

George Jones "Mockin' Bird Hill"

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When the sun in the morning peeps over the hill
And kisses the roses round my window sill
Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill
Of the birds in the treetops on Mockin' Bird Hill.

Tra la la, twitle dee dee dee, it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mockin' bird's trill
Tra la la, twitle dee dee dee. there's peace and good
will
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill.

Got a three cornered plow and an acre to till
And a mule that I bought for a three dollar bill
There's a tumbledown shack and a rusty ol' mill
But it's my home sweet home up on Mockin' Bird Hill.

Tra la la, twitle dee dee dee, it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mockin' bird's trill
Tra la la, twitle dee dee dee. there's peace and good
will
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill.

--- Whistles ---

When it's late in the evening I climb up the hill
And survey all my kingdom while everything's still
Only me and the sky and an ol' whippoorwill
Singing songs in the twilight on Mockin' Bird Hill.

Tra la la, twitle dee dee dee, it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mockin' bird's trill
Tra la la, twitle dee dee dee. there's peace and good
will
You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill.

You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill...

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