

# Streets of Gold

Ronnie Milsap

I'm a western North Carolinian made of stone and red clay soil  
Got Cherokee blood deep within me when I was born it began to b  
oil

I left my home across the mountains to see what kind of life I'  
d find

Searched the world in all directions to try to cool this restle  
ss mind

Found myself on a lonesome journey the streets of gold I tried  
to find

The Indian spirit softly whispered and cooled the blood of the  
restless mind

I'm going back to the Smokey Mountains and breathe the air that  
fit my soul

Now there we read in the leaves of history and there I'll find  
my streets of gold

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