

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

$\frac{4}{4}$ | I | I | V | V |
V	V	I	I
I	I	V	V
V	V	I	I

Chart – Chorus

I	I	V	V
V	V	I	I
I	I	IV	IV
V	V	I	I