

Old Home Place

A C#m7 D A
It's been ten long years since I left my home
A E
In the holler where I was born
A C#m7 D A
Where the cool fall nights make the wood smoke rise
A E A
And the fox hunter blows his horn

I fell in love with a girl from the town
I thought that she would be true
I ran away to Charlottesville
And worked in a sawmill or two

E A
What have they done to the old home place?
B E
Why did they tear it down?
A C#m7 D A
And why did I leave my plow in the field?
A E A
And look for a job in the town?

Well, the girl ran off with somebody else
The tariffs took all my pay
And here I stand where the old home stood
Before they took it away

Now the geese fly south and the cold wind blows
As I stand here and hang my head
I've lost my love, I've lost my home
And now I wish that I was dead

Chorus

Solos on A part

Chorus