Precious Little

Rita Hosking

Though my mountain's far away, and the room here's mighty spare
I got precious little, come, pull up a chair

Like that time back in '32, we packed up on the road,
Daddy drove from town to town for work, with the blankets and a stove

Though my mountain's far away, and the room here's mighty spare,
I got precious little, come, pull up a chair

When Pa shot the bear that ate our buck, couldn't even keep the hide
The state agents came and took it all, but they could not take his pride

Though my mountain's far away, and the room here's mighty spare,
I got precious little, come pull up a chair

And if riches don't take you on travels far and wide
Just you reach down into the treasures you got inside

Though your mountain's far away, you got a story to tell,
You got precious little, come set for a spell
Said, come and set for a spell.

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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