

# Wilburn Brothers, Little Home In Tennessee

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