

# The Charlie Daniels Band, Carolina (I Remember)

The first things I remember are frosty Carolina mornings with a cheery fire crackling in my mommas big black wood cook stove.

I remember snow flakes as big as goose feathers and the moon the color of new made country butter and a night sky like diamonds against black velvet reaching from horizon to horizon.

I remember when the biggest problems in my barefoot life were sand spurs and red ant hills.

I remember sitting with my grand-daddy on the front porch and watching the last of that magnificent southern sun bleed away into the twilight sky.

I remember Sunday school and kneeling at the cross and trying to imagine what God looked like; Sunday dinner, short pants, hair cuts and a little puppy my daddy brought home to me and I remember love.

I remember steam puffing, fire breathing, awesome 10 wheel locomotives and the conductor's watch looked as big as one of my grandmothers biscuits.

I remember my mother smiling in a red and white checkered dress and Christmas always seemed so far away. Yes, I remember you Carolina, grand old lady of the south. I remember you as home.

One of the memories that stays on my mind  
about an old southern lady that I left behind,  
is a ramshackle bridge where the deep river winds  
and an old two-lane blacktop through the tall long-leaf pines.

Carolina, Carolina  
You're hard, but you're hard to forget.

I still remember the magnolia nights  
and goosefeather snow flakes in the gray morning light;  
sandspurs and puppies and red autumn leaves  
and the warm lights in the clear night on a cold Christmas Eve.

Carolina, Carolina  
You're hard, but you're hard to forget.

Carolina I knew you  
before the highways got to you  
and I loved you as one of your own  
and I still do

Carolina, Carolina  
You're hard, but you're hard to forget  
You're hard To Forget