

# Billy Ray Cyrus, Tenntucky

Down in the hills of old Tenntucky  
I remember the night that I got lucky  
I saw you and you saw me  
Where the Cumberland River meets the Tennessee  
It's good to be good but I'd rather be lucky  
Down in the hills of old Tenntucky

Heard the call of a whippoorwill  
I thought I smelled a moonshine still  
Train whistle moans on down the track  
Taking me back  
Down in the hills of old Tenntucky  
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