"ON THE WAY TO HOME SWEET HOME"

Words by SAM. M. LEWIS

Music by GEO. W. MEYER

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There's A Little Lane Without A Turning

Moderato

I wonder if they miss me
When ev'ry friend you've had has now-a-days,
turned you down,
When ev'ry smile has turned into a frown,

I'd love to kiss some-body I adore.
When ev'ry finger points at you in shame.

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I'd give a lot to see them all once more, I haven't treated them just as I
Some-bod-y home says you are not to blame, I some-times hear some-bod-y teach-ing

should
me

I'd go home to-mor-row if I could
My first les-son in geo-gra-phy

CHORUS

There's a lit-tle lane with-out a turn-ing, On the way to home sweet

home

There's a lit-tle moth er al-ways yearn-ing, For the

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ones that long to roam— There's a road that leads to strangers.

That's where friendship parts, Another leads to dangers, And it's

paved with broken hearts Take the little lane without a

turning, On the way to home sweet home. There's a home.