

It's Home, Sweet Home - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

IT'S HOME, SWEET HOME.

When you come along a little full.
There's no place like home;
And at the bell you pull And pull.
There's no place like home.
But there too is one who'll meet you in the gloom,
By the hair of the head she'll drag you to the room.
An I comb your hair with the bald-headed broom.
Oh, there is no place like home.

Chorus.
Home. home, sweet, sweet home.
And comb your hair with a bald-headed broom,
Then is no place like home.

Was you ever full of liquor, and tried to walk quicker?
Oh. there is no place like home;
And loudly you would utter, when you'd fall into the gutter,
Oh, there is no place like home.
You would get up quickly, look around with a glance.
You'd discover you d busted your new Sunday pants;
To go home in a barrel is your only chance,
Oh, there is no place like home.

Chorus.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
To go home in a barrel is your only chance.
Oh, there is no place like home.