

Sophie Moleta "Lewes"

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Hmm, Ok.
Up here on the hill
I can see everything
Woodsmoke in the air and the blackbirds are
Singing just a little too much time
Looking after someone else
Just a little too much pain from taking everything that
he said
And it's hard sometimes to know
Which way and I know I have to let him know
Up here on the hill I can feel again
Just that breath of air to get my head back
Into gear and I know now that this is my
It's my lucky chance
Just to feel this energy it's rising up
And it's hard sometimes to know
Which way and I know I have to let him know
Up here on the hill
I'm just a visitor
I wish I could stay
But where all just
Visitors
And the green blade is rising up
Inside of me
And the spring flowers are here they're all on the hill
beside me
And it's hard sometimes to know
Which way
And I know I have to let him go
Which way
And the green blade is rising up
Inside of me
And the spring flowers are here they're all on the hill
beside me
And it's hard sometimes to know
Which way and I know I have to let him know
Which way

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