

The Kingston Trio, Poverty Hill

They come in their summery dresses and jackets so fine, the rich folks who measure success with
They gaze with delight with the rocks and the scraggly pines. They come in the Spring and they stay
On Paradise Mountain away from it all.

Chorus:

Stubble and stone make a hard row to how. What little will grow, the drought will kill.
The summer folks call it Paradise Mountain but 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 on
Well, we don't get those wood, grainy faces from livin' too good. It's the rocks and the sun and dust
It's too much of work and too little to eat.

(Chorus)

They pack and say what a pity that they have to go. They say that Old Smokey's so pretty all cover
But how we get through the winter they never will know. No lard for the pantry. No grist for the mea
And winter's are cold over Poverty Hill.

(Chorus)

Yes, we call it Poverty Hill.