

## Poverty Hill

Poverty Hill  
(Fred Hellerman)

They come in their summery dress and jackets so fine  
Rich folks who measure success with a big dollar sign  
They gaze with delight at the rocks and the scraggly pine  
They come in the spring and they stay til the fall  
On Paradise Mountain, away from it all

Stubble and stone make a hard row to hoe  
What little will grow the drought will kill  
The summer folks call it Paradise Mountain  
We call it Poverty Hill

They say we have beautiful faces as grainy as wood  
Yeah, they'd like to live here, of all places,  
if only they could  
Well we don't get these wood grainy faces from living too good

Its the rocks and the dust and the sun and the heat  
Its too much work and too little to eat  
They pack and they say what a pity that they have to go  
They say that Old Smoky's so pretty all covered with snow  
But how we get thru the winter they never will know

No lard for the pantry, no grist for the mill  
And winter's are hard over Poverty Hill

SOF