

Home

Sam Cooke

O, when shadows fall
and trees whisper day is ending
My thoughts are even when they home
O when crickets call
my heart is forever yearning
Someday to be returning home

When the hills conceal the setting sun
Stars begin a-peepin, one by one
Night covers all and no fortune may for sale
My dreams will ever take for home
Night covers all and no fortune may for sale
My dreams will ever take for home