

## Gatlinburg '72

At the base of the Smokey Mountains,  
Gatlinburg you'll find;  
Gateway to the mountain top,  
Roadways all inclined.

Music filled the streets at night,  
*Rocky Top* and more;  
Fiddles tempting banjo strings  
With guitars at the core.

Gravy filled the breakfast plate,  
And sausage clogged the veins;  
Biscuits, eggs and coffee pots,  
Bowls of grits and grains.

Every night a fire burned  
And embers glowed 'til dawn;  
And lovers, young and innocent,  
To only each were drawn.

Memories of another time  
When love lived in the stars  
Above the shag bark hickory  
And long before the scars.

Copyright Matthew Ashbrook