

BACK IN MAINE

by Steven E.F. Beckwith, Copyright 1983

I moved to a small town
on the edge of Massachusetts.
It had a village there
with imitation pilgrims.
It was only a tourist trap
which caught me for a summer.
And now... the brisk fall air
is calling me back to Maine.

(Chorus)

Maine.. Home of the free.
Vacationland for some, but it's.. home for me.
Maine

I'm a true born hunter,
I like to carry my gun.
Put my sights on a white tailed dear,
and I'm sure he'll never run
I'm back in Maine,
so I can carry my gun.
Play my music and live my life
and I'll never have to run.

(Chorus)

Maine... Home of the free.
It's the State for me
It's where I'll always be.
Back in Maine

3rd Verse

I'm gonna find me a fishing hole,
and buy a piece of land.
Build us a log cabin there
and live... off the land.
I'm back in Maine
where the air is clean.
the water sparkles
and the white pine grows
and the future has no plans.

(Chorus)

Back in Maine... Home of the free.
Vacationland for some
but it's home for me.
Back in Maine, Maine I love you
Maine
It's the state for me
It's where I'll always be
Back in Maine.