Living At the Home by Willy Kelly

He was the strongest guy I'd ever seen,
He knew every trick to every scheme,
He had something to say about everything
And he got up with the sun

He worked all day went to bed at night,
Knowing what was wrong and what was right,
And, if you crossed him you had a fight,
Cause he'd never learned how to run
He was sure he knew right from wrong...

Living at the home, call him on Saturday,
Living at the home, be sure don't call too late
Living at the home, we sit and don't know what to say,
Living at the home, is a hard end to a proud man's day...

He'd come home a hero from the War it's true,
He carried the scars and some stories too,
He married a farm girl that he knew,
And packed his Bronze Star away

He went on to school and earned a degree,
Then went to work for a big company,
That "canned him" when he was "53",
I guess they figured he'd find his way
With three kids and bills to pay...

Living at the home, call him on Saturday,
Living at the home, be sure don't call too late
Living at the home, It hurts he can't recall my name,
Living at the home, the strong can get old and tame...

Now he can't really walk, but he falls out of bed,
Almost every night
He doesn't know just where he is
But he can't give up the fight
No, he can't give up the fight…

Instrumental Chorus

Now he lays in a room, with no friends or kin,
And dreams of times, “way back when”
But he can’t recall if it’s now or then,
If he’s lonely or just plain cold

Nurses come in and then they leave,
He can’t hear no more or know what he sees
Last time I saw him he said to me,
“Something’s wrong I got so old
Something’s wrong I got so…"

Living at the home, (Instrumental...)
Living at the home, (Instrumental...),
Living at the home you can,
Wrap a man and still he’s cold,
Living at the home,
You’ll find some tired and lonely souls...