Someday

Dave Rowe
15 February 2001

It was in the spring of eighty-eight
As the sun peeked o'er the trees
I left my home, been bound to roam
Out here where I'm free.

And I left to seek my fortune fair
And I left my naïve ways
What I didn't know when I left my home
That I'd be back someday.

She was bouncing on her daddy's knee
I was knocking on the door
By the time that she was twenty-three
I couldn't take it anymore.

I bought for her a diamond ring
Built a house out on the plains
What she didn't know, my Mary Jo
I'd take her home someday.

I worked for years with my own two hands
Between the whistle blasts
I knew the years were passing by
But I didn't know how fast.

And I vowed to go back to my home
Where I learned that Jesus saves
But this road that brings you anywhere
Can't bring you younger days.

Now I've gone back home where I belong
Where the pines reach up so high
And the raven flies as the coyote howls
And the moon streaks 'cross the sky

In the springtime of the dawning year
In the autumn of my days
What I didn't know when I left home
That I'd be back someday.