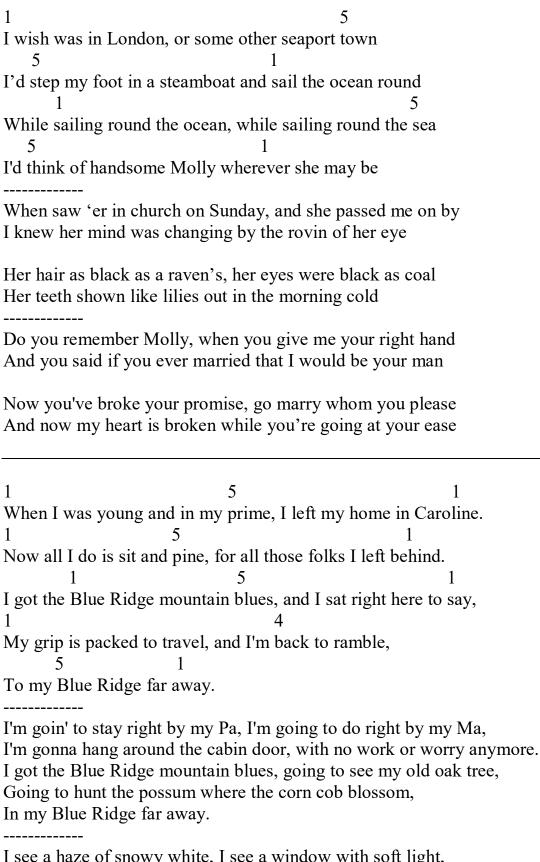
Handsome Molly / Blue Ridge Mountain Blues – Trad. / Cliff Hess; (medly)



I see a haze of snowy white, I see a window with soft light, I seem to hear them both sigh, where is my wandering boy tonight? I got the Blue Ridge mountain blues, and I stay right here to say, Every day I'm counting until I climb that mountain, In my Blue Ridge far away.