## **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