

# Dolly Parton, When The Sun Goes Down Tomorrow

(Dolly Parton)

Thumbing for a ride by the edge of the road  
With a brown paper bag to hold my clothes  
But tonight I'm going home where I belong  
If the good lord's willing and the creek don't rise  
And if my luck holds out, and I catch me a ride  
When the sun goes down tomorrow, I should be home  
This big city ain't no kind of place  
For a country girl with a friendly face  
If you smile people look at you funny, they take it wrong  
They laugh at my talkin' and clothes I wear  
They put me down and they call me square  
But tonight I'm going home where I belong

I'm goin' back to the people I love  
Back to the place that I dream of  
It's true that there's no place like home sweet home  
The one I want to see the most  
Is the boy who begged me not to go  
When the sun goes down tomorrow

Tonight I'm going back where I belong