

Mountain moon

I met her again one summer day
Above the hills of turkin bay
On a walk to clear my head
She appeared at a river bed

chorus

We talked for hours
About this place that we can't erase
The winter comes a bit too soon
In the hills of mountain moon

We were raised in these hills
Our faces stained, our pockets filled
The river's cold but we don't care
We love the cool mountain air

bridge

How we laughed about those days
We were kid's and loved to play
An empty barn, a swingin' tree
Daddy's hooch
Tasted just like bumble bees

Chorus

First verse

bridge

Steve Rice 6/7/18