

Conley Earl Thomas

"Smokey Mountain Memories"

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Smokey Mountain memories
'bout my home in Tennessee
Yesterday keeps calling me,
Calling me home
Mountains rising in my soul
Higher than the dreams I've known
Misty eyed, they cling to me, my Smokey Mountain
memories

An old gray man with a dog asleep at his feet
Played a worn out fiddle full of melodies,
He smiles with his eyes but the lines on his face
Told me as much as the tunes he played
I'm talkin' about my...

Smokey Mountain memories,
Pretty girls from Tennessee
I was such a fool to leave
Leave her all alone
Think about her in my dreams,
I Wonder if she thinks of me?
I'll always hold her close to me in my Smokey Mountain
memories

So mister play your fiddle please,
play some mountain melodies,
I been down a lonely road so far from home
Nothing left to hold on to,
I made some plans but they fell through
Now there's nothing left for me but my Smokey
Mountain memories

I'm talkin' 'bout my
Smokey Mountain memories
'bout my home in Tennessee
Yesterday keeps calling me,
Calling me home
Mountains rising in my soul
Higher than the dreams I've known
Misty eyed, they cling to me,
my Smokey Mountain memories

Fade Out...

I'm talkin' 'bout my
Smokey Mountain memories...

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