

# She Keeps The Home Fires Burning

Ronnie Milsap

Crack of dawn I hit the road, set my shoulders for the heavy load  
Coffee leaking through the paper sack  
The foreman says I'm late again, he can't stand it when I only grin  
He's got me eight hours, she's got me after that  
I can't wait 'til it's quittin' time  
She got something cookin' for me tonight

She keeps the home fires burning  
While I'm out earning a living in a world  
That's known for its pouring rain  
She keeps the home fires burning  
Ooh and it's her warm loving that keeps me returning again  
And again

Out of gas, just my luck, four bald tires on my pickup truck  
No more credit on my credit card  
When I come home and hit that door  
I remember what these aching arms are for  
She's my one light when the world goes dark  
Tomorrow it's the same old grind  
But she'll be burning in my mind

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