

On My Way Back To the Old Home

Bill Monroe

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

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I | I | IV | IV |
I	I	V	V
I	I	IV	IV
I	V	I	I

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Chorus