

Turning Home

David Nail

Usually take one last pass through town
Stop the car and touch the ground
Watch those streetlights
Swayin' in the breezeDecorated store fronts
Rusty old gas pumps
Try to fill my mind up with
Somethin' 'fore I goPicture postcard memories
Well, they always make for good companyI don't know no town like the old town
Even when the miles are many, I feel like I'm still around
Deep inside me like rings through an oak tree
Yeah, there's something 'bout a Sunday when I'm gone
That keeps me turning homeI'm standin' here beneath these billboard lights
Takes me back to those autumn nights
Hometown bleachers packed real tight
As we marched down the fieldMy feet would swing from a dropped tailgate
Out on Airport Road real late
No one could walk a line too straight
We usually made it home alrightAnd glory days I can't relive
Stories I'll never forgetAnd I don't know no friends like the old friends
I never seem to laugh now like I did with them
But deep inside me, a piece of my history
Yeah, I hear their voices even though they're goneAnd it keeps me turning home
Never twice the same way does it start
And sure enough she stole my heart
On that old gym floor
Spinnin' 'round and 'round one nightThough we both tried hard to wait
We sure did love the taste
Of the sweet love being made
And prayin' I got it rightGraduation came and went
Along with all the time we spentAnd I don't know no love like the first love
When I think about the best times
She's the one I think of
Deep inside me all the things taste bittersweet
I see her smilin' even though she's goneAnd it keeps me turning home, yeah
It keeps me turning home

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