

Sing Me Back Home

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Thanks to Don Orgeman

The warden led a pris'ner down the hallway to his doom
And I stood up to say good-bye like all the rest
And I heard him tell the warden just be-fore he reached my cell
"Let my guitar-playing friend do my re-quest"

Let him sing me back home with a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come a-live
Take me a-way and turn back the years
Sing me back home before I die

I re-call last Sunday morning a choir from off the street
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs
And I heard him tell the singers "there's a song my mama sang
Could I hear once be-fore you move a-long?"

Won't you sing me back home with a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come a-live
Take me a-way and turn back the years
Sing me back home before I die

Sing me back home before I die