

Up On The Hillside

Bruce Cockburn

Up on the hillside you can see the cross shine
Out in the alley hear the hungry dog whine
You and I, friend, sit waiting for a sign
See how the sunset makes the lake look like wine

Over the mountain I can hear myself called
I want to come running but my window's too small
The cliffs are so high and I might fall
What were you saying? -- oh, it's nothing at all

Yes, the world's in convulsions and the weather is fine
Buicks get bigger and five cents costs a dime
I must get going, you know, there's not much time
The road is waiting and I'm running out of rhyme
Up on the hillside, see how the cross does shine