

Is The Grass Any Bluer?

Rhonda Vincent

You rolled out of Rosine, a dedicated man
You drove those country back roads to a thousand one-
night stands
The music from your mandolin, spread like wildfire in the wind
And echoed through the hollows and the hills, so tell me, Bill

Is the grass any bluer on the other side?
Did it look like gold Kentucky when the gates swung open wide?
Bet the good Lords got you playin somewhere up there every nigh
t
Is the grass any bluer on the other side?

I heard you on the Opry when I was just a kid
I tried my best to learn to sing and play the way you did
Just like me, the day you died, the guitars and the fiddles cri
ed
The music aint the same without you, Bill we miss you still

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