

# Blake Shelton, Home Sweet Home

I look out across corn rows from a dirt road  
Babys kicked back in the front seat  
Got her bare fit hanging out the window  
We take a trip down memory lane  
Dirt on the truck, no chance of rain  
My third generation farming friends all pray that its on the way  
And if it dont show up, we'll be alright  
Because folks round here wouldnt take a million  
For a different life  
Home sweet home  
I thank my lucky stars at night  
I was raised down here and raised up right  
And my pride, you've got that right  
Home sweet home  
Where a little bit goes long way  
And we shut her down on sundays  
I wont ever get too far away  
From Home sweet home  
Pull down to the cane bridge  
Park in the ditch  
Folks and poles are lined up  
A little kid holds a stringer up  
Got a mess of fish  
I drive away with a smile on my face  
Knowing that this place is blessed  
By God's amazing grace  
Home sweet home  
I thank my lucky stars at night  
I was raised down here and raised up right  
And my pride, you've got that right  
Home sweet home  
Where a little bit goes long way  
And we shut her down on sundays  
I wont ever get too far away  
From Home sweet home  
Know matter i go  
Or where the road might leave  
This little speck on the map, will always be  
Home sweet home  
I thank my lucky stars at night  
I was raised down here and raised up right  
And my pride, you've got that right  
Home sweet home  
Where a little bit goes long way  
And we shut her down on sundays  
I wont ever get too far away  
From Home sweet home...  
Yeah, I'm coming home.