

Poverty Hill

The Kingston Trio

They come in their summery dresses and jackets so fine
The rich folks who measure success with a big dollar sign
They gaze with delight with the rocks and the scraggly pines
The come in the Spring and they stay 'til the Fall
On Paradise Mountain away from it all

Stubble and stone make a hard row to how
What little will grow, the drought will kill
The summer folks call it Paradise Mountain
But we call it Poverty Hill

They say we have beautiful faces as grainy as wood
Yeah, they'd like to live here of all places if only they could
Well, we don't get those wood, grainy faces from livin' too good
It's the rocks and the dust and sun and the heat
It's too much of work and too little to eat

Stubble and stone make a hard row to how
What little will grow, the drought will kill
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They pack and they say what a pity that they have to go
They say that Old Smokey's so pretty all covered with snow
But how we get through the winter they never will know
No lard for the pantry, no grist for the meal
And winter's are cold over Poverty Hill

Stubble and stone make a hard row to how
What little will grow, the drought will kill
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Yes, we call it Poverty Hill