

I'm On My Way to the Old Home

Bill Monroe

Back in the days of my childhood
In the evening when everything was still
I used to sit and listen to the fox hounds
With my dad in the old Kentucky hills

Chorus

*I'm on my way back to the old home
That road winds on up the hill
But there's no light in the window
That shined long ago where I lived*

Soon my childhood days were over
I had to leave my old home
For my mom and dad were called to heaven
I was left in this world all alone

Chorus

High in the hills of ol' Kentucky
Stands the fondest part of my memory
I'm on my way back to the old home
That light in the window I long to see

Chorus