

Traveling Home

By KJ

**Traveling home, traveling home
On the bus, I'm traveling home
Passed the horses, passed the fields
I am traveling home**

Autumn is the time of year
When summer turns to gold
And as I ride the school bus home
I think of being old

**Traveling home, traveling home
On the bus, I'm traveling home
Passed the horses, passed the fields
I am traveling home**

I see myself in years to come
When I own a pretty farm
And as I tend to horses there
I look out through the barn

**I'm traveling home, traveling home
On the bus, I'm traveling home
Passed the horses, passed the fields
I am traveling home**

(Bridge)

In the pasture wheat is grown
I can see it through the glass
And as I see the farmer there
He waves when we go passed

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Bridge 2:

*I was born inside the city where I used to live
The buildings close in all around and don't allow much give
I wonder if I'll ever see the day when dreams come true
When I am walking through those fields...
beneath a sky of blue...*

Instrumental verse

Passing by the farms of gold,
Passing barns of red
I think that if I plan it right,
I'll be there instead

**I'm traveling home, traveling home
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