

Townes Van Zandt, Blue Ridge Mountains

by Townes Van Zandt

My home is in the Blue Ridge mountains
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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], Louisiana-O
I'll lay a joint upon your grave, Sir
then I ain't comin' back here anymore

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