

Old Hill

La Strada

on a houseboat and your parents are for a swim
they're back at sunset if the river don't take them.
the day is slipping by, we got to go
time will teach us, what we need to know.
we're at the front door and we're waving goodbye. from the corner of my window
over the brooklyn skyline
a could with a name will bring us closer.
but no i'm not flying with you
i got too much of my own to do.
i'll see you on the other side of hope. from your apartment you handed me riches
i know i took a few.
ran home sick as hell and slept year-through.
over river there's darkness coming
but that river keeps running and running.
over land there's blood flowing
a land i was born not knowing i can't play the part you want me to be
i'm through the forest and all i can see
is a palace in yonder hill
if you stop you may get your fill
but you're walked the land your own way
there's isn't anything else to say
i hope we meet on the old hill some day

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