

## Blue Ridge Mountain Blues

Bill Monroe

When I was young in my prime  
I left my home in Caroline  
Now all I do is sit and pine  
For all the folks I left behind  
I've got those blue ridge mountain blues  
And I stand right there to say  
My grip is packed to travel  
And I'm scratching gravel  
For that blue ridge far away

I'm gonna stay right by my Ma  
I'm gonna do right by my Pa  
Lay around the cabin door  
No work on worry anymore  
I've got those blue ridge mountain blues  
What to see my old day tray  
What to hunt the possum  
Where the corn top blossom  
On that blue ridge far away

I see a window with the light  
I see two heads of snowy white  
It seems I can hear them both recite  
Where is my wondering boy tonight  
I'm got those blue ridge mountain blues  
And I stand right here to say  
Every day I'm counting  
Still I climb that mountain  
Oh, that blue ridge far away