

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 smokie
s
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