

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