

# 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  
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