

(The) Old Home Place (A)

Mitch Jayne & Dean Webb (Dillards)

A C# D A E
It's been ten long years since I left my home in the hollow where I was born
A C# D A E A
Where the cool fall nights makes the wood smoke rise and the fox hunter blows his horn

A C# D A E
I fell in love with a girl from the town, I thought that she would be true
A C# D A E A
I ran away to Charlottesville and worked in a sawmill crew.

E A B E
What have they done to the old home place, why did they tear it down?
A C# D A E A
And why did I leave my plow in the fields and look for a job in town?

A C# D A E
Well the girl ran off with somebody else, the taverns, they took all my pay
A C# D A E A
And here I stand where the old home stood before they took it away

A C# D A E
Now the geese fly south and the cold winds blow as I stand here and hang my head
A C# D A E A
I've lost my love, I've lost my home and now I wish that I was dead

E A B E
What have they done to the old home place, why did they tear it down?
A C# D A E A
And why did I leave my plow in the fields and look for a job in town?
C# D A E A
And why did I leave my plow in the fields and look for a job in the town