

Sing Me Back To Yesterday

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Granddad's radio played old-time tunes,
Loretta, Willie, a little bit of June. Sitting on
the porch, tapping my feet, To melodies that
made life sweet.

**Sing me back to yesterday, Where love was
strong and skies weren't gray. Let the music
take me home, To the life I've always known.**

Mama's voice in a lullaby,
Rocked me slow 'neath a
southern sky. Her song's still
hummin' in the breeze, Like a
prayer whispered through the
trees.

REPEAT CHORUS

Time moves fast, but songs remain, Like
echoes in an old church rain. Strum a
chord, and I'm back again, A child with
dreams that never end.

So when I'm lost and feeling low, I'll
sing myself back home real slow.

Roger Carroll-May(ASCAP)

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