

# Ruckers Hill

## Husky

Day so sweet,  
my home is calling me  
back to the quiet streets,  
back to your well-worn sheets,  
and I have seen your light,  
lost in my mind's dark night,  
the sleep on your window seat  
silently calling me. And I will be waiting for you like the many...  
I will be waiting for you like the many  
fools I have known. Talking slow,  
your words know what you won't show.  
The silence you leave between  
speaks more of where you've been.  
And these streets all look the same,  
but I don't recall their names.  
And I can see you still,  
standing on Ruckers Hill. And I will be waiting for you like the many...  
I will be waiting for you like the many  
fools I have known,  
fools I have known. Talking slow,  
your words know what you won't show.  
The silence you leave between  
speaks more of where you've been.  
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fools I have known,  
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fools I have known,  
fools I have known. Day so sweet,  
my home is calling me,  
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