

Smokey Mountain Memories

D Bm
Smokey Mountain memories bout my home in Tennessee
G A
Yesterday keeps calling me calling me ho-me
D Bm
Mountains rising in my soul higher than the dreams I've known
G A D
Empty eyes they cling to me like Smokey Mountain mem-o-ries

D Bm
An old gray man with a dog asleep at his feet
Em Bm
Plays a worn out fiddle full of melodies
D Bm
He smiles with his eyes but the lines on his face
Em A D
Told me as much as the tunes he played

D Bm
Smokey mountain memories pretty girl's in Tennessee
G A
I was such a fool to leave leave her all alo-ne
D Bm
Think about her in my dreams I wonder if she thinks of me
G A D
I always hold her close to me in my Smokey Mountain mem-o-ries

D Bm
So mister play your fiddle please play some mountain memories
G A
I've been down a lonely road So far from ho-me
D Bm
Nothing left to hold onto I made some plans but they fell through
G A D
Now there's nothing left for me but my Smokey Mountain mem-o-ries

Repeat #1