

# Andy Williams, Home Lovin' Man

(Hummed intro)

The harbor lights were shining,  
The moon was at its high.  
The captain said, "Thank God we're home!  
We've drunk the barrels dry."  
The mizzen mast was shaken,  
And the lanterns all burned low,  
I'd never thought we'd make it  
But we've twenty leagues to go  
So blow you southern trades  
And guide me safely to the shore,  
I'll never ever gonna sail  
The seven seas no more

CHORUS:

I don't want to miss the sand in my hair,  
The roll of the tide and the salt in the air  
Deep inside it's true  
I'm a home lovin' man  
Comin' on home to you  
I don't want to miss the wind in my eyes,  
The shimmerin' light when the seagull flies  
Lo, I've traveled far  
I'm a home loving man,  
Home is where you are

The crowd upon the quayside  
Their faces long and drawn  
Are suddenly awakened  
As we sail in on the dawn  
The wives, the sons, the lovers,  
Who never gave up hope  
All breathe a sigh together  
As they reach to catch the rope

God bless you, southern trades,  
You got me safely back this time  
Oh, you'll never have the need again  
To save this soul of mine

CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS:

Yes, I don't want to miss the sand in my hair,  
The roll of the tides and the salt in the air  
Deep inside it's true  
I'm a home lovin' man  
Comin' on home to you...

FADE