Old Home Place J.D. Crowe and the New South

Intro: |A C# | D A |

 |A | E |

 |A C# | D A |

 |A E | A |

 A C# D A E

It's been ten long years since I left my home. In the holler where I was born

 A C# D A E A

Where the cool fall nights make 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 or two

**Chorus:**

 E A B7 E7

 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 field? And look for a job in the town?

 A C# D A E

Well, the girl ran off with somebody else. The tariffs 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 wind blows. 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

**Chorus X2 (eller bare sidste linje igen)**