

Earl Scruggs

"Blue Ridge Mountain Blues"

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When I was young and in my prime (in my prime!),
I left my home in caroline.
Now all I do is sit and pine, for all those folks I left
behind.

I got the blue ridge mountain blues, and I sat right here
to say,
"my grip is packed to travel, and Iâ€™m back to ramble,
To my blue ridge far away."

Iâ€™m goinâ€™ to stay right by my pa, Iâ€™m goinâ€™ to do
right by my ma,
Iâ€™ll hang around the cabin door, no work or worry
anymore.

I got the blue ridge mountain blues, goinâ€™ to see my
old oak tree,

Gonna hunt the possum where the corn cob blossom,
In my blue ridge far away.
Woo!

I see a haze of snowy white, I see a window with light,
I seem to hear them both sigh, "where is my wandâ€™rin
boy tonight? "

I got the blue ridge mountain blues, and I stay right
here to say,
"every day Iâ€™m countinâ€™ â€™til I climb that mountain,
In my blue ridge far away."

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