

House on a Hill

Passenger

In an old house on a hillside
Next to the sea
Far from the madness, that folds around me
Peaceful and gentle, like sails on the breeze

In an old house on a hillside
Next to the sea
There's a warm light on a cold night
And clean cotton sheets
Soap smelling skin and tingling feet
With stars lining the skyline
And shine through the trees

In an old house on a hillside
Next to the sea
And when the autumn comes down
We'll get what we need from the town
And all of our friends will be round

In an old house on a hillside
Next to the sea
Moon white as paper and night like asleep
With old things behind us and new things to be

In an old house on a hillside
Next to the sea
And when the sunshine comes down,
My hair will turn golden
And my skin will turn brown
And all of our friends will be round