

These Hills

Iris DeMent

Far away I've traveled
To stand once more alone
And hear my memories echo
Through these hills that I call home

As a child I roamed this valley
I watched the seasons come and go
I spent many hours dreaming
On these hills that I call home

The wind is rushing through the valley
And I don't feel so all alone
When I see the dandelions blowing
Across the hills that I call home

Like the flowers I am fading
Into my setting sun
Brother and sister passed before me
Mama and Daddy they've long since gone

The wind is rushing through the valley
And I don't feel so all alone
When I see the dandelions blowing
Across the hills that I call home
These are the hills that I call home