

## Homecoming

If I die  
In this place so far from home  
And I never make my living  
From my native soil again,  
Don't leave me where these strangers  
Will walk across my bones.  
Take me back and lay me with my next of kin.

There were many things  
My father could not say.  
He turned the sod and swung the rod  
And kept his feelings locked inside.  
When things around the homeplace  
Went from bad to worse to stay,  
He sat in silence with my brothers as I said goodbye.

Homecoming dreams are bittersweet to the taste . . .  
Homecoming promises are hope to the displaced . . .  
They echo through my soul with the distant music of "Amazing Grace" . . .  
Let there be a Homecoming someday.

I have learned to breathe  
Beneath this sea of light.  
I've won and lost and paid the cost  
To find a future for myself.  
But the ties of blood and earth still bind  
Across the years and miles,  
And in my memories the old ways still are dearly held.

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I've been cursed as a deserter  
And prayed for like a prodigal son.  
Seems no matter where I've turned,  
My loyalties have fallen under the gun . . .  
under the gun . . .

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