

Summer on the Westhill

Kings Of Convenience

From my seat I see the fields move by
Car starts, it's been a long, long time
It's the first time, I see summer on the Westhill
I lean back and let my eyes just go
Floating now where they want to float
They seem to, take to the horizon
Now I know there is a world beyond
The small place I was comin' from
I feel at home here
In the middle of nowhere
I will never know the names
Of these places that I travel through
To reach the coastline
I've been told I will be there in time
Please ocean cloud
Let there be no storm, on the crossing below
Please ocean cloud
Let there be no storm, on the crossing below
Please ocean cloud
Let there be no storm, on the crossing below
Please ocean cloud
Let there be no storm, on the crossing below

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