

Badless, The

"Ore Hill"

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(feltenberger/badlees)

Well, he died at 39
Some kinda pill and homemade wine
He left his english bride
And a love he couldn't deny behind

Folks have come to say
He nearly gave the land away
He couldn't understand
How a man could own the land anyway

(chorus)
When grandpa had had his fill
He'd 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
He'd 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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