

On the Hill

The Wolfgang Press

Allen - Cox
... Can't find... my way...
Reach out and find it
So so
Is this a matador falling into my arms
Turnig and burning in this rage
Calypso find another cause
5 more hours until dawnRemember that golden day
Remember that golden day
A revelation
The pain is lost not long to go
You can sigh
Peace is near peace is close
You will live again
Bad days have blown away
My head is on the mend
A symphony hits the back of my head
and it's misunderstood
but heaven accepts meA last mad fling a conscious effort
to forget all the pain
Is this an easy task
When I walk down the street
I heard children playing
Screaming, laughing ha ha
In bright sunlight
It made my eyes squint
You know it was heavenReach out and find it
Is this a matador falling into my arms
Turning and burning in this rage
Calypso find another cause
5 more hours until dawn
Straighten your tie you naughty boy
Above the rafters above the slopes.
You climb
And so on peacefully.

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