

Christy, The Musical

"My Tennessee Home"

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Wind in the trees
A blowin' the leaves
When I hear that music
I'm feelin' at ease
There's no other place
My feet might roam
Quite nice as my Tennessee home

Mountains above
Valley below
Ain't no need to hurry
I can just take it slow
There's a song in them hills
It's a callin' me
Sayin' come set your heart free

In my Tennessee home
Deep in the hills
I can sing with the crickets
And the Whippoorwills
It's here that I'll stay
Till my dyin' day
Here in my Tennessee home

My wife by my side
Children at play
So simple and sweet
Good Lord planned it that way
It's how I've been taught
Since my birthin' day
And I reckon that's how it will stay

In my Tennessee home
Deep in the hills
I can sing with the crickets
And the Whippoorwills
It's here that I'll stay
Till my dyin' day
Here in my Tennessee home

In the Tennessee hills

Where I was born
I can hear summer's sweet serenade
Or see the new fallen snow
On a winter's morn
The frostin' that's pure heaven made
The frostin' that's pure heaven made

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