

Mountain Boy

Red Foley

Mountain boy
Pickin' up rocks a puttin' 'em in the wagon
The sun goes down my poor feet a draggin'
Mountain boy.

Now I wish
I own ten acres down in the valley instead of these rocks on this hill
'Cause they grow some tall corn down in the valley
And my land seems just won't till.

You know my mountain girl went down in the valley
I guess about a year ago
And married a valley farmer
'Cause he had a lotta hail.

And in a way I guess it's better
I didn't have anything but love to offer
No, I don't guess I can blame her
'Cause life in the valley is a whole lot softer.

But for a while I thought this pain in my heart
Was gonna get the best of me
But I just kinda go away now
And I just worry about the rest of me.

And I'll bet there's a lotta men just like me
That on mountain ground where the winter wind's cold
And spendin' their entire life looking down
Just two miles from something they'll never hold.

A pickin' up rocks a puttin' 'em in the wagon
The sun goes down my poor feet a draggin'
Mountain boy...