

The Sound of Music

Conchita Wurst

The hills are alive with the sound of music
With songs they have sung for a thousand years
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music
My heart wants to sing every song it hears

My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds
That rise from the lake to the trees
My heart wants to sigh like the chime that flies
From a church on a breeze

To laugh like a brook as it trips and falls
Over stones on its way
To sing through the night
Like a lark who is learning to prey

I go to the hills when my heart is lonely
I know I will hear what I've heard before
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music
And I'll sing once more