

## Springhill

These are green hills now  
This is air you can breathe  
And the small miner's homes  
Are all painted up and sheathed  
But when I was a child  
You know that wasn't so  
There was coal dust up above us  
And coal dust down below  
And the dark miners' faces  
Were as common as a penny  
Now fifty years later  
You won't find any  
These are green hills now

It's a drive thru now  
Another roadside attraction  
Where Anne Murray is an icon  
And snowbird is a legend  
But when I was a child  
It was all black and white  
Where the cameras waited  
In the dark of the night  
And I recall their anxious voices  
As the Draegermen went down  
To search for their loved ones  
So deep underground  
These are green hills now

These are green hills now  
But I remember those days  
When the big bump came  
And replaced the old ways  
When the mine shut down  
From the danger and the sorrow  
And they built us a prison  
Where I'll go to work tomorrow  
There's a prison up above  
There's a prison down below  
Where deep waters find the tunnels  
Only miners used to know  
But these are green hills now

These are green hills now  
This is air you can breathe  
And the small miners' homes  
Are all painted up and sheathed  
There are pictures on the wall  
There are stories to be told  
Where these green hills run  
Over dark seams of coal  
Some things are written in blood  
Some things are written in stone  
Like the names of dead soldiers  
These miners far below  
These are green hills now

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