

# My Blue Ridge Mountain Boy

Dolly Parton

From a shack by a mountain stream  
To a room in New Orleans  
So far from my Blue Ridge Mountain home  
The men I meet ain't warm and friendly  
Like the one in old Virginie  
Oh they ain't real like my Blue Ridge Mountain boy  
I was just a little past eighteen  
When I came to New Orleans  
I'd never been beyond my home state line  
There was a boy who loved me dearly  
But I broke his heart severely  
When I left my Blue Ridge Mountain boy

Life was dull in my hometown  
Lights were out when the sun went down  
And I thought that city life was more my style  
But nights get lonely away from home  
And it's easy to go wrong  
The men ain't kind like my Blue Ridge Mountain boy

New Orleans held things in store  
Things I'd never bargained for  
And every night a different man knocks on my door  
But late at night when all is still  
I can hear a whippoorwill  
As I cry for my Blue Ridge Mountain boy

Oh but I can never go back home  
Since the boy I love is gone  
He grew tired of waiting for me to return  
They say he married last October  
But I never will get over  
Oh the sweet love of my Blue Ridge Mountain boy

Blue Ridge Mountain boy