

# Blue Ridge Mountain Blues

Written by Bill Monroe

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1. When I was young and in my prime,  
I left my home in Caroline,  
Now all I do is sit and pine,  
For all those folks I left behind.

*chorus 1:* I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain blues,  
And I'll stand right here to say,  
My grip is packed to travel and I'm scratching gravel,  
For that Blue Ridge far away.

2. Well I'm gonna stay right by my Pa,  
And I'm gonna do right by my Ma,  
I'll hang around that cabin door,  
No work or worry anymore.

*chorus 2:* I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain blues,  
Gonna see my old dog "Tray",  
Gonna hunt the possum where the corn tops blossom,  
On that Blue Ridge far away.

3. I see a window with a light,  
I see two heads of snowy white,  
It seems I hear them both recite,  
Where is my wandering boy tonight.

*chorus 3:* I've got those Blue Ridge Mountain blues,  
And I'll stand right here to say,  
Every day I'm counting 'til I find that mountain,  
On that blue ridge far away.