

Brave Mountaineers

Born in the country and I like that country smile
Of the little girls and boys, they remind me of a child
That I knew and a big harvest moon
That shon' by suppertime in the dusty afternoon
And I need to be there
When the autumn wind goes whistlin' through the trestle we would climb
Like brave mountaineers
We never were much bothered by time

Born in the country and I like that country song
We played for just a nickel every time we got to town
And I bought you a dime diamond ring
In the hayloft we would play, we were princesses and kings

And I need to be there
When the world gets too heavy and the shadows cross my mind
Like brave mountaineers
We never were much bothered by time

Born in the country and I like that country way
Of the uncles and the cousins and the card games they would play
While the young ones slept overhead
Beneath the quilts that mother made, when all the prayers were said

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