

## Written by Tom T. Hall

[G]Pretty green hills [C]pretty green [G]hills He said take me into them [C]pretty green [G]hills

He stood at the crossroads where **[C]**his bus had **[G]**left him A battered old suitcase sat **[C]**there by his **[G]**side I **[C]**saw in the distance a rainstorm was **[G]**brewing I pulled off the highway to **[C]**give him a **[G]**ride

Well I got out to help him **[C]**climb into my **[G]**pickup I covered his suitcase with a **[C]**tarp in the **[G]**back He **[C]**huffed and he puffed as he got himself **[G]**settled He said I got old and I'm **[C]**down in my **[G]**back

Well his beard was all white and his **[C]**face was all **[G]**wrinkled He said I was born here and **[C]**then he grew **[G]**still I **[C]**asked him how far he was planning on **[G]**going He said take me into them **[C]**pretty green **[G]**hills

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Well he smiled as he sat there and **[C]**stared out the **[G]**window The corn was knee high and the **[C]**fields were all **[G]**green He **[C]**never said much but his face told a **[G]**story I left him alone with his **[C]**own private **[G]**dreams

Well I kept on driving and [C]he kept on [G]smiling We drove up and up through the [C]hills of his [G]youth I [C]asked him if he had some kinfolks around [G]there He said I don't think so [C]to tell you the [G]truth

Well along about dark I was [C]needing a rest [G]stop I stopped at a store getting [C]ready to [G]close I [C]started to ask him if he needed [G]something But he was asleep so I [C]just let him [G]dose

I filled up my truck and I [C]found I was [G]hungry I bought me some cheese and [C]cold drinks and [G]bread Went [C]back to my truck and I shook the old [G]stranger But I soon discovered the [C]old man was [G]dead

Well I called the sheriff and [C]they took him some[G]where I had to keep rolling [C]we all have our [G]bills A [C]couple weeks later and somebody [G]told me They buried him there in them [C]pretty green [G]hills

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