

# Dolly Parton, Blue Valley Songbird

(Dolly Parton)

She was born in a place called Blue Valley  
At the foot of the Tennessee hills  
With the blue birds and blue bells  
And blue mountain water  
And the sound of the Blue Whippoorwill  
But there was no peace in the valley  
Her daddy, a cruel, ruthless man  
Used and abused her mind and her body  
So her mama said run while you can  
So at fifteen she took to the highway  
Belongings and guitar in hand  
And she buried herself in her music  
The one thing she did understand

And she sings like a bird and she writes like a poet  
Her voice has that high, lonesome sound  
She hurts, and her songs are the best way to show it  
So the Blue Valley songbird keeps traveling around

She hopes someday she will make it  
And everyone says that she will  
When she comes to town, crowds flock around  
To see the girl from the Tennessee hills  
She writes her letter back home to her mama  
In care of the preacher in town  
They're sacred to her so she reads them at church  
And so her daddy cannot track her down

And she sings like a bird and she cries like a baby  
Whenever she turns off the lights  
She's a whole lot lonesome and a little bit crazy  
From mem'ries and miseries and dreams gone awry

Blue dress, blue shoes, a blue Cadillac  
A band dressed in blue by her side  
Instruments tied to the top and the back  
'Cause the Blue Valley songbird is singing tonight

One nighters, honky tonks, years flying by  
She never made it, but Lord knows she tries  
Expressing the feelings she holds inside  
And the Blue Valley songbird is singing tonight  
Oh the Blue Valley songbird is singing tonight

And she sings like a bird and she writes like a poet