

# Home

Trisha Yearwood

Traveling at night, the headlights were bright  
And we'd been up many an hour  
And all through my brain  
Came the refrain  
Of home and it's warming fire

And home, sings me of sweet things  
My life there has its own wings  
To fly over the mountains  
Though I'm standing still

The people I've seen  
They come in between  
The cities of tiring life  
And the trains come and go  
But inside you know  
The struggle will soon be a fight

And home, sings me of sweet things  
My life there has its own wings  
To fly over the mountains  
Though I'm standing still

Traveling at night  
The headlights were bright  
But soon the sun came through the trees  
Around the next bend  
The flowers will send  
The sweet scent of home in the breeze

And home, sings me of sweet things  
My life there has its own wings  
To fly over the mountains  
Though I'm standing still