

## Adrienne Young "Hills And Hollers"

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Hills and Hollers

Adrienne Young / Mark D. Sanders

Well I feel like a stranger in my own hometown

There's traffic in the air where there used to be the  
sound

Of tall trees growin' and kids runnin' wild

Or maybe I was lookin' through the eyes of a child

But I swearÃ¢â€!

There used to be

Hills and hollers here

Wild turkey and the white tailed deer

Creeks runnin' crystal clear

Water on its way to the Gulf of Mexico

Moonshine on the mountaintop

Daddy sawin' fiddle like he never gonna stop

Lord, if these hills could talk

They'd say sing me a song that goes

Oh, mama leave the light on

Oh, shine like the sun on the shadows of history

They laid the first paved road back in '45

Now you gotta have wheels if you're gonna survive

Black top over gravel

Gravel over mud

Seems the oil in our veins runs thicker than the blood

But I swearÃ¢â€!

There used to be

Hills and hollers here

Wild turkey and the white tailed deer

Creeks runnin' crystal clear

Water on its way to the Gulf of Mexico

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