

Twisted Laurel

C D G Em
Just across the Blue Ridge where the high meadows lay

C D G
And the Galax spreads through the new mown hay

C D G Em
There's a rusty iron bridge 'ross a shady ravine

A7 D7
Where the hard road ends and turns to clay

C G Em
A suitcase in his hand a lonesome boy stands

A7 D D7
Gazing at the river flowing by beneath his feet

C D G Em
And the dark water springs from the black rock and flows

C D G
Out of sight where the twisted laurel grows