

## **Ben Watt**

### **"On Box Hill"**

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Lying back in the waterless & spiky grass  
Looking up at the fluffy clouds seem closer now  
Looking down through the tumbling grass to the line of  
trees  
All the cars on the Gullford Road are just a murmur  
now

Foot-worn paths like white-washed dreams run down  
the hill  
Red kite waving so frantically in the bluey sky  
Family with a little girl in a blowy dress  
She crouches down to pick a flower then dances on

Bah bah...

Right up here I'm far away from everything  
Right up here there's nothing that can touch me now  
The only thing that stabs my back is spiky grass  
The only thing that makes me fall is liberty

Bah bah...  
On box hill  
..standstill  
On box hill  
Here until

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