

Home Sweet Home

Blake Shelton

I look out across corn rows from a dirt road
Babys kicked back in the front seat
Got her bare fit hanging out the window

We take a trip down memory lane
Dirt on the truck, no chance of rain
My third generation farming friends all pray that its on the way
And if it dont show up, we'll be alright
Because folks round here wouldnt take a million
For a different life

Home sweet home
I thank my lucky stars at night
I was raised down here and raised up right
And my pride, you've got that right
Home sweet home
Where a little bit goes long way
And we shut her down on sundays
I wont ever get too far away
From Home sweet home

Pull down to the cane bridge
Park in the ditch
Folks and poles are lined up
A little kid holds a stringer up
Got a mess of fish
I drive away with a smile on my face
Knowing that this place is blessed
By God's amazing grace

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From Home sweet home

Know matter i go
Or where the road might leave
This little speck on the map, will always be

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From Home sweet home...

Yeah, I'm coming home.