

Charley Pride "Streets Of Gold"

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I'm a western North Carolinian made of stone and red
place oil
I got Cherokee blood deep within me when I was born it
began to boil
Well I left my home across the mountains to see what
kind of life I'd find
Well I searched the world in all directions to try to cool
this restless mind
[dobro]
Found myself on a lonesome journey the streets of
gold I tried to find
The Indian spirit it softly whispered and cooled the
blood ever restless mind
I'm going back to the Smokey Mountains and breathe
the air that fit my soul
Now there we read in the leaves of history and there I'll
find my streets of gold
And there I'll find my streets of gold

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