

My Country Home in Tennessee

I can think of no better place to be
Than my country home, in Tennessee.
I walk the road in the early morn,
And miss the sweater I should have worn!
The mornings are much cooler now,
And the sun is slower to rise somehow.
Silky webs lay on the grass like dew,
Then to my surprise, not one cardinal, but two!
Bright, golden leaves are beginning to fall,
It is that season of change, after all.
Folks are adorning their yards today,
With pumpkins and corn stalks, and mums, and hay.
I love this season. It's my favorite, I think.
It's time for warm coats and hot chocolate to drink.
I can't count the colors I see in the trees.
Leaves of red and orange float down with the breeze.
As I make my way around the bend,
My brisk morning walk will soon come to an end.
The dawn's early light is wide-awake now it seems,
As I walk toward its' warmth and I squint from its' beams.
I say, "Good morning, Lord. I thank You for this day."
I take in the view, as I walk and I pray.
My house is in sight now, and as I walk along,
I start to sing a familiar song.
"I can think of no better place to be,
Than my country home in Tennessee."