## **Blueridge Mountain Blues**

-Bill Monroe

I V

When I was young and in my prime

I

I left my home in Caroline

V

Now all I do is sit and pine

I

For the folks I left behind

Chorus

I V

I've got those Blueridge mountain blues

I

And I'll stand right here and say

My grip is packed to travel

IV

and I'm scratching gravel

V

I

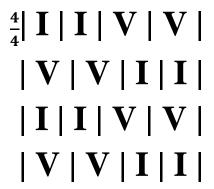
In the Blueridge far away

I'm gonna do right by my ma I'm gonna do right by my pa I'll hang around the cabin door No work or worry anymore

Chorus

I see a window with a light
I see two heads of snowy white
I can hear them both recite
Where is my wandering boy tonight

Chart - Verse



**Chart – Chorus** 

