

Soft Hills

"Phoenix"

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You can ride with us anytime you want,
We can journey to the end of the night.
We can look for treasures, of our own delight.

You can crush it up any way you want,
You can churn it into something new.
In the misty morning, I'll be here with you.

Poverty's the wise man's gold,
He throws his riches to the open road.
There's too many wheels turning round,
Kill the engine, we're slowing down.

Please be kind to my son,
The phoenix flies like a comet above
And the poetry runs like an ocean of blood,
Oh my God!

Fire and ashes: this whole town's gonna bleed.
The fever passes, but I'm still down on my knees,
Darling please.

You can walk with me anytime you want,
Cause there's really no place to arrive.
Just enjoy the scenes and you'll be doing fine.
Try to wipe the dust from your sister's eyes,
But it always comes down to you,
When you look inside you'll see you're broken too.

Poverty's the wise man's gold,
He throws his riches to the open road.
There's too many wheels turning round,
Kill the engine, we're slowing down.

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