

Green Hills

Phil Ochs

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