

# Southern Mountain Girl

Will Teller

G

Well I was ro - vin' in the sum - mer through Ca - ro - li - na met a

C G

sweet sou-thern girl by the Ten - ne - see line. She had wild, gol - den hair and a

D G

voice that was like a breeze. As the sun was hanging, Lord, how

C G

late June to be run - ning through the moun - tains down south of Lamm, say - in'

D G

"North-ern boy you bet-ter not lose your way." (clap clap clap) Woah, oh, oh

C G

oh, She's tel-ling me the right things Woah, oh, oh, oh, She's set-ting me

D G

straight She's an e - ven-keel ma - ma when the sum-mer is mean, but she's a

C G

wild eyed pi - xie with a dan - ger - ous gleam. And she's my South-ern moun - tain

girl when the day gets late.

*Then it's up through the forest by Blowing Rock,  
 And the swift swallows singing across the treetops,  
 And we roll through the crescents and the clouds gatherin' over the plains.  
 There was thunder and lightning, shadow and fog,  
 And we were hootin' and hollerin' like a prairie dog,  
 And we danced to the music of the whirling, storming rain.*

*Well twilight falls and the clouds depart,  
 And we're lying on our backs looking up at the stars.  
 She tells me all her her hopes and her fears why she worries and prays.  
 And I know she might not be a beauty queen,  
 but there's something 'bout her life that is different and clean.  
 I find myself wishin' that I never find the end of the day.*

*Well my time for rovin' is a-endin' fast,  
 And I'll go back home to the Great Northwest.  
 I know that I might never ever see this girl again.  
 But every time I feel that evening breeze,  
 Watch the sunlight play on the buckeye trees,  
 I long for a woman who is now just a friend of a friend.*