

# Glen Campbell, That's Not Home

Maybe tomorrow I won't go home maybe she won't even care  
At seven she'll throw a kiss towards the door and smile at my empty chair  
For there's nothing there for a man to cling to nothing to pull me back home  
Only a girl that's a stranger to me breathing on flames that are gone  
Home isn't where I hang up my hat every night  
And home isn't anything like cold arms holding me tight that's not right  
And home isn't some place to go just to feel all alone that's not home  
Maybe she might never see me again maybe that's the best way  
I'll join myself to some south blowing wind leave her to find her own way  
And maybe I'll find home someday