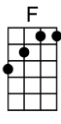
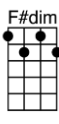
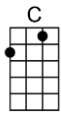
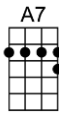
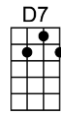
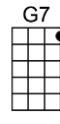
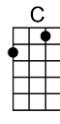
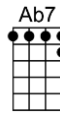
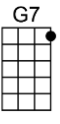


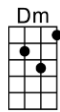
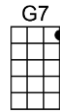
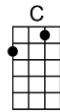
THE HOME FIRE (BAR)-George Douglas/George David Weiss

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

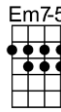
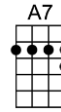

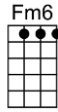
Intro: |   |     |    |

Pardon the smile on my face, my friend,

Dreamin' of reachin' my journey's end

I'm headin' straight for my heart's de-sire,

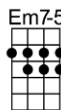
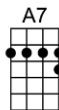
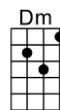
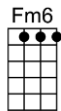
Gee, it's good to know I'm near the home fire

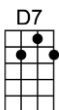
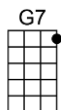
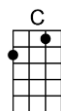
All of the folks that I love are there,

I got a date with my favorite chair

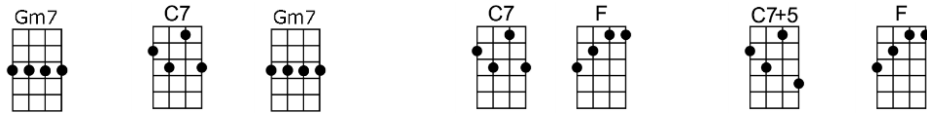
   

With every step, every hope grows higher,

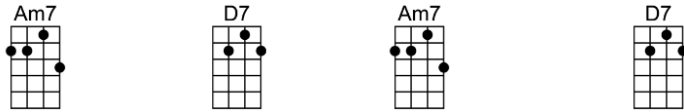
  

Didn't know how much I missed the home fire

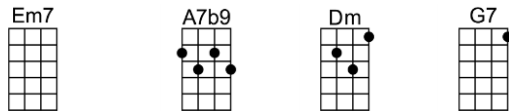
p.2. The Home Fire



The noises, the TV, the rusty old pipes, the cat always teasin' my dog



The neighbors, the quarrels, the screaming of kids,



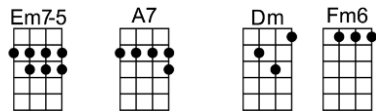
For the first time in years, I'll sleep like a log



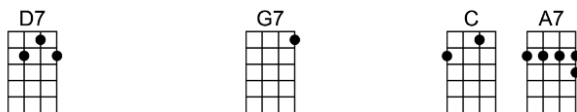
Heaven is waiting for me, my friend,



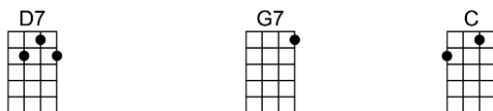
Seven or eight dreams a-round the bend



And if you're ever in town, in-quire,



We'll be glad to have you share the home fire



We'll be glad to have you share the home fire

THE HOME FIRE-George Douglas/George David Weiss
4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: | F F#dim | C A7 | D7 G7 | C Ab7 G7 |

C Dm G7
Pardon the smile on my face, my friend,
Dm G7 C
Dreamin' of reachin' my journey's end
Em7b5 A7 Dm Fm6
I'm headin' straight for my heart's de-sire,
D7 G7 G7+
Gee, it's good to know I'm near the home fire

C Dm G7
All of the folks that I love are there,
Dm G7 C
I got a date with my favorite chair
Em7b5 A7 Dm Fm6
With every step, every hope grows higher,
D7 G7 C
Didn't know how much I missed the home fire

Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 F C7+ F
The noises, the TV, the rusty old pipes, the cat always teasin' my dog
Am7 D7 Am7 D7
The neighbors, the quarrels, the screaming of kids,
Em7 A7b9 Dm G7
For the first time in years, I'll sleep like a log

C Dm G7
Heaven is waiting for me, my friend,
Dm G7 C
Seven or eight dreams a-round the bend
Em7b5 A7 Dm Fm6
And if you're ever in town, in-quire,
D7 G7 C A7
We'll be glad to have you share the home fire
D7 G7 C
We'll be glad to have you share the home fire