

Recorded on MORE IN STORE

HOME KIDS written by BILL BLANCE

When he was sent out to this country he was only 8 years old
The oldest of 5 little children, arriving tired, scared and cold
Carried a picture in his pocket, a tintype of their mother dear
The picture might keep them connected, and help push away their fears

The kids were scattered like the wind here, sent away to earn their keep

Frightened children on their own here, brothers and sisters out of reach

Well, life is never very easy. We all do the best we can

They grew and never gave up hoping that some day they'd meet again

(Chorus)

And the people called them Home Kids. Indentured labour for the farms

Never more to know the comfort, and the love of mother's arms

People shunned those little Home Kids. Said they had no family

We don't want those kids around here. Just solid folks like you and me

With faith they overcame their problems and had families of their own

Now every year there's a reunion to celebrate what they have done

And in my mind now I can see him though I never really have

That little 8 year old home kid grew up to be my Father's dad.