

David Soul "Topanga"

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Patchwork curtains; paisley tweed and rose...
A blowing stained glass, song by you
A rooster crows, a rootee-too and a mew far off away,
Cats walking out to see the day.

There they are the hills, the sun between them
It's coming up to me,
Oh, it's coming up to me
There they are the hills, Topanga waking up
Waking up, waking up to me.

Face behind me, looking through a screen
Topanga sunrise, song by you,
Patchwork curtain mornings of our lives,
And there you are,
Bringing us our day in color.

Rocks and trees and streams
Topanga reaching out
It's reaching out to me
Oh, it's reaching out to me
And there they are the hills, Topanga waking up
Waking up, waking up to me.

Patchwork curtains, mornings of our lives
And there you are, just getting up
Bringing us our day in color

Oh, rocks and trees and streams
Topanga reaching out
It's reaching out to me,
Oh, it's reaching out to me
And there they are the hills
Topanga waking up
Waking up, waking up to me.

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