

I WANNA GO HOME

BACK WHERE THE FLOWERS STAY UNDER YOUR FEET,
WHERE THE GRUB STAYS DOWN AND THE COFFEE IS SWEET,
BACK WHERE THE BROOM MEANS STAND BY YOUR STILL,
A DANGED REVENOOER'S OVER THE HILL.

WHERE A SWAB IS A MOP AND A BUCKET IS A PAIL,
WHERE A LINE IS A ROPE AND A BRIG IS A JAIL,
WHERE A GALLEY IS A KITCHEN AND A BULKHEAD IS A WALL,
WHERE A DECK IS A FLOOR AND A STORM IS NOW A SQUALL.

WHERE THE RAZOR BACK HOGS ROOT UP THE TREES,
AND THE ODOR OF MOONSHINE IS WAFTEO ON THE BREEZE,
WHERE THE WOMEN FOLKS HANDLE THE MESSCOOKING JOBS,
AND NARY A SOUL EVER HEARD OF A JOB.