

Beccy Cole

"Blackwood Hill"

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In my mind I see a picture and my thoughts begin to
roam
to the rowlden hills and valleys that surround my
childhood home
I can almost smell the flowers growing wild along the
track down to the stream.

I hear grandpa telling stories sitting on the front porch
swing

scattered all around are pages of the songs that I
would sing
and there I am cross legged on a dream
Chorus:

I'd sing coat of many colours, I knew every word by
heart
and I'd fumble through the changes on an old flat top
guitar

make believe the city hills rolled into the smokey
mountains tennessee.

I'd swap bubble gum for curtain calls with other kids my
age

and the shows would last for hours on the Opry tree
house stage

and the dreams of little children echoe still, on
Blackwood hill.

I recall the day I packed my bags and waved
Blackwood goodbye
rowlden hills were in my rear view mirror, stars were in
my eyes
and I traded hairbrush microphones and tree house
shows for lights and centre stage.
sometimes the road I lived on leads me back to my old
world
on the front porch of my childhood home sits a little girl

her innocence helps me turn back the page,
when
Chorus

Bridge:
Every day was full of music, family and best friends.
troubles of the world erased, by games of lets pretend.

Chorus
The little girl inside of me is dreaming still, on
blackwood hill.

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