

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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I long for the hills

Well I saw a man walking
His hands were in his pockets
Head was dragging looking at his feet
Well he looked up and saw me
And he asked me for a quarter
Or if I know a good cheap place to eat
Well I just shrugged my shoulders
Said if I could help you brother
I wouldn't be out walking on this beat
With nothing more to say
Just turned and went his way
Hopping for a richer man than me

I long for the old home
I long for the hills
Swinging on the front porch
Lord knows i ain't had my fill

Well I left home at fifteen
With a guitar and a dream
And a heart that needs a-learning more life
I never kept a job long
I never was the kind to settle down
Forever with a wife
Well I may have met some man
That you read about in books
And there were times when I was living right
But I ain't got much to show
Here living on Skid Row
No one to help this old man through the night

* Refrain