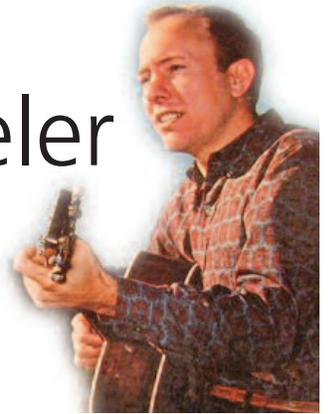


**WEST VIRGINIA**  
**MUSIC**  
**HALL OF FAME**



**Song  
Lyrics**

# Billy Edd Wheeler



## **The Coming of the Roads**

by Billy Edd Wheeler

Now that our mountain is growing with people hungry for wealth,  
How come it's you that's a-going, and I'm left alone by myself?

Once I had you and the wildwoods. Now, it's just dusty roads.  
And I can't help but blame your going on the coming, the coming of the roads.

Look how they've cut all to pieces our ancient poplar and oak  
And the hillsides are stained with the greases that burned up the heavens  
with smoke  
We used to cuss the bold crewmen who stripped our land of its ore.  
Now you've changed, and you've gone over to them. And you've learned  
to love what you hated before.  
Once I thanked God for my treasure. Now, like rust, it corrodes.  
And I can't but blame your going on the coming, the coming of the roads.