

# Summer On The Westhill

## Kings Of Convenience

From my seat I see the fields move by  
Car starts, it's been a long, long time  
It's the first time, I see summer on the Westhill I lean back and let my eyes just go  
Floating now where they want to float  
They seem to, take to the horizon Now I know there is a world beyond  
The small place I was comin' from  
I feel at home here  
In the middle of nowhere I will never know the names  
Of these places that I travel through  
To reach the coastline  
I've been told I will be there in time Please ocean cloud  
Let there be no storm, on the crossing below  
Please ocean cloud  
Let there be no storm, on the crossing below Please ocean cloud  
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Please ocean cloud  
Let there be no storm, on the crossing below

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