

I Can Hear Kentucky Calling Me

Steve Wariner

I can hear Kentucky calling me
Whispering through my halls of memories
The bluegrass fields, a maple hill
I loved her then, I love her still
I can hear Kentucky calling me

Front porch dreamers pickin' old guitars
Boney hound dogs singing to the stars
The sounds and scenes I've left behind
Are evergreen upon my mind
I can hear Kentucky calling me

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