Home Town Boy ©2006 William C. Kelly

There was never a sailor's song written,
without an eye on the stars
and a hand on the tiller headed far from home
The wind in his hair, with the whales he roams
You can fill up his life with women and spice,
But it's life on the water he loves

The high seas might be right for a salty old sailor
But it ain't right for a hometown boy, no…

There was never a long dusty trail
that wouldn't serve for a cowboy
Riding hands off the reins, for God, knows where
Or riding the rodeos, with his eye on the mares
You can deal him a pat hand, with a big house and lots of land
But you know that he always will roam…

That hard trail might be right for a dusty old cowboy
But it ain't right for a home town boy, no…

Well, wining and dining and life's lots of laughs
No cares for the future, no ties to the past
That high life might be right for some but now listen
It ain't right for a home town boy, no 2x… Ending…

From the CD "It's A Dog's Life" (2017), Track 11