

Far Away The Hills Are Green

Joshua Burnside

We were on the sofa falling
Asleep as the rain battered down
On the conservatory glass
Nothin' else sounds like that
It was so loud, couldn't hear the TV

Our uniforms lying soggy on the floor
Chloe don't close your eyes
We'll never get this place organized

I wished we were like Californians
As cool as the car in the morning

I wanted everything they had
The swimming pool, sun and sand
The coffee in the kitchen

Now they come in their droves
Distant cousins I suppose
To see our ancient things
Magic stones, that kinda thing
Trying to fill some emptiness I guess
Trying to fill that emptiness I guess
Just like the rest of us
Just like the rest of us

Far away, far away, far away the hills are green
Far away, far away, far away the hills are green
Far away, far away, far away the hills are green
Far away, far away, far away the hills are green
Far away, far away, far away the hills are green
Far away, far away, far away the hills are green