

Blue Valley Songbird

She was born in a place called Blue Valley
At the foot of the Tennessee hills
With the blue birds and blue bells
And blue mountain water
And the sound of the Blue Whippoorwill
But there was no peace in the valley
Her daddy, a cruel, ruthless man
Used and abused her mind and her body
So her mama said run while you can
So at fifteen she took to the highway
Belongings and guitar in hand
And she buried herself in her music
The one thing she did understand

And she sings like a bird and she writes like a poet
Her voice has that high, lonesome sound
She hurts, and her songs are the best way to show it
So the Blue Valley songbird keeps traveling around

She hopes someday she will make it
And everyone says that she will
When she comes to town, crowds flock around
To see the girl from the Tennessee hills
She writes her letter back home to her mama
In care of the preacher in town
They're sacred to her so she reads them at church
And so her daddy cannot track her down

And she sings like a bird and she cries like a baby
Whenever she turns off the lights
She's a whole lot lonesome and a little bit crazy
From mem'ries and miseries and dreams gone awry

Blue dress, blue shoes, a blue Cadillac
A band dressed in blue by her side
Instruments tied to the top and the back
'Cause the Blue Valley songbird is singing tonight

One nighters, honky tonks, years flying by
She never made it, but Lord knows she tries
Expressing the feelings she holds inside
And the Blue Valley songbird is singing tonight
Oh the Blue Valley songbird is singing tonight

And she sings like a bird and she writes like a poet