

Wilburn Brothers "Little Home In Tennessee"

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Every night I'm dreaming of that little home down
among the hills of Tennessee
And I'm always lonely longin' to return to the place that
means the world to me
Just a little shack roof all turning black still it is a palace
there to me
Songbirds always singing round the cabin door of that
little home in Tennessee
I can see my mother standing by the gate when I drove
the old horse up the lane
She would always scold me when I got home late
Now I wish I'd never caused her pain
With her tender smile meaning all worthwhile no one
could be half so kind to me
Now she's gone to heaven and she'll nearly turn to our
little home in Tennessee
I can still remember many years ago when my
sweetheart wandered by my side
Down among the mountains where wild flowers grow
There she promised she would be my bride
But another man won her heart and hand then I knew
how much she meant to me
I was broken hearted so I went away from that little
home in Tennessee

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