

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