

Coming of the Roads

Peter, Paul and Mary

Now that our mountain is growing with people hungry for wealth
How come it's you that's a-going
And I'm left all alone by myself?
We used to hunt the cool caverns deep in our forest of green
Then came the road and the tavern and you found a new love it seems

Once I had you and the wildwood, now it's just dusty roads
And I can't help but blamin' your going
On the coming, the coming of the roads

Look how they've cut all to pieces our ancient redwood and oak
And the hillsides are stained with the greases
That burned up the heavens with smoke

You used to curse the bold crewmen
Who stripped our earth of it's ore
Now you've changed and you've gone over to them
And you've learned to love what you hated before

Once I thanked God for my treasure, now like rust it corrodes
And I can't help but blamin' your goin'
On the coming, the coming of the roads.

Once I thanked God for my treasure, now like rust it corrodes
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