Blue Ridge Mountain Blues

John Fogerty

When I was young and in my prime
(In my prime)
I left my home in Caroline
Now all I do is sit and pine, for all those folks I left behind
I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues
And I sat right here to say
"My grip is packed to travel, and I'm back to ramble
To my Blue Ridge far away"
I'm goin' to stay right by my pa
I'm goin' to do right by my ma
I'll hang around the cabin door
No work or worry anymore
I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues
Goin' to see my old oak tree
Gonna hunt the possum where the corn cob blossom
In my Blue Ridge far away, woo
I see a haze of snowy white
I see a window with light
I seem to hear them both sigh
"Where is my wand'rin boy tonight?"
I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues
And I stay right here to say
"Every day I'm countin' 'til I climb that mountain
In my Blue Ridge far away"

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