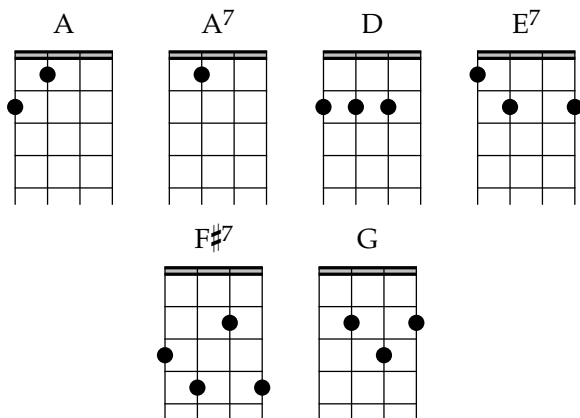


Old Home Place - J.D. Crowe and The New South



Intro

D F#7 G D
D A
D F#7 G D
D A D

Verse 1

It's been ten long years since I left my home
In the holler where I was born
Where the cool fall nights make the wood
smoke rise
And the fox hunter blows his horn
I fell in love with a girl from the town
I thought that she would be true
I ran away to Charlottesville
And worked in a sawmill or two

Chorus

What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave my plow in the field?
And look for a job in the town?

Interlude

D F#7 G D
D A
D F#7 G D
D A D

Verse 2

Well, the girl ran off with somebody else
The tariffs took all my pay
And here I stand where the old home stood
Before they took it away
Now the geese fly south and the cold wind
blows
As I stand here and hang my head
I've lost my love, I've lost my home
And now I wish that I was dead

Chorus

What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave my plow in the field?
And look for a job in the town?

Interlude

D F#7 G D
D A
D F#7 G D
D A D

Chorus

What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave my plow in the field?
And look for a job in the town?