

Thomas D.

"17 Hills"

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This city rises on 17 hills
17 hills from the sea
And you can see 5 of those 17 hills
Through the iron grill in cell block E

This city rises on 17 hills
17 hills from the bay
You can see 9 of those 17 hills
From the lead roof of cell block A

Papa came here as a sailor
Jumped a ship in '53
Away I ran, my mama drank herself to death
I guess got that dirty gene
It's about all he left to me

This city rises on 17 hills
17 hills from the bay
You can see 12 of those 17 hills
From the downpipe of cell block H

Flaming-haired, her name was Irene
The prettiest thief you ever seen
We robbed a store and she shot an armed guard
Mine was the face on the DVR

They ran us down on the delta
In a freight yard rusting in the sun
But all I wanted was a place among those hills
I didn't mean to hurt no one
Least of all the girl I loved

This city rises on 17 hills
17 hills to the sky
I spread her ashes at the foot of those hills
The 17th hill is where she lies

If I can bribe some crooked lawyer
To smuggle in a hacksaw blade
Tide tables and a yard or two of twine
I'd ride the driftwood in the bay

And let the wind decide my fate

This city rises on 17 hills
17 hills from the bay
And the silhouette of those beautiful hills
Is right at the end of the soul's dawn drain

This city rises on 17 hills
17 hills from the bay
Last thing I saw was all 17 hills
In between crests of the ocean waves
The towering crests of the ocean waves

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