

Jon Randall

"North Carolina Moon"

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(Jon Randall, Ronnie Stewart)

I woke up this morning to the humming of the engines
Hauling nature's finest from the Gulf of Mexico
Ridin' this ol' river is peaceful but it's lonesome
It makes wonder how the old folks are at home

(CHORUS)

Now the years have blown by me like the wind through
the pines
But the song of the south is ever sweet as homemade
wine
Oh how I miss those mountains when the Laurels are in
bloom
And the southern stars are dancin' 'round a North
Carolina moon

Just rolled through Memphis I could hear them guitar's
a playing
They had the blues so bad it almost broke my heart
Don't sound nothing like a band of tree frogs singing
When every now and then they'd get in tune with
grandpa's harp

(REPEAT CHORUS)

When I die boys make me this promise
You'll send my body back up North Carolina way
I don't want no tombstone just lay me next to mama
And let the honeysuckle grow wild upon my grave

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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