

**411****"Ore Hill"**Visit "[Ore Hill](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(feltenberger/badlees)

Well, he died at 39  
Some kinda pill and homemade wine  
He left his english bride  
And a love he couldnt deny behind

Folks have come to say  
He nearly gave the land away  
He couldnt understand  
How a man could own the land anyway

(chorus)  
When grandpa had had his fill  
Hed take a walk up old ore hill  
To the land of a thousand shadows  
And things would come around

From the day that he was born  
The mountain had been his home  
Hed sit late afternoon  
Watch the shadows reach the moon alone

Then shewanakw-nan came  
And things began to change  
He dealt against his will  
And moved down off the hill ashamed

(chorus)

Well, he died at 39  
Glad to leave this world behind  
Tired of holding on  
To a place he didn't belong  
To find.....

That grandpa had lost his will  
To take a walk up old ore hill  
To the land of a thousand shadows  
And things would come around

(chorus)

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