

## My Home Town

When I was growing up  
I wanted to travel far away  
From my home town.  
It was only a small place  
And I thought it was  
Not where I would be found.

So when I finished school  
I made it a point to get away.  
I traveled far, to distant shores  
And I thought I was living  
The good life and doing well  
While I was making my scores.

Oh, I saw many things, and  
I accomplished many deeds  
As well. But one day while  
Drinking at a small bar  
The errant thought appeared  
That I could no longer smile.

What was this? I was happy,  
Or so I thought, but what  
was the meaning to what I  
was now doing? Was that  
How would I be remembered?  
So, in that bar, I began to cry.

So I sought many wise men  
Who were no help, for when  
I asked what must I do?  
They all said the same words,  
Or so it seemed; which were:  
Your life is not about you.

I pondered these words at last,  
And finally I began to understand  
That perhaps I had been wrong;  
That I had things all backwards.  
And so I began another journey  
To my home town, where I belong.

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