

# Down at the Old Corral

Randy Travis

It seems no matter how far I may roam  
Like some old tumbleweed, my thoughts go tumblin' back home  
In memories I recall those simpler times  
And a way of life I never left behind

Down at the old corral  
Just sittin', watchin' the sun go down  
Oh, how I'm wishin' that I could be there now  
Down at the old corral

I remember everything I ever heard  
Like how to judge a man's true worth, by how he keeps his word  
That saddle wisdom never seemed to end  
Everything I need to know I learned back then

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