

# Home

Roger Miller

I've been a traveler the most of my life  
I never took a home I never took a wife  
Ran away young and decided to roam  
But now I'd like a see my Mama and my Papa back home

Well a home where the river runs cold  
The water tastes good the winters ain't cold  
A home where trees grow tall  
The home fires burn the whippoorwills call

Well I remember stories that my Pappy used to tell  
Yeah my eyes would get big his chest would swell  
I could sit for hours and listen with glee  
As he'd tell of how he lived when he's a boy like me

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The home fires burn the whippoorwills call

Now Mama dear Mama do you still love your boy?  
After all my roamin', can I still bring you joy?  
Mom you sent a letter got it not long ago  
And you said to come home 'cause you're missin' me so

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