

# Houses On The Hill

## Whiskeytown

Well, I found a bunch of letters  
They were written for the fellow  
Who broke your momma's heart  
And the envelope folds  
Smelled of her ancient perfume I'll bet she didn't know  
How to respond to forty blankets of snow  
Caught him out wandering alone  
With no place to go There were stars in the sky  
There were houses on the hill  
There were bottles and pills  
That were easy to buy  
To keep her warm  
From the oncoming storm Well, I found them in the  
North-west corner of the attic  
In a box labeled 'Tinsel and Lights'  
Didn't know what I was looking for  
Maybe just a blanket or artifacts Eisenhower sent him to war  
He kept her picture in his pocket  
That was closest to his heart  
And when he hit shore  
It must have been a target  
For the gunner-men There were stars in the sky  
There were bunkers on the hill  
And there were caskets to fill  
Where he would lie  
Shrouded in the red, white  
And blue with the stripes There were stars in the sky  
There were houses on the hill  
There were bottles and pills  
That were easy to buy  
To keep her warm  
From the oncoming storm

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