

David Wilcox "High Hill"

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from The Nightshift Watchman
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I walk the High Hill tonight
It stands behind the town
It was golden in the autumn sky
As the sun was going down
I could not stay to answer
The man who rang my telephone
Cause when I hear the High Hill calling
I have to go alone

I climb alone the winding trail
Leave the town below
I wrap my woven blanket round me
Up here the wind can blow
The brighter stars come peeking through
A canopy of branches high
Out across the town lights glistening
I think I'm gonna fly

I am looking down from High Hill
I am looking down
On my four walls
In my small town
High

I'm standing high in windy dark
Above this amber glow
Glistening sea of shining lights
A half a mile below
And somewhere on that shining sea
A tiny light I call my own
I feel like I been too long sailing
I finally made it home

I am looking down from High Hill
I am looking down
My dream's been found
In my old home town

I am looking down from High Hill

I am looking down from High Hill
I am looking down from high

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