

# Phil Ochs, Green Hills

Wandering through this rolling land  
Wandering all around  
From the deserts dry, to mountains high  
And everywhere here's what I found

I've found green hills rolling to the valleys  
Rolling to the grassy plains, rolling to the sand  
And the blue streams rolling to the rivers  
Rolling to the silver bay, rolling to the sea

In the spring time and the summer rain  
And the winter's cold and clean  
And the leaves were kissed by the autumn mist  
And everywhere here's what I've seen

I've seen green hills rolling to the valleys  
Rolling to the grassy plains, rolling to the sand  
And the blue streams rolling to the rivers  
Rolling to the silver bay, rolling to the sea

And these young hands may be growing old  
And this brown hair may turn to gray  
We may come and go but still one thing I know  
That this rolling land is here to stay

All the green hills rolling to the valleys  
Rolling to the grassy plains, rolling to the sand  
And the blue streams rolling to the rivers  
Rolling to the silver bay, rolling to the sea