

# 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.