

# These Hills

## Iris DeMent

Far away I've traveled,  
To stand once more alone.  
And hear my memories echo,  
Through these hills that I call home. As a child I roamed this valley.  
I watched the seasons come and go.  
I spent many hours dreaming,  
On these hills that I call home. The wind is rushing through the valley,  
And I don't feel so all alone,  
When I see the dandelions blowing,  
Across the hills that I call home. Instrumental Break. Like the flowers I am fading,  
Into my setting sun.  
Brother and sister passed before me:  
Mama and Daddy, they've long since gone. The wind is rushing through the valley,  
And I don't feel so all alone,  
When I see the dandelions blowing,  
Across the hills that I call home. These are the hills that I call home.

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