Ore Hill

Badlees

Well he died at 39
Some kind of pills and homemade wine
He left his english bride
And a love he couldn't deny behind
Folks have come to say
He nearly gave the land away
He couldn't understand
How a man could own the land anyway
When grandpa had had his fill
He'd take a walk up old Ore Hill
To the land of a thousand shadows
And things would come around
From the day that he was born
The mountain had been his home
He'd sit late afternoon
Watch the shadows reach the moon alone
Then shewanakw-nan came
And things began to change
He dealt against his will
And moved down off the hill ashamed
When grandpa had had his fill
He'd take a walk up old Ore Hill
To the land of a thousand shadows
And things would come around
Well, he died at 39
Glad to leave this world behind
Tired of holding on
To a place he didn't belong
To find....
That grandpa had lost his will
To take a walk up old Ore Hill
To the land of a thousand shadows
And things would come around
When grandpa had had his fill
He'd take a walk up old Ore Hill
To the land of a thousand shadows
And things would come around

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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