

BACK HOME AGAIN – John Denver

There's a storm across the valley, clouds are rolling in;
the afternoon is heavy on your shoulders
There's a truck out on the four-lane, a mile or more away;
the whining of his wheels just makes it colder

He's an hour away from riding, on your prayers up in the sky;
and ten days on the road are barely gone
There's a fire softly burning, supper's on the stove;
but it's the light in your eyes that makes him warm

Hey, it's good to be back home again
Sometimes, this old farm, feels like a long-lost friend,
yes, and hey it's good to be back home again

There's all the news to tell him, how you spend your time;
and what's the latest thing the neighbors say?
And your mother called last Friday, sunshine made her cry;
and you felt the baby move just yesterday

Hey, it's good to be back home again
Sometimes, this old farm, feels like a long-lost friend,
yes, and hey it's good to be back home again

And oh, the time that I can lay this tired old body down
and feel your fingers feather soft upon me
The kisses that I live for, the love that lights my way
The happiness that living with you brings me

It's the sweetest thing I know of, just spending time with you;
it's the little things that make a house a home
Like a fire softly burning, and supper on the stove;
and the light in your eyes that makes me warm

Hey, it's good to be back home again
Sometimes, this old farm, feels like a long-lost friend,
yes, and hey it's good to be back home again

REPEAT LAST 3 LINES