

Helldorado, So Long Ago

I recall the mountains back home
The stony hills where I used to roam
Just drifting along so easy and slow
Oh, but that was long ago

I recall the days of my youth
The days before I started seeking the truth
My absent thoughts so sweetly did flow
Oh, but that was long ago

I recall the old steeple bell
And that old priest who cursed me to hell
That little white church in the valley so low
Oh, but that was long ago