

My Blue Ridge Mountain Boy

Dolly Parton

From a shack by a mountain stream
To a room in New Orleans
So far from my Blue Ridge mountain home
The men I meet, ain't warm and friendly
Like the one in old 'virginny
Oh they ain't real, like my Blue Ridge mountain boy I was just a little past 18
When I came to New Orleans
I'd never been beyond my home state line
There was a boy who loved me dearly
But I broke his heart severely
When I left my Blue Ridge mountain boy
Life was dull in my home town
The lights were out when the sun went down
And I thought the city life was more my style
But nights get lonely waiting home
And its easy to go wrong
The men ain't kind
Like my Blue Ridge mountain boy New Orleans held things in store
Things I'd never bargained for
And every night a different man knocks on my door
But late at night when all is still
I can hear a whiporwill, as I cry, for my Blue Ridge mountain boy
Oh but I can ever go back home
Since the boy I love is gone
He grew tired of waiting for me to return
They say he married, last October
But I never will get over
Oh, the sweet love of my Blue Ridge mountain boy Blue Ridge Mountain Boy,
mmmmhmmmmmm

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