

There's a storm across the valley, clouds are rolling in,
the afternoon is heavy on your shoulders.
There's a truck out on the four lane, a mile or more away,
the whining of his wheels just makes it colder.

He's an hour away from riding on your prayers up in the sky
and ten days on the road are barely gone.
There's a fire softly burning, supper's on the stove,
but it's the light in your eyes that makes him warm.

Hey, it's good to be back home again.
Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend.
Yes, and hey, it's good to be back home again.

There's all the news to tell him, how's you spend your time,
and what's the latest thing the neighbors say?
And your mother called last Friday, "Sunshine" made her cry
and you felt the baby move just yesterday.

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Yes, and hey, it's good to be back home again.

Oh, the time that I can lay this tired old body down,
and feel your fingers feather soft upon me.
The kisses that I live for, the love that lights my way,
the happiness that living with you brings me.

It's the sweetest thing I know of, just spending time with you.
It's the little things that make a house a home.
Like a fire softly burning and supper on the stove,
the light in your eyes that makes me warm.

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Sometimes this old farm feels like a long lost friend.
Yes, and hey, it's good to be back home again.
I said hey, it's good to be back home again.