

# Mansion Over the Hilltop

[Elvis Presley](#)

I'm satisfied with just a cottage below  
A little silver and a little gold  
But in that city where the ransomed will shine  
I want the gold one that's silver lined I've got a mansion just over the hilltop  
In that bright land where we'll never grow old  
And some day yonder, we will never more wander  
But walk on streets that are pure as gold Don't think me poor or deserted or lonely  
I'm not discouraged, I'm heaven bound  
I'm but a pilgrim in search of the city  
I want a mansion, a harp and a crown I've got a mansion just over the hilltop  
In that bright land where we'll never grow old  
And some day yonder, we will never more wander  
But walk on streets that are purest gold

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