

John Fogerty, Blue Ridge Mountain Blues

(Traditional)

When I was young and in my prime (in my prime!),
I left my home in Caroline.
Now all I do is sit and pine, for all those folks I left behind.

I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues, and I sat right here to say,
"My grip is packed to travel, and I'm back to ramble,
To my Blue Ridge far away."

I'm goin' to stay right by my Pa, I'm goin' to do right by my Ma,
I'll hang around the cabin door, no work or worry anymore.

I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues, goin' to see my old oak tree,
Gonna hunt the possum where the corn cob blossom,
In my Blue Ridge far away.
Woo!

I see a haze of snowy white, I see a window with light,
I seem to hear them both sigh, "Where is my wand'rin boy tonight?"

I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues, and I stay right here to say,
"Every day I'm countin' 'til I climb that mountain,
In my Blue Ridge far away."