There's a river that runs singing down a mountain far away, through
terminating at the skies.

There's a road and it runs down by the river past the town, where
a traces of memory linger.

With poplar, oak, and pine our majestic woods entwine. The
song of the woodpecker echoes in the forest.

Now I long for times gone by where mountains touch the sky, for
days of serenity.

hills and hollows where I spent the best of my young days. But the
their importance.

cities seemed to say, "easy times and better pay." Now I'm
traces of the past.

air is filled with dust, and the water looks like rust. The
life continues.

echo of our saws and the laughter of our crew, left
old memories.

friends are gathered there for a song and for a prayer. Their
true meaning.

trying to find a way, a way back to my home.
the way forward.

profits all are gone, and we're left here to pay.
journey continues.

only empty hillsides where the run off rolls like tears.
the past.

music fills the air; no more I care to roam.
the journey.

Take me home! Take me home! To the
hope.

mountains and the valleys where wild free rivers roam. Where the
the promise.

red bud and wild rose, and mountain laurel grows, take me
the completion.

back to my West Virginia home.