

I'm Going Back Home Some Day

Words & Music by
WILBUR H. VINCENTAndante Mod^{to}

mf *poco rall*

p

As I'm fighting on in foreign lands, I'm thinking all the time, Of the town that I was born in, The
I am thinking of a dear old girl, The sweetest in the land, Of her big brown eyes and lashes, Of her

p

town that I call mine, I've "done my bit" in this war for many a lonesome year, But the
pret-ty lit-tle hand, I seem to miss her more and more As the days go drifting by, But I'm

poco rall CHORUS

thought is al-ways with me, Of that good old town so dear. I'm go-ing back to the
sure that she is wait-ing with the love-light in her eye.

poco rall *p-f*

town some-day, The town where I was born,.....

I'm go-ing back to the girl I love who I left so for-

poco rall

lorn,..... Back to the friends that I used to have who

a tempo

miss me ev-'ry one..... Back to the folks who are

long-ing for me. I'm go-ing back home some day..... day.....

f *poco rall*

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