

Claude King, Green Mountain

At the bottom of Green Mountain William Deacon stands and stares into the rain
With coal grey eyes yellow teeth and a face that shows the strain
Of his fight against the people who would cut Green Mountain down
To paid away for what they say is a short cut in the town
Their sugar and the gas tanks of the dosers and the graters and mud
The grits they finished yesterday was washed away by last night's ragin' flood
And the dam went out with dynamite strollin's from the work through shack
But the coal grey eyes of William Deacon never once looked back
They're gonna move Green Mountain he can't stand in the way
But William Deacon swears Green Mountain's gonna stay
They're gonna move Green Mountain at least that's what they say
But there he stands lookin' twice as big as he did yesterday

For hundred years and more the Deacon Clan has planned Green Mountain as dear home
But the highway department don't have the sence to leave well enough alone
With an iron hand he raised ten kids and taught 'em right from wrong
And then trouble come the Deacon Clan can be mighty bight and strong
They carried William Deacon's body down from old Green Mountain yesterday
He was crashed by a rollin' grabble truck when he stepped out into the way
The forman round then said well now the work can start again
But he forgot the family pride of all the Deacon Clan
They're gonna move Green Mountain...