

# Earl Thomas Conley, Smokey Mountain Memories

Smokey Mountain memories  
About my home in Tennessee  
Yesterday keeps calling me,  
Calling me home  
Mountains rising in my soul  
Higher than the dreams I've known  
Misty eyed, they cling to me, my Smokey Mountain memories

An old gray man with a dog asleep at his feet  
Played a worn out fiddle full of melodies,  
He smiled with his eyes but the lines on his face  
Told me as much as the tunes he played  
Talking about my...

Smokey Mountain memories,  
Pretty girl from Tennessee  
I was such a fool to leave  
Leave her all alone  
Think about her in my dreams,  
Wonder if she thinks of me  
I'll always hold her close to me in my Smokey Mountain memories

So mister play your fiddle please, play some mountain melodies,  
I been down a lonely road to far away from home  
Nothing left to hold on to, made some plans but they fell through  
Now there's nothing left for me but my Smokey Mountain memories

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