

# Heaven Down Below

I made my way up Whitetop Mountain  
Above the tree line in the fog  
A broken heart was all I carried  
To the outcrop on the bald.

I pulled the letter from my pocket  
And read the words that shook my bones  
The Man would take the land I cherish  
His riches for to grow

As winds did blow on Whitetop Mountain  
The sun did open up and show,  
The graceful fields and farms and forests  
Revealing Heaven Down Below

How sweet the air on Whitetop Mountain  
How strong the peace from natural land  
This wise old mountain groans with the folly  
Destroying heaven is no good plan

They carve and cut to build a prison  
They skin the land and leave it bare  
A road, a mine, a dam, a quarry  
To promise jobs that don't appear.

I'll take my stand and teach my children  
To love the land and let it show  
To live and die in God's creation  
Protecting Heaven Down Below

Just lay my bones 'mid huckleberries  
No fancy gravestone, Oh, no.  
A wisp of smoke from yonder copper  
Blessing Heaven Down Below.

When will they see you can't eat money,  
When will they know you can't drink gold  
There is so cure for the greedy sickness  
If you can't see Heaven Down Below.