

The Little Ones

"High On A Hill"

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High on a hill where the city seems tame
Beyond the shimmer is where I sit and hide
Hush now people don't you cry,
It takes a hundred pleas to fetch me from the sky

Here, what's mine is mine
Only the angels sing of something even finer
Yes sir, I don't care for the common pace and the
people still down there

Your lights do flicker in a code tonight
Even with your tune I still won't be all right
No fog or sleet will easily sway
My intentions of remaining above for one more day

Here, what's mine is mine
Only the angels sing of something even finer
Yes sir, I don't care for the common pace and the
people still down there

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