

Hog Heaven, Pennsylvania

About forty years ago,
My Pappy settled down in the hills.
Got himself a woman, took a job in the mine,
And always had a little lightnin' to help him tow the line.
Well, now it seems to me,
If it was good enough to Pappy,
It's good enough for me.
In the hills of Pennsylvania, we don't care,
And we're far enough away from the Pittsburgh mills
To breathe that good old Pennsylvania air.

We had another good year.
I got me six more hogs and a champeen steer.
And we ain't gonna fret because they went 'n'
Took an axe to Pappy's corn still.
'Cause if you ever drop by,
I'll just fetch my nickel bag and we'll get a little high.
In the hills of Pennsylvania, we don't care,
And we're far enough away from the Pittsburgh mills
To breathe that good old Pennsylvania air.

Hey, I'm gonna stay in the hills of Pennsylvania;
Yeah, I'm gonna stay in the hills of Pennsylvania.