

# 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

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