

Home

Dolly Parton

Lookin' out of my window pane
Tears mingling with the rain
I'm so lonesome I could cry just like old Hank
Staring down on the city street
Feeling empty and incomplete
There's a place I need to be to fill my tank

A place I can go where I can be free
Where I can be happy and just be me
Home, where the warm winds blowing
And the rivers flowing along
Like a lazy bum in the mid-day sun
And I've gone fishin' with my pole at the fishin' hole
Where I can lay down my heavy load
And know that I am always welcome
Home

I left home, I was 17
I had a lot of ambitious dreams
Seen a lot of those dreams come true
I've had good luck
I'm not complaining that's for sure
I got a lot to be thankful for
One of those things is the magic door that opens up
Back to the time when I was a kid
To the sound of the crickets and the Carry Dees
It's called

Home
On the front porch swinging and fern pots hanging
Home
With the church bells ringing and voices singing
Old songs that's in my mind like a stitch in time
Where the tea is sweet and the love's complete
For me, I wanna go
Home

I often think about where I have been
Where I am going and lots about when I think about
Home

Where the soul find comfort
And the heart find pleasure
Home

Where the depths of love is hard to measure it's
Home

I hear you callin'
I hear you callin'

I'll never be lost
As long as I know there's a place like that
Where I can go
Where I can restore my weary soul
On the mountain slopes of the south "Blue Smoke"
Of home home sweet home

Home back to the hills of the Whip-poor-wills
Home with the fireflies blinking
And the night stars twinklin'
Home
Honeysuckle vine and musky fine wine at
Home
Where the [?]
Home
With family and friends and joy that never end
Home
There's no place like it
No place like it
Home