

Kathy Mattea

"Coming Of The Roads"

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Now that our mountain is growing
With people hungry for wealth
How come it's you that's a going
And I'm left all alone by myself?

We used to hunt the cool caverns
Deep in our forest of green
Then came the road and the taverns
And you found a new love it seems

Once I had you and the wild wood
Now it's just dusty roads
And I can't help but blamin' your goin'
On the coming, the coming of the roads

Look how they've cut all to pieces
Our ancient redwood and oak
And the hillsides are stained with the greases
That burned up the heavens with smoke

You used to curse the bold crewmen
Who stripped our earth of its ore
Now you've changed and you've gone over to them
And you've learned to love what you hated before

Once I thanked God for our treasure
Now like rust it corrodes
And I can't help but blamin' your goin'
On the coming, the coming of the roads

Once I thanked God for our treasure
Now like rust it corrodes
And I can't help but blamin' your goin'
On the coming, the coming of the roads
No, I can't help but blamin' your goin'
On the coming, coming of the roads

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