Well now living in the Holler keeps me feeling free

Keeps my hopes a flying like a little bitty chickadee

I’ve seen days of trouble, and I’ve seen days of toil

But it all feels better on that Appalachian soil

O Lordy Me O Lordy My

Rest my soul in the country when it’s time for me to die

O Lordy Me O Lordy My

Great God Almighty, I’m gonna sprout some wings and fly

Yes, and I hear banjo music ringing from the grove

I smell mamas cooking, coming from the stove

That old fresh spring water lord, It’s the best I’ve ever seen

It’ll purify your hearts boys, it’ll wash your spirit clean

O Lordy Me O Lordy My

Rest my soul in the country when it’s time for me to die

O Lordy Me O Lordy My

Great God Almighty, I’m gonna sprout some wings and fly

When I got no money, I still got my pride

I live back in the country honey, in these hills I hide

Ain’t nothing like the quiet of the mountain at night

Ain’t nothing like the splendor of the blue ridge morning sky

O Lordy Me O Lordy My

Rest my soul in the country when it’s time for me to die

O Lordy Me O Lordy My

Great God Almighty, gonna sprout my wings and fly

Yes, and there’s people from all over they keep fighting everyday

Wish they would put down all those rifles and pick up a fiddle to play

Cause a fiddle never hurt nobody, and it’ll play a sweet sweet tune

And we can pick them together in harmony howling under the same moon

Singing

O Lordy Me O Lordy My

Rest my soul in the country when it’s time for me to die

O Lordy Me O Lordy My

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