

HOME SWEET HOME

MARCIE MADE IT ON THE FATEFUL DAY
AND SHE RELAYED THE PARLEY WITH NO DELAY
ACROSS THE KITCHEN IN A ROCKIN' CHAIR
SHE SAID, "PASS THE BREAD BECAUSE YOU HAD YOUR SHARE."

WE'RE GOIN' HOME

HOME SWEET HOME LITTLE CHILD OF MINE

COME AND SING YOUR SONG IF YOU CAN FIND THE TIME
WEAVIN', WALTZIN' IN THE EARLY LIGHT
THE BORDER BANDIT ON THE ULTRA RIGHT
AND OLD MARSHAL DILLON WITH A .44
SAYIN' "THANK YOU MA'AM, NOW WILL YOU SHUT THE DOOR"

CHO

THE RAGGED BANKER HE SPOKE WITH ZEAL
HE COMPLAINED TO GOD ABOUT HIS WOUNDED HEEL
HE SAID, "RICH AM I ABOUT YOUR JUST AND TRUE
SEE MY SPARKLE AND THE GOLDEN HUE"

CHO

OLD JOHN THE BAPTIST HE CRIED OUT LOUD
HE STATE THE CASE ABOUT A SACRED SHROUD
ABOUT A MAN OF ARMOUR COME THROUGH THE DOOR
TO HALT THE CARNAGE ON THE KILLING FLOOR

CHO

TALKING PICTURES AND TEARS OF PAIN
ALL THE PEOPLE SING THE SONG AGAIN
LIKE A LONESOME TRAVELER IN THE NIGHT
MAKIN' HIS WAY TOWARD A BLINDIN' LIGHT

