

A quaint little town

There's no place like home,
I've heard it once or twice.
But where is home,
And why is it nice?

Maybe it is stores,
Gleaming in glory,
Or maybe it is glowing lights,
Shining for all to see.

Sure, that might be great,
Might be fine and dandy,
Maybe for some people,
Just not for me.

Give me neighbors,
Good and bad,
Give me memories,
Happy, and sad.

Give me sunrises,
Over fields of corn,
Give me a chase, a run,
Racing against the setting sun.

I want the connections,
I want church activities,
I want to see people I know,
I want to say 'hello.'

I want the quiet,
Yet I want the clatter,
I want to be serious,
And I want to giggle.

I need a community to believe in,
I need to be able to have fun,
I need all this,
I need a little hometown.

A quaint little town,
Is where I will be,
Find me in my small hometown,
Where we can simply be you and me.