

Blue Ridge Mountain Girl

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

It's so cold here in Chicago
The wind can cut you like a knife
Another day, another dollar
What a way to spend a life.

She was young and I was restless
I set out to win the world
Said goodbye to my Virginia
And the Blue Ridge Mountain girl.

I can see her standing by the window
And there's nothing sadder in the world
Than those green eyes, all red from crying
Of my Blue Ridge Mountain girl.

In my hands I hold a letter
That says she made a pretty bride
And as I lay here in the darkness
She lays by another's side.

I've got money in my pockets
Silver rings that I wear
But I'd trade them all this minute
For the gold that's in her hair.

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