

Why Me Ralph

The Stanley Brothers

In the beautiful hills way back in Virginia
By the side of his home where he played as a lad
In a deep dark grave Carter lies sleeping
There lies the best friend that I ever had

For twenty one years he travelled this country
Entertaining his friends wherever he roamed
For many thousands he made life brighter
Now he is at rest near his old home

He wrote many songs about the Clinch Mountains
Of mother and dad his friends and home
Through 43 states and many foreign countries
Wherever he travelled his name was known

Now he's at rest in the family graveyard
On top of a hill where the wind blows o'er
he's gone on now but he won't be forgotten
The songs he left will never grow old

He laid down his guitar but he'll always be remembered
On earth for the last time he sung white dove
Forever in heaven Carter will be singing
Singing with the angels in heaven above