

Ryan Adams

"Cemetery Hill"

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Someplace in a grave up on Cemetery Hill
There's a chest full of gold
In a pile of dirt for ten centuries
It's covered up with holes
Someplace in the desert on the wind she rides
On horses 'cross the forgotten sands of ice
She will come for you in time
And whatever's on the wind is not whispering
Whatever's on the wind up on Cemetery Hill

Lost out at sea the angry ocean cries
Waves begin to roll
If we die, what will our treasures be
Other than our souls
Bad blood and mutiny on a seaside
Some family would've begged us to stay home
Raise up the sails, here come the swells

And whatever's on the wind is not whispering
The casket in the hold started glistening
And whatever was inside is now missing
And whoever we disturbed up on Cemetery Hill
They were listening
They were listening
They were listening
Up on Cemetery Hill

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