

Marbletown

Words & Music by Joe LaMay

*There's twenty-one miles of hard road from here to Marbletown
Twenty-one miles of hard won't keep this poor boy down
It could be a hundred and I would still be found
Ridin' down the mountain to my gal in Marbletown*

Oh I am just a farm boy who lives up in these hills
All week long I labor just to pay my bills
I work these forty acres from sunrise to sundown
But Sunday morn' you'll find me on the road to Marbletown

Chorus

Well up here on this mountain there's lots of pretty girls
You'll find them there a flirtin' in all their pretty curls
But let me tell ya brother the sweetest one I've found
Is the daughter of a preacher down the road in Marbletown

Chorus

Oh I've been east to Albany - west to Buffalo
Up and down the Ee-ri-ee three hundred miles or so
There's nothin' in your cities that's sweeter than the sound
Of my darlin's voice a callin' down the road in Marbletown

Chorus

Oh wintertime's a comin' the air has filled with snow
I'm gonna wrap this coat around me and down the road I'll go
I'll leave this farm behind me my fortune to be found
Courtin' my true darlin' down the road in Marbletown

Chorus

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