



*Rakovnickéj potok*

## **EIGHT MORE MILES TO LOUISVILLE**

*Louis Marshall "Grandpa" Jones*

I've traveled o'er this country wide seeking fortune fair  
Up and down the two coast lines I've traveled everywhere  
From Portland East to Portland West back along the line  
I'm going now to the place that's best that old hometown of mine

Ref. Eight more miles and Louisville will come into my view  
Eight more miles on this old road and I'll never more be blue  
I knew some day that I'd come back I knew it from the start  
Eight more miles to Louisville the hometown of my heart

There's bound to be a gal somewhere that you like best of all  
Mine lives down in Louisville she's long and she is tall  
But she's the kind that you can't find a traveling through the land  
I'm on my way this very day to win her heart and hand

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Now I can picture in my mind a place we'll call our home  
A humble little hut for two we'll never want to roam  
The place that's right for that love sight is in those bluegrass hills  
Where gently flows the Ohio by a place called Louisville

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