

# Flatt And Scruggs, Blue Ridge Cabin Home

There's a well beaten path in the old mountainside  
Where I wandered when I was a lad  
And I wandered alone to the place I call home  
In those Blueridge hills far away

Oh I love those hills of old Virginia  
From those Blueridge hills I did roam  
When I die won't you bury me on the mountain  
Far away near my Blueridge mountain home

Now my thoughts wander back to that ramshackle shack  
In those blue ridge hills far away  
Where my mother and dad were laid there to rest  
They are sleeping in peace together there

I return to that old cabin home with the sigh  
I've been longing for days gone by  
When I die won't you bury me on that old mountain side  
Make my resting place upon the hills so high