

The Far Side of the Hill

Harry Belafonte

Guess I was born for roaming
And roam I always will
Oh, I wonder if it's greener
On the far side of the hill

Oh, please come look down yonder
Just earth and green and sky
I know I could get on down there
In the pattern of an eye

And further west's an ocean
A miner told me so,
And the sun it shines so brightly
Well it scares off winter snow

Oh yes, sometimes I'm tired
Sometimes I'm lonesome too
Sometimes I see a farmer
Walking slow when day is through

And I know he's got a woman
Waiting supper everyday
If I have me such a woman
I could drive my blues away

I wished I knew the reason
God does the way he does
And why he keeps me moving
From a dream that never even was

Guess I was born for roaming
And roam I always will
I wonder if it's greener
On the far side of the hill

Well, I guess I was born for roaming
And roam I always will
I wonder if it's greener
On the far side of the hill