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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