

Over the Hillsides

The Real Tuesday Weld

I kiss you and creep
across the floor through the door
and I'm gone

Through the trees where the myrtle
we planted in spring has grown long

Sat on a steed left tethered for me and I'm gone
You're sleeping and dreaming
You're reaping the seam you have sewn

With kids, a house
and bringing the harvest back home
And you'll never guess
when you wake I'll never have left you alone.

I'll go back into the stories you heard as a child
back over the boundaries
where you found me running wild

And you'll grow old
and wonder if I was
a dream that you
had once upon a time

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Lyrics submitted by Jackie.

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