

Streets Of Gold

Charley Pride

I'm a western North Carolinian made of stone and red place oil
I got Cherokee blood deep within me when I was born it began to
boil

Well I left my home across the mountains to see what kind of li
fe I'd find

Well I searched the world in all directions to try to cool this
restless mind

Found myself on a lonesome journey the streets of gold I tried
to find

The Indian spirit it softly whispered and cooled the blood ever
restless mind

I'm going back to the Smokey Mountains and breathe the air that
fit my soul

Now there we read in the leaves of history and there I'll find
my streets of gold

And there I'll find my streets of gold