

# Home

Joe Diffie

The only the thing I see ahead is  
Just the heat a rising off the road  
The rainbows I've been chasing keep on fading before I find my pot of gold  
But more and more I'm thinking, that the only treasures that I'll ever know  
Are long ago and far behind and wrapped up in my memories of home  
Home was a swimming hole and a fishing pole and the feel of a muddy row between my toes  
Home was a back porch swing where I would sit and mom would sing amazing grace  
While she hung out the clothes,  
Home was an easy chair with my daddy there and the smell of Sunday supper on the stove  
My footsteps carry me away but in my mind I'm always going home  
Now the miles I put behind me ain't as hard as the miles that lay ahead  
And its much too late to listen to the words of wisdom that my daddy said  
The straight and narrow path he showed me turned into a thousand winding roads,  
My footsteps carry me away, but in my mind I'm always going home.  
Home was a swimming hole and a fishing pole and the feel of a muddy row between my toes  
Home was a back porch swing where I would sit and mom would sing amazing grace  
While she hung out the clothes,  
Home was an easy chair with my daddy there and the smell of Sunday supper on the stove  
My footsteps carry me away but in my mind I'm always going home  
Yeah, the straight and narrow path he showed me turned into a thousand winding roads,  
My footsteps carry me away, but in my mind I'm always going home.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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