Carolina Moon

D.B. Bryant Band

I woke up this morning to the hummin' of the engines
Haulin' nature's finest from the Gulf of Mexico
Riding this ol' river is peaceful but it's lonesome
And it makes me wonder how the old folks are at home[Chorus]
Now the years have blown by me like the wind through the pines
But the song of the south is ever sweet as homemade wine
Oh, how I miss those mountains when the laurels are in bloom
And the southern stars are dancin' 'round a North Carolina moonJust rolled through Memphis, I could hear them guitars playin'
They had the blues so bad it almost broke my heart
But it don't sound nothing like a band of tree frogs singin'
When every now and then they'd get in tune with grandpa's harp[Chorus]
Now the years have blown by me like the wind through the pines
But the song of the south is ever sweet as homemade wine
Oh, how I miss those mountains when the laurels are in bloom
And the southern stars are dancin' 'round a North Carolina moonNow when I die boys, make me this promise
You'll send my body back up North Carolina way
I don't want no tombstone, just lay me next to mama
And let the honeysuckle grow wild upon my grave[Chorus]
Now the years have blown by me like the wind through the pines
But the song of the south is ever sweet as homemade wine
Oh, how I miss those mountains when the laurels are in bloom
And the southern stars are dancin' 'round a North Carolina moonYeah, the southern stars are dancin' 'round a North Carolina moon
North Carolina moon
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh

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