

Sweet Appalachia

Jackson Dean

When my soul wants to fly up high like mist on the mountains
Ship me out to Tennessee
When my days tick down and my clock stops counting
Just let the rain do the crying for me

Something in me knows I'm almost home

'Cause I'm a couple hundred miles to the Cumberland Gap
Sweet Appalachia keeps calling me back
Grew up running through the sourwood trees
And that's right where they're gonna bury me
Wherever I might roam
I feel it in my bones
Couple hundred miles to the Cumberland Gap
Sweet Appalachia keeps calling me, calling me back

Well, I work real hard for a fistful of dollars
But I ain't gonna take 'em with me
So, just throw 'em out the window
Let 'em blow around the holler
Y'all just have one on me

Just raise a glass to the Youghiogheny County ghost

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