

# Johnny Cash, Water From The Wells Of Home

There's a stool along the road to freedom  
Like a gipsy in a guilty cage  
But rising has not always been bright  
Destiny dreams are made

My days all run together  
Like a timeless honeycomb  
I find myself wishing I could drink again

Water from the wells of home  
Water from the wells of home  
Water from the wells of home

I've seen all your shining cities  
Lean against the yellow sky  
I've seen the down, and I'll get better  
I've seen many of strong men die

Well the troubled hearts in the worried men  
Things that I've been showed  
Keep me always returning to

Water from the wells of home  
Water from the wells of home  
Water from the wells of home

I want to come back some day to the water from the wells of home  
Lord take me back someday to the water from the wells of home  
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