

# Eight More Miles to Louisville

Words and music by Louis "Grandpa" Jones



[G] I've traveled 'er this country wide  
A- [D] seekin' fortune [G] fair  
I've been down the two coast lines  
I've traveled every-[D] where  
From [C] Portland East and [G] Portland West  
And back along the [D] line  
I'm [G] goin' [D] now to a [G] place that's [C] best  
That [G] old home [D] town of [G] mine.

[CHORUS]

[G] Eight more miles and Louisville  
Will [C] come in to my  
[G] view Eight more miles on this old road  
And I'll [A] never more be [D] blue  
I [C] knew some day that [G] I'd come back  
I knew it from the [D] start  
[G] Eight more [D] miles to [G] Louis [C] ville  
The [G] home town [D] of my [G] heart.

[G] There's sure to be a girl somewhere  
That [D] you like best of [G] all  
Mine lives down in Louisville  
She's long and she is [D] tall  
But [C] she's the kind that [G] you can't find  
A ramblin' through the [D] land  
I'm [G] on my [D] way this [G] very [C] day  
To [G] win her [D] heart and [G] hand.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

[G] Now I can picture in my mind  
A [D] place we'll call our [G] home  
A humble little hut for two  
We'll never want to [D] roam  
The [C] place that's right for that [G] love site  
Is in those bluegrass [D] hills  
Where [G] gently [D] flows the [G] O-hi-[C]  
By a [G] place called [D] Louis-[G] ville.

[REPEAT CHORUS]