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.