

## **Peter, Paul & Mary "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 tavern  
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 going  
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 my treasure  
Now like rust it corrodes  
And I can't help but blamin' your goin'  
On the coming, the coming of the roads

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