

# Blue Ridge Mountains

Townes Van Zandt

Well, my home is in the Blue Ridge Mountains  
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And I aint comin back here anymore Well, I had me a mother that could pray, boys  
She prayed for me both night and day, boys  
And I tore down every prayer that she could say, boys  
And I aint 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 aint comin back here anymore Well, Ive seen this whole wide country over  
From New York City down to Mexico  
And Ive seen the joyful and the sorrow  
And I aint comin back here anymore So Mister Sinby, can you hear me  
Down there in Gracel, Louisana, oh  
Well, Ill lay a joint upon your grave, sir  
Then I aint comin back here anymore Well, my home is in the Blue Ridge Mountains  
My home is in the Blue Ridge Mountains  
Well, my home is in the Blue Ridge Mountains  
And I aint comin back here anymore

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