

Mel Street

"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 eyes they cling to me my Smokey Mountain
memories

An old grey man with a dog asleep at his feet
Plays 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

Talking bout my Smokey Mountain memories pretty girl
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 always hold her close to me in my Smokey Mountain
memories
[harmonica]
So mister play your fiddle please play some moutain
memories
I've 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
Smokey Mountain memories bout my home...

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