

Don't Forget the Mountains

Neil Cribbs

I pulled into town
Just east of eastern Tennessee and west of trouble bound
The change that left me poor
Left me in a place I knew but had never been before

Oh Mercy why don't you come to my door
And leave a strangled line
About anything, or anyone
But don't you leave me crying anymore

Don't forget the mountains
In their valley they cradle life like I've never seen
There's music in the seasons
Moonshine whiskey and front porch swings with the breeze

Oh Mother . . .

Well there's a banjo playing and there's dancing in the air
And the rock and roll player can find his roots out there
Then the fiddle rakes the strings and brings out the things you share
Like the tale of a lover who couldn't find another prayer
For love

It's a message that's been said
To determine your road and never have to claim your own
Let the mountains put up your sails
And roll with the waves of the road baby until you're home

Oh Brother. . .

And you'll sing about the time when there's dancing in the air
And the fiddle in your soul cannot control you there
And the rock and roll story will go on in a Glory prayer
And you can be the lover who finally found another player
For Love.

Lyrics submitted by Foo.