

TO BE BACK HOME AGAIN

There was a lonely old widowed man
Sitting in his rocking chair
Watching the neighborhood children as they played
In the warm springtime air

He traveled back to earlier years
As he softly fell asleep
And saw a boy dressed in faded overalls
Skipping stones in the creek

Then the warmth of his mother's sweet love
Soaked him like a gentle rain
When he awoke he was sad to be alone
Oh just to be back home again

Oh to be back home again
Where love is everywhere
And everyone's your friend
Where you can be yourself and not have to pretend
Oh to be back home again

The hours rolled by soon the sun had settled down
Now the moonlight took it's place
Silver beams streaked through those maple trees
And fell upon his weary face

He looked around and tried hard not to weep
As he said a little prayer
Once again he closed his eyes and fell asleep
And went back home in his rocking chair

c. Scott M. Dawson Songs