

## Thinkin' 'Bout Home

A penny for your thoughts I said to the old man  
As he sat there on the that park bench all alone,  
With silver hair, wrinkled brow, eyes gleaming  
He smiled and said, "Just thinkin' 'Bout my home'."

I sat down and we shared some laughs together,  
And the cinema of remembrance it did role,  
We talked about life's gains and yes its losses,  
But mostly we just talked about his home,

Chorus: He said, I'm thinkin' 'bout home, Thinkin' bout going home,  
Dreamin bout leaving here, ready to be moving on,  
It won't be long before the sun will set and I'll be gone,  
But until then, I'll be thinking 'bout my home.

I said, tell me old man where's your home and what's it like,  
He said, Oh there's nothing round here can compare,  
You see a King had it built and gave the key to me,  
And all my family's already there.

Chorus: He said, I'm thinkin' 'bout home, Thinkin' bout going home,  
Dreamin bout leaving here, ready to be moving on,  
It won't be long before the sun will set and I'll be gone,  
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