

## **Kingston Trio, The**

### **"Poverty Hill"**

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They come in their summery dresses and jackets so  
fine  
The rich folks who measure success with a big dollar  
sign  
They gaze with delight with the rocks and the scraggly  
pines  
The come in the Spring and they stay 'til the Fall  
On Paradise Mountain away from it all

Stubble and stone make a hard row to how  
What little will grow, the drought will kill  
The summer folks call it Paradise Mountain  
But we call it Poverty Hill

They say we have beautiful faces as grainy as wood  
Yeah, they'd like to live here of all places if only they  
could  
Well, we don't get those wood, grainy faces from livin'  
too good  
It's the rocks and the dust and sun and the heat  
It's too much of work and too little to eat

Stubble and stone make a hard row to how  
What little will grow, the drought will kill  
The summer folks call it Paradise Mountain  
But we call it Poverty Hill

They pack and they say what a pity that they have to go  
They say that Old Smokey's so pretty all covered with  
snow  
But how we get through the winter they never will know  
No lard for the pantry, no grist for the meal  
And winter's are cold over Poverty Hill

Stubble and stone make a hard row to how  
What little will grow, the drought will kill  
The summer folks call it Paradise Mountain  
But we call it Poverty Hill

Yes, we call it Poverty Hill

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