

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Little white washed chimney

Where the Mississippi flowing on the sunny southern shores
And the steamboat come a-puffing round the bend
There's a little old log cabin with a grape vine o're the door
And a little white washed chimney at the end

Oh, I'm going back, yes, going back to the place I love so well
To the folks who'll want me all their own again
In the little old log cabin with the grape vine o're the door
And a little white washed chimney at the end

Oh, I went away up North where they told me I would find
Money hanging around like apples on a tree
But it was as my sweetheart told me there was nothing of the kind
And the weather was so cold I thought I'd freeze

* Refrain

I can see the smoke a-rising from the little chimney top
As it welcomes me and greets me on the breeze
Then I will start a-running and I know I'll never stop
Till I've landed in that cabin on my knees

* Refrain