

Olana

Marc Cohn

They say my final masterpiece
Was this house upon the hill
High above the great and mighty riverMy hand could not hold the brushes
Yes, I guess I lost my will
And you can't keep painting paradise foreverWhoa, foreverFrom the Andes to Niagara
To where we stand today
I drew the great creations of my master'Til the oil and the canvas
Lord, I threw them all away
And traded them for stone and brick and plasterI traded them all for you
(Winter wind blows and the river lies frozen at my feet)
I traded them all for you
(Springtime come and the river wanna run above the street)She came to me one night
While I was tossing in my dreams
She said she'd give my family, protectionI recall the night I died
Beneath her arches and her beams
I thanked her for the shelter and directionI was lost until Olana
(Sun beat down on a summertime town, he left me here)
I was lost until Olana
(Watching these hills turnin' gold for one more year)Oh, I've been from Jerusalem to Rome
Now I'm floating through these rooms tonight alone
And looking back on everything, all I ever wanted was a homeI was lost until Olana
How sweet the sound
How sweet the sound
How sweet the soundThey say my final masterpiece
Was this house upon the hill

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