

Rhonda Vincent, Is The Grass Any Bluer?

You rolled out of Rosine, a dedicated man.
You drove those country back roads to a thousand one-night stands.
The music from your mandolin, spread like wildfire in the wind,
And echoed through the hollows and the hills, so tell me, Bill:

Is the grass any bluer on the other side?
Did it look like gold Kentucky when the gates swung open wide?
Bet the good Lord's got you playin' somewhere up there every night.
Is the grass any bluer on the other side?

Instrumental break.

I heard you on the Opry when I was just a kid.
I tried my best to learn to sing and play the way you did.
Just like me, the day you died, the guitars and the fiddles cried.
The music ain't the same without you, Bill; we miss you still.

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