

## Ronnie Milsap

### "Streets of Gold"

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(James Lunsford)

I'm a western North Carolinian made of stone and red  
clay soil  
Got Cherokee blood deep within me when I was born it  
began to boil  
I left my home across the mountains to see what kind  
of life I'd find  
Searched the world in all directions to try to cool this  
restless mind.

Found myself on a lonesome journey the streets of  
gold I tried to find  
The Indian spirit softly whispered and cooled the blood  
of the 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.

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began to boil  
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of life I'd find  
Searched the world in all directions to try to cool this  
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