

Kentucky

The Louvin Brothers

Kentucky you are the dearest land outside of Heaven to me.
Kentucky your laurels and your red bud trees.
When I die I want to rest upon your graceful mountain so high.
Kentucky that is where God will look for me.

Kentucky I miss the darker singing in the silvery moonlight.
Kentucky I miss the hound dog chasing coon.
I know that my mother dad & sweetheart all are waiting for me.
Kentucky I will be coming soon.

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