

The Coming of the Roads

Judy Collins

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 wild wood
Now, it's just dusty roads
And I can't help from blamin' your going
On the coming, the coming of the roads

Look how they've cut all to pieces
Our ancient poplar 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 its 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 from blamin' your goin'
On the coming, the coming of the roads