

Tennessee Homesick Blues

Dolly Parton

New York 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
The greenest state in the land of the free
And the home of the Grand Ole Opry
Is calling me back to my Smoky Mountain home

I wish I had my old fishin' pole
And was sitting on the banks of the fishing hole
Eating green apples and waiting for the fish to bite
Life ain't as simple as it used to be
Since the big apple took a bite out of me
And Lord, I'm so Tennessee homesick that i could die

But I ain't been home in I don't know when
If I had it all to do over again
Tonight I'd sleep in my old feather bed

What I wouldn't give for a little bitty taste
Of Mama's homemade chocolate cake
Tennessee homesick blues running through my head

Mama you can fluff my feather bed
Just as soon as I can I'm gonna head
Back to the Tennessee hills and it better be soon
Daddy you can load the rifles up
We're gonna load them dogs on the pickup truck
And take off to Calhoun Country and catch us a coon

But I ain't been home in I don't know when
If I had it all to do over again
Tonight I'd sleep in my old feather bed

Eatin' grits and gravy and country ham
Go to church on Sunday with dinner on the grounds
Tennessee homesick blues are runnin' through my head

But I ain't been home in I don't know when
If I had it all to do over again
Tonight I'd sleep in my old feather bed

Good Lord have mercy on a country girl
Tryin' to make a living in a rhinestone world
It's hard to be a diamond in a rhinestone world
With Tennessee homesick blues runnin' through my head
I've got those Tennessee homesick blues runnin' through my head
Tennessee homesick blues