

GOIN' HOME - ELVIS PRESLEY  
(Words and music by Byers)

This proud wild land where the wind blows free  
Has always been a part of me  
It's in my blood, I just can't get it out  
For a hundred miles a man can see  
And be about as wild as he wants to be  
If he feels like shouting all he's gotta do is shout

Where the purple mountains reach up high  
And look like they're gonna touch the sky  
Where the canyon walls have stood for a million years  
Where the days are hot, the nights are cold  
The desert sand looks just like gold  
These trails were carved in sweat and blood and tears

Where the painted desert as you pass by  
Looks like a rainbow in the sky  
The cactus blooms in the early morning sun  
Where the nightwings sing and eagles fly  
The clouds paint pictures in the sky  
The coyotes howl tells you when the day is done

I'm coming home, this time I'm gonna stay  
I'm coming home and I ain't never goin' away  
My feet are itching to get back home  
I've had the desert fever since I've been gone  
I need some loving so bad that I can't see  
When a woman looks a man in the eye  
You know it takes a man to satisfy  
Thinking about them girls is killing me

I'm going home, going home  
Going home, I'm going home  
Going home, going home  
Going home