

## Mockin' Bird Hill

Jeff Beck

When the sun in the morning peeps over the hill  
And kisses the roses 'round my window sill  
Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill  
Of the birds in the treetops on Mockingbird Hill

Tra la la, tweedle dee dee dee  
It gives me a thrill  
To wake up in the morning  
To the mockingbird's trill  
Tra la la tweedle dee dee dee  
There's peace and good will  
You're welcome as the flowers  
On Mockingbird Hill

Got a three-cornered plow and an acre to till  
And a mule that I bought for a ten-dollar bill  
There's a tumble-down shack and a rusty old mill  
But it's my Home Sweet Home up on Mockingbird Hill

Tra la la, tweedle dee dee dee  
It gives me a thrill  
To wake up in the morning  
To the mockingbird's trill  
Tra la la tweedle dee dee dee  
There's peace and good will  
You're welcome as the flowers  
On Mockingbird Hill

When it's late in the evening I climb up the hill  
And survey all my kingdom while everything's still  
Only me and the sky and an old whippoorwill  
Singin' songs in the twilight on Mockingbird Hill

Tra la la, tweedle dee dee dee  
It gives me a thrill  
To wake up in the morning  
To the mockingbird's trill  
Tra la la tweedle dee dee dee  
There's peace and good will  
You're welcome as the flowers  
On Mockingbird Hill