

Nothing Like Home To Me

Writer: Dottie Rambo

Verse 1

DUSTY LANE LOOKS FAMILIAR
CATTLE GRAZING IN THE FIELDS
PAPA SWINGING ON THE FRONT PORCH
MAMA COOKING SUNDAY MEALS
NOTHING QUITE SO SWEET, NOTHING LIKE HOME TO ME
NO PLACE I'D RATHER BE, NOTHING LIKE HOME TO ME

Chorus

THERE'S A SPECIAL KIND OF FEELING 'BOUT GOING HOME
FRIENDLY ARMS TO GREET YOU AT THE DOOR
BLACKBERRY JAM, COUNTRY HAM, CHICKEN ON THE STOVE
I'VE DREAMED MYSELF BACK HOME A THOUSAND TIMES, I KNOW
PLAYING GAMES IN THE SUMMER RAIN, OLD FOLKS SINGING SONGS
THE CLOSEST THING TO HEAVEN'S GOING HOME

Verse 2

HONEYSUCKLE LACED IN IVY
SPINNING WHEELS AND ROCKING CHAIRS
GRANNY'S BIBLE MARKED AND OPEN
ON THE TABLE BY THE STAIRS
NOTHING QUITE SO SWEET, NOTHING LIKE HOME TO ME
NO PLACE I'D RATHER BE, NOTHING LIKE HOME TO ME

Repeat Chorus

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