

Charley Pride, Streets Of Gold

I'm a western North Carolinian made of stone and red place oil
I got Cherokee blood deep within me when I was born it began to boil
Well I left my home across the mountains to see what kind of life I'd find
Well I searched the world in all directions to try to cool this restless mind
[dobro]
Found myself on a lonesome journey the streets of gold I tried to find
The Indian spirit it softly whispered and cooled the blood ever restless mind
I'm going back to the Smokey Mountains and breathe the air that fit my soul
Now there we read in the leaves of history and there I'll find my streets of gold
And there I'll find my streets of gold