

Castle On The Hill

Celtic Thunder

When I was six years old I broke my leg
I was running from my brother and his friends
And tasted the sweet perfume of the mountain grass I rolled down
I was younger then, take me back to when

I found my heart and broke it here
Made friends and lost them through the years
And I've not seen the roaring fields
In so long, I know I've grown
And I can't wait to go home

I'm on my way
Driving at ninety down
Those country lanes
Singing to "Tiny Dancer"
And I miss the way
You make me feel, and it's real
We watched the sunset
Over the castle on the hill

Fifteen years old and smoking hand-rolled cigarettes
Running from the law through the backfields and getting drunk with my
friends
Had my first kiss on a Friday night, I don't reckon that I did it right
I was younger then, take me back to when

One friend left to sell clothes
One works down by the coast
One had two kids, but lives alone
One's brother overdosed
One's already on his second wife
One's just barely getting by
But these people raised me and I
Can't wait to go home

I'm on my way
I still remember
These old country lanes
When we did not know the answers
And I miss the way
You make me feel, and it's real
We watched the sunset
Over the castle on the hill

I'm on my way
Over the castle on the hill
I'm on my way
Over the castle on the hill
I'm on my way