

# 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