

Phil Ochs, Hills Of West Virginia

From the flat plains of Ohio we drifted out one day,
For the southern part of the journey
Underneath the bridge, the Ohio River sang
As we headed for the Hills of West Virginia

And the red sun of the morning was smiling through the trees,
As the darkness of the night was quickly fading,
And the fog hugged the road like a cloudy, cloudy sea,
As we drove though the hills of West Virginia.

We smoked the tobacco and drank of the wine,
And we spoke of the forest we were passing.
And the road would wind and wind and wind,
When we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

Among all the wealth of the beauty that we passed,
There was many old shacks a-growing older,
And we saw the broken bottles laying on the grass.
When we drove though the hills of West Virginia.

The Virginia people watched as we went riding by,
Oh, proud as a boulder they were standing.
And we wondered at each other with a meeting of the eye,
When we drove though the hills of West Virginia.

And once in a while we would stop by the road
And gaze at the womb of the valley,
Almost wishing for a path down below,
Where we stopped in the hills of West Virginia.

Up and down and all around we took our restless ride,
And the rocks they were staring cold and jagged.
Where explosions of the powder had torn away the side,
Where we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

And the orange sun was falling on the southern border line,
As the shadows of the night were now returning.
And we knew the mountains followed us and watched us from behind,
When we drove from the hills of West Virginia.