

Dolly Parton, My Blue Ridge Mountain Boy

(Dolly Parton)

From a shack by a mountain stream
To a room in New Orleans
So far from my Blue Ridge Mountain home
The men I meet ain't warm and friendly
Like the one in old Virginie
Oh they ain't real like my Blue Ridge Mountain boy
I was just a little past eighteen
When I came to New Orleans
I'd never been beyond my home state line
There was a boy who loved me dearly
But I broke his heart severely
When I left my Blue Ridge Mountain boy

Life was dull in my hometown
Lights were out when the sun went down
And I thought that city life was more my style
But nights get lonely away from home
And it's easy to go wrong
The men ain't kind like my Blue Ridge Mountain boy

New Orleans held things in store
Things I'd never bargained for
And every night a different man knocks on my door
But late at night when all is still
I can hear a whippoorwill
As I cry for my Blue Ridge Mountain boy

Oh but I can never go back home
Since the boy I love is gone
He grew tired of waiting for me to return
They say he married last October
But I never will get over
Oh the sweet love of my Blue Ridge Mountain boy

Blue Ridge Mountain boy