

A Far Cry

Kathy Mattea

I remember the face of an angel
A love that was faithful and true
I left that dear boy in the mountains
For a ramblin' life empty and blueSweet roses bloom where they're planted
Wild flowers seed on the wind
That valley was closer to heaven
Than any place this poor fool's beenIt's a far cry from here to Virginia
But I'd crawl every inch of that ground
My teardrops fall like rain on the roof
Of that Blue Ridge home where I'm boundThis highway's a ribbon of lonesome
Don't care where I lay my head down
My Virginia boy died broken hearted
My sweet mountain darlin' is gone

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