

# Wild Rose of the Mountain

Words by Si Kahn

If I had my life to live  
I'd sure live it over  
Only walk in brand new shoes  
And just lay down in clover  
Only work on Christmas Day  
All the rest go sportin'  
Spend my days down at the creek  
And ev'ry night go courtin'

## CHORUS

Honey from the honey comb  
Water from the fountain  
Sugar from the sugar cane  
And my wild rose of the mountain

When I think of home sweet home  
It makes my eyes grow misty  
Poppa singing gospel songs  
And Momma sippin' whiskey  
Whiskey from a white oak barrel  
Sure does make good liquor  
Makes the nights seem twice as bright  
And the days go by much quicker

## CHORUS

If I had a pickup truck  
I'd fill it up with water  
Paint a catfish on the side  
And make believe I'd caught her  
Drive it slowly down the road  
Try to keep from bumpin'  
Park it down beside the creek  
And watch those fish come jumpin'

CHORUS

If I had a new made quilt  
I'd fill it up with feathers  
Take my Rosie by the hand  
And lay down there together  
Oh the days that I was young  
Thoughts that keep returning  
Drive the winter night away  
Just like a log fire burning

CHORUS