

# 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