

Turning For Home

The Oak Ridge Boys

The daylight hours are dying
The night is breaking clear
In the distance a boy and his daddy arrive
In a beat up old John Deere.
Supper's on the table
Son quitting time is nigh
Set these wheels straight for the barn

It's time that you and I are turning for home
Kick off these working shoes and rest these weary bones
The best part of any day is when the job is done
And you're turning for home.

There's a letter in the mailbox
From a soldier overseas.
His mother runs from the kitchen
She opens it up and reads
"Mum I hope this letter finds you well and strong
You and Dad and sister take care
I pray that it won't be long.

Till I'm turning for home
Kick off these walking shoes and rest these weary bones
The best part of going no matter where you roam
Is the turning for home.

Now I have been a wanderer
On the wings of a restless wind
Fast trains and back roads
Places I've never been
I found every answer
When I fell in love with you
You took me straight to your heart
Oh the first time I knew

I was turning for home
Kick off these walking shoes and rest these weary bones
The best part of going no matter where you roam
Is the turning, turning, turning for home.