

Blue Ridge Mountain Girl

D **G D**
It sure is cold here in Chicago
A **D**
The wind can cut you like a knife
D **G**
Another day, another dollar
Em **A**
What a way to spend a life
D **G D**
She was young and I was restless
A **D**
So I set out to see the world
D **G**
Left my home in Ole' Virginia
D **A D**
And my Blue Ridge Mountain girl

Chorus:

D **G** **D**
And I can see her standing by the window
D **G** **A**
And there's nothing sadder in the world
D **G** **D**
Than to see those green eyes, all red from crying
D **A** **D**
On my Blue Ridge Mountain girl

In my hands I hold a letter
That says she made a pretty bride
And as I lay here in the darkness
She lays by another's side
I've got money in my pockets
Diamond rings that I wear
But I'd trade them all this minute
For the gold that's in her hair

Chorus (2x)