

Unknown

"Coming Of The Roads"

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COMING OF THE ROADS
(Billy Ed Wheeler)

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 tavern
And you've found a new love it seems

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

Look how they've cut all to pieces
Our ancient poplar 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 the earth of its ores
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 my treasures
Now like rust, it corrodes
I can't help bur blaming you going
On the coming, the coming of the roads

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from the singing of Judy Collins

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