

## 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.