

Green Mountains And Me

Slaid Cleaves

You're on the other side of the world tonight
But under the same cold stars
And tonight I'll dream you right back home
To this little life of ours
We'll walk hand in hand through fields of green
Just like we did last year
But it's so hard to wake up every day
And watch as your dreams disappear
It's quiet here, your little boy's asleep
He looks more like you every day
Won't you come back, come back my darlin'
Each night I pray on bended knee
Won't you come back to the Green Mountains and me
I see a car winding up the driveway
Up to your parents' place
The old man looks up from his raking
As the color drains from your mama's face
Cryin' softly by the window now
While your daddy shakes the soldiers hands
Their taillights disappear into the woods below
He's frozen in the doorway where he stands
In the twilight, in the silent snow
I hear you singing in my ear
Won't you come back . . .
The seasons come and the seasons go
We live from day to day
And I lose a little bit of myself
With each tear I wipe away
People on the street used to stop and chat
Now they look down and walk on by
Won't you come back . . .

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