

# Mountain Queen

Logan Halstead

Sunday's coming I'm on my way  
Back from Kentucky with the money I made  
Sun's shining on her sweet face  
And my heart's aching when she's away  
If I'm lucky my hand she'll take  
And we'll waltz through the holler  
While the mountains sway

Sweet dreams seventeen  
West Virginia mountain queen  
Your heart lights up my empty streets  
Burns though the night on kerosine  
Ohio's calling you I can't breathe  
Won't you sit a little while and stay with me  
Your lips bring me to my knees  
And leaves me shaking like autumn leaves

Stars in her eyes in the way she moves  
More beauty than a flower blooms  
I'm falling for what you do  
Dancing in the dark to a banjo tune  
Don't tell me what I gotta lose  
My hearts walking away with you

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