

Old Time Family Blugrass Band

The Oak Ridge Boys

We catch our memories wandering through the past from time to time
As a mountain families' music fills again inside our mind
We dream about Euganean Hills and West Virginian land
And an old time family blue grass band.

Our God fearing mum and daddy raised us young 'uns on a song
By the banks where old new river gently sways and rolled along
Where once upon a time there dwelled a close knit mountain clan
An old time family blue grass band.

You never heard the like of melodies our family played
The guitar kept the rhythm as the fiddle sawed away
We recall a banjo ringing and a singing mandolin
In an old time family blue grass band.

Daddy slapped the upright, mamma strummed the other part
We couldn't read the music we just played it all by heart
Lord hallowed songs just flowed across that fertile mountain land
In an old time family blue grass band.

I see us sitting round the porch on starry summer nights
I remember how the music made my world seem good and right
When all the folks would raise their happy voices and join in
With the old time family blue grass band.

You never heard the like of melodies our family played
The guitar kept the rhythm as the fiddle sawed away
We recall a banjo ringing and a singing mandolin
In an old time family blue grass band.
Yes an old time family blue grass band.