stay but I can't live this way  
I'm going back home where I was born

Try to understand, I think this city's grand  
But with all it's charm give me a little country farm  
I'm going back home where I was born

Oh yeah, now, oh yeah, oh yeah, now, oh yeah  
I tell you all about it, I think you ought to know  
Tell you all about it, why I wanna go

I miss the country preacher and the house of prayer  
I miss the bootlegger smellin' in the air  
Miss friendly faces and the country smiles  
The crickets singing, you can hear it for miles

I miss the rooster crowing at the break of dawn  
Yes, it all happens where I was born  
Miss the fried chicken, colored greens  
Miss the hot biscuits and the lima beans  
Miss the prayer meetings where people pray  
With the drum beating till the break of day

You can have it, you can have it  
You can have it, you can have it  
You can have thy town, I won't be around  
This here life's too fast but'll never, never last

I'm going back home where I was born  
I got to go home, got to go home  
Where the people are real, people can feel  
Got to go down, got to go down  
Leavin' today on my way, so long, so long

Going back home, going back home  
Got to go home, got to go home  
Got to go home, got to go home  
Where I, where I was born