

# Dolly Parton, Wrong Direction Home

(Dolly Parton)

In a shingle covered cottage at the foothills of blue stacks  
Near a mountain stream that's flowing crystal clear  
Where the humming birds and honey bees feed on Mama's roses  
My mem'ries just grow sweeter with the years  
Mem'ries of my childhood are as sweet as mountain honey  
And as fresh as a dew on morning glory vines  
I grew up surrounded by the sights and sounds of nature  
And they're forever present in my mind

But I'm headed in the wrong direction home  
Headed in the wrong direction home  
There's no place like home  
But I'm headed in the wrong direction home

Teardrops mingled with the summer rain that was a falling  
The day I left my mountain home behind  
With a suitcase in my hand and a hope in my heart  
I was following a dream I had to find

In that shingled covered cottage at the foothills of the smokies  
Waits a family hat I'm longing to see  
And mountain streams and fields of green  
And rolling hills stay in my dreams  
But I'm many, many miles from Tennessee

And still headed in the wrong direction home  
Headed in the wrong direction home  
But maybe I'll get back before too long  
But I'm headed in the wrong direction home