

Whispering Me Home

by Joyce Johnson Rouse

It's a long road to the mountains, to the Big Ridge
But, they're callin' me home.
I came here to the city, to be someone, make a name of my own
Lookin' for the dreams I had to find,
Now I miss the ones I left behind.
I hear 'em whisperin' me home.

My heart's achin' for the mountains, for the music
And neighbors so fine,
I wish I was in Grayson, with the gravy. Is it plantin' time?
I'll trade these city shoes for the working kind.
I'm already back there in my mind.
I hear 'em whisperin' me home

When I get there I'll sit back and hear a fiddle, clawhammer
and a mandolin,
I'll be surrounded by the folks that grew me, and this time I'll
appreciate the company I'm in.

It's a long road to the mountains, where my heart is
But, they're callin' me home.
I came here to the city, to be someone, make a name of my own

I hear 'em whisperin' me home.
Keep on whisperin' me home.