Home

When shadows fall... and trees whisper day is ending

My thoughts are ever wending home.

When crickets call... my heart is forever yearning Once

more to be returning home.
When, the hills conceal the setting sun,

Stars begin a peeping one by one.

Night covers all... and though fortune may for - sake me, Sweet

dreams will ever take me home.
Ev'ning marks the close of day, skies of blue begin to grey,

Crimson hues are fading in the West.

Ev'ning always brings to me dreams of days that used to be,

Memories of those I love the best.