Green Rollin' Hills

Bruce Phillips

D ***A*** ***D*** ***D7***
O the green, rolling hills of West Virginia
G ***A***
Are the closest thing to heaven that I know
D ***G***
Though the times are sad and drear, and I cannot linger here,
D ***A*** ***D***
They'll keep me and never let me go.

My daddy said, “Don't ever be a miner,
For a miner's grave is all you'll ever own.”
Well, it's hard times everywhere, I can't find a dime to spare.
These are the worst times I have ever known.

Chorus

So I'll move away into some crowded city.
In some northern factory town you'll find me there.
Though I leave the past behind, I will never change my mind.
These troubled times are more than I can bear.

Chorus

And the golden rolling hills of California
Are the closest thing to heaven that I know
Where the sun shines every day and I cannot stay away,
They'll keep me and never let me go.