

# 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>