

# The Stanley Brothers, Why Me Ralph

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