

The Hills Of West Virginia

Phil Ochs

From the flat plains of Ohio we drifted out one day
For the southern part of a 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
When we drove through 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 through 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 through 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
When we drove from the hills of West Virginia