

Classified

"Green Mountain"

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At the bottom of Green Mountain William Deacon
stands and stares into the rain
With coal grey eyes yellow teeth and a face that shows
the strain
Of his fight against the people who would cut Green
Mountain down
To paid away for what they say is a short cut in the town
Their sugar and the gas tanks of the dosers and the
graters and mud
The grits they finished yesterday was washed away by
last night's ragin' flood
And the dam went out with dynamite strollin's from the
work through shack
But the coal grey eyes of William Deacon never once
looked back
They're gonna move Green Mountain he can't stand in
the way
But William Deacon swears Green Mountain's gonna
stay
They're gonna move Green Mountain at least that's
what they say
But there he stands lookin' twice as big as he did
yesterday

For hundred years and more the Deacon Clan has
planned Green Mountain as dear home
But the highway department don't have the sence to
leave well enough alone
Witn an iron hand he raised ten kids and taught 'em
right from wrong
And then trouble come the Deacon Clan can be mighty
bight and strong
They carried William Deacon's body down from old
Green Mountain yesterday
He was crashed by a rollin' grabble truck when he
stepped out into the way
The forman round then said well now the work can start
again
But he forgot the family pride of all the Deacon Clan
They're gonna move Green Mountain...

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