

# Alan Jackson, Home

(Alan Jackson)

In a small town down in Georgia over forty years ago  
Her maiden name was Musik til she met that Jackson boy  
They married young like folks did then, not a penny to their name  
But they believe the one you vow to love  
Should always stay that same

And on the land his daddy gave him, a foundation under way  
For a love to last forever or until their dying day  
They built a bond that's strong enough to stand the test of time  
And a place for us to turn to when our lives were in a bind

And they made their house from a toolshed  
Granddaddy rolled down on two logs  
And they built walls all around it  
And they made that house a home  
They taught us 'bout good living  
They taught is right and wrong  
Lord there'll never be another place  
In this world I'll call home

My momma raised five children, four girls then there was me  
She found her strength with faith in Gof and love of family  
She never had a social life, home was all she knew  
Except the time she took a job, to play a bill or two

My daddy skinned his knuckles on the cars that he repaired  
He never earned much money but he gave us all he had  
He never made the front page but he did the best he could  
And folks drove their cars from miles around  
To let him look underneath the hood

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In this world I'll call home  
No there'll never be another place in this world  
That I'll call home