

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