

# Hollow

Hem

Sometimes when I lay down at night  
I swear I can see to heaven  
For it's in dreaming that the things I always knew  
Are the only thoughts I have And when I look up at you, love  
Handsome as a magazine  
Wild as the sun, like nothing below  
Could ever pull you down But it's a hard road that we follow  
The saddest cities, and the darkest hollows People cross this world  
Over and then back again  
Never even one time lift their eyes  
Or think of what they say But I hear it in your voice, love  
Like someone sweetly willing  
The hope of all these years  
The prayer of a time that we don't even know But it's a hard road that we follow  
The saddest cities, and the darkest hollows But I hear it in your voice, love  
The strongest sound I've ever heard  
Like water from a well so deep in the ground  
I'll never thirst again But it's a hard road that we follow  
The saddest cities, and the darkest hollows And everything that's far away  
And was lost from me  
I see it all from here in you

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