

## Bound For Boston Hill

Bell X1

Out into pitch black  
Where the moon lay upon it's back  
Driving deep into the throat  
Of the countryside

Strapped tight into  
Centre of scene  
Starry open attic night

No headline hits happen here  
About what do I write  
So sad the pull I feel  
Is a push into out of sight

Hard not to look behind  
When there's something  
On your back  
On your soul  
On your mind  
Let time pass by  
Circles fly  
Time can wet and roll a  
Tear from the eye

Strapped tight into  
Centre of scene  
Starry open attic night

No headline hits happen here  
About what do I write  
So sad the pull I feel