

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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