Townes Van Zandt, Blue Ridge Mountains

by Townes Van Zandt My home is in the Blue Ridge mountains My home is in the Blue Ridge mountains My home is in the Blue Ridge mountains and I ain't comin' back here anymore

I had me a mother that could pray, boys she prayed for me both night and day, boys and I tore down every down every prayer that she could say, boys and I ain't comin' back here anymore

I wanna find me a lady fair and tender wanna play her song on my steel strings gonna lay her down in a bed of clover then I ain't comin' back here anymore

I've seen this whole wide country over from New York city down to Mexico and I've seen the joyful and the sorrow and I ain't comin' back here anymore

So Mister [Sinby] can you hear me down there in [Gracel], Louisana-O I'll lay a joint upon your grave, Sir then I ain't comin' back here anymore

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