

## Bluegrass Music

You can take my shoes, you can drink my soup  
I no longer lock my door at night  
Here the moon comes up when the sun goes down  
And the mountains roll 'round the thunder clouds  
While the river, she winds her way behind

It's like beautiful, beautiful music  
Mellowed in the Appalachian way  
Folks come and go, but these mountains know  
That you take a Bluegrass tune down to your grave

When Tom Gentry died, I cried and cried  
Then one night I heard his voice below the ground  
I said, "Oh, Tom, you make such a sweet, soft sound.  
Can you tell me, my old partner, what have you found?"  
And he sang these words I'm singing to you

It's like beautiful, beautiful music  
Mellowed in the Appalachian way  
Folks come and go, but these mountains know  
That you take a Bluegrass tune down to your grave

When my stories are all told and my bones are cold  
And all that's left is an empty rocking chair  
Won't you wrap me up and carry me down  
Cover me over with that sweet, black ground  
And pick a Bluegrass tune above my head

It's like beautiful, beautiful music  
Mellowed in the Appalachian way  
Folks come and go, but these mountains know  
That you take them Bluegrass tunes down to your grave

Folks come and they go, but these mountains stay right here and they know  
That you can take a Bluegrass tune down to your grave  
Yes, you take them Bluegrass tunes down to your grave