

Glen Campbell, That's Not Home

Maybe tomorrow I won't go home maybe she won't even care
At seven she'll throw a kiss towards the door and smile at my empty chair
For there's nothing there for a man to cling to nothing to pull me back home
Only a girl that's a stranger to me breathing on flames that are gone
Home isn't where I hang up my hat every night
And home isn't anything like cold arms holding me tight that's not right
And home isn't some place to go just to feel all alone that's not home
Maybe she might never see me again maybe that's the best way
I'll join myself to some south blowing wind leave her to find her own way
And maybe I'll find home someday