

I'm Going Home

The Kingston Trio

Well, no matter where I wandered
I know I'll always find a welcome at the end of every journey.
There'll be friendly people waitin'.

California would not hold me 'though I loved her timber mountains.
Worked her fields and worked her orchids up and down her central valley.

I have driven open highway through the golden Utah valley
And I watched the rivers gently gliding.
I wave my hand to friendly people.

Folks who know me call me a drifter.
They don't know I'll stop my ramblin'.
They don't know that someday somewhere somebody's gonna make me settle down.

I'm going home, Lord, I'm going home.
I'm going home, Lord, I'm going home.
I'm going home!