

DOWN THE OLD ROAD TO HOME

Dear I'm thinking of you while here all alone
I'm wishing and longing for you and for home
And I'd give this old world if I could only say
I'm climbing that hill headed that way.

With a troubled mind and a heart filled with pain
I've searched the old world for fortune and fame
But I'm longing to be with you once again
So we could stroll down old mem'ry lane.

There's a little red house on the top of the hill
Not very far from an old sirup mill
For I'm lonesome and blue for some place to roam
And I wish it could be down the old road to home...