

## **Head, shoulders, knees and toes...**

Head and shoulders knees and toes  
Knees and toes  
Head and shoulders knees and toes  
Knees and toes  
And eyes and ears  
And mouth and nose  
Head and shoulders knees and toes  
Knees and toes

Feet and tummies arms and chins  
Arms and chins  
Feet and tummies arms and chins  
Arms and chins  
And eyes and ears  
And mouth and shins  
Feet and tummies arms and chins  
Arms and chins

Hands and fingers legs and lips  
Legs and lips  
Hands and fingers legs and lips  
Legs and lips  
And eyes and ears  
And mouth and hips  
Hands and fingers legs and lips  
Legs and lips

## **Powder River home**

There's a full moon risin' in the prairie sky tonight  
Lord it's good to be on my way home.  
Over that hori[a]zon she keeps the home fires burnin' bright  
I'm goin' back to my powder river home.  
[Chorus]  
Where the river winds from the big horn's up above  
And the clear moon shines on the prairie that I love  
It's the closest place to heaven this cowboy's ever known  
I'm goin' back to my powder river home.  
Travelin' round the country for a dozen years or more  
Funny how your point of view can change  
I finally found the rainbow that I've been searchin' for  
It's right above my home out on the range.

## Homeward bound

In the quiet misty morning  
When the moon has gone to bed,  
When the sparrows stop their singing  
And the sky is clear and red,  
When the summer's ceased its gleaming  
When the corn is past its prime,  
When adventure's lost its meaning -  
I'll be homeward bound in time  
Bind me not to the pasture  
Chain me not to the plow  
Set me free to find my calling  
And I'll return to you somehow  
If you find it's me you're missing  
If you're hoping I'll return,  
To your thoughts I'll soon be listening,  
And in the road I'll stop and turn  
Then the wind will set me racing  
As my journey nears its end  
And the path I'll be retracing  
When I'm homeward bound again  
Bind me not to the pasture  
Chain me not to the plow  
Set me free to find my calling  
And I'll return to you somehow  
(softly)  
In the quiet misty morning  
When the moon has gone to bed,  
When the sparrows stop their singing  
I'll be homeward bound again.