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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   Let there be a Homecoming someday.

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 . . .

   Homecoming dreams are bittersweet to the taste . . .
   Homecoming promises are hope to the displaced . . .
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   Let there be a Homecoming someday.

Words & Music:  Michael Cody
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