

# Carolina Moon

Scotty McCreery

I woke up this morning to the hummin' of the engines  
Haulin' nature's finest from the Gulf of Mexico  
Riding this ol' river is peaceful but it's lonesome  
And it makes me wonder how the old folks are at home

[CHORUS:]

Now the years have blown by me like the wind through the pines  
But the song of the south is ever sweet as homemade wine  
Oh, how I miss those mountains when the laurels are in bloom  
And the southern stars are dancin' 'round the North Carolina moon

Just rolled through Memphis, I could hear them guitars palyin'  
They had the blues so so bad it almost broke my heart  
But it don't sound nothing like a band of tree frogs singin'  
When every now and then they get in tune with grandpa's harp

[CHORUS:]

Now the years have blown by me like the wind through the pines  
But the song of the south is ever sweet as homemade wine  
Oh, how I miss those mountains when the laurels are in bloom  
And the southern stars are dancin' 'round the North Carolina moon

Now when I die boys, make me this promise  
You'll send my body back up North Carolina way  
I don't want no tombstone, just lay me next to mama  
And let the honeysuckle grow wild upon my grave

[CHORUS:]

Now the years have blown by me like the wind through the pines  
But the song of the south is ever sweet as homemade wine  
Oh, how I miss those mountains when the laurels are in bloom  
And the southern stars are dancin' 'round the North Carolina moon

Yeah, the southern stars are dancin' 'round the North Carolina moon  
North Carolina moon  
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh [x2]