

Porter Wagoner

"Good Old Country Mus"

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(Joe Babcock)

I remember daddy playing the Wildwood Flower
When we'd gather round the parlor of our home
Uncle Wesley played the fiddle and John R played the
banjo
We'd pick and sing sometimes all night long.

Mama played the upright piano
And I guess it must've been a thing to hear
All the neighbors gathered round they loved that
country sound
And it was surely music to our ears.

And that's how I learnt to love good old country music
There's somethin' about it close to my soul
I'm so glad everyone is lovin' good old country music
It's the music of the country and this country is my
home.

--- Instrumental ---

Many nights I went to bed without sleepin'
Just a listenin' to our beatup radio
I held the groundwire tight just to get a strain
Or two of a faroff song from Del Rio.

Oh, it faded in and out through the stand
But it made me dream of seeing Tennessee
And the greatest thrill of all was to see those hallowed
halls
The Mother Church the Grand Ole Opry.

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