

Cockburn Bruce

"Up On The Hillside 300"

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up on the hillside you can see the cross shine
out in the alley hear the hungry dog whine
you and i, friend, sit waiting for a sign
see how the sunset makes the lake look like wine.

over the mountain i can hear myself called
i want to come running but my window's too small
the cliffs are so high and i might fall
what were you saying? -- oh, it's nothing at all.

yes, the world's in convulsions and the weather is fine
buicks get bigger and five cents costs a dime
i must get going, you know, there's not much time
the road is waiting and i'm running out of rhyme.
up on the hillside, see how the cross does shine.

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