

# House On The Hill

Coyne, Kevin

Well I'm going to the house upon the hill , the place where the  
y give you pills  
The rooms are always chilled, they're never cosy  
Where they give three suits a year and at Christmas time a bott  
le of beer  
And at Easter time the mayor comes round, he's always smiling

Where the old ladies sit by the garden wall and they never hear  
the bluebird call  
Never notice the leaves that fall cause they're all crazy  
Where the red bus stands by the great big gate  
The red bus that's always late, you know why it's always late  
Cause it's always empty

Funny, funny, funny, funny, oh so funny that's it's making me c  
ry  
Funny, funny, funny, funny, oh so funny Lord, sometimes I wish  
I could die.  
Now this pagan life is getting me down, my brow is filled with  
a furl and a frown  
My eyelids lower as low as can be but I'm not sleeping

I wander round that Brixton Square with the bottles strewn ever  
ywhere  
Under tables and under chairs and they're all broken  
Where the big red face of the man on the beat  
Says Hey, have you had someting to eat?

Thrusts out his yellow teeth, they're all for biting  
Where I don't have a cent and I don't know how I'll pay the ren  
t  
I think I'll turn bent and make some money

So if you know a way I can go from out of this show you know  
You could give me a golden glow but you're not trying  
You'd never lift a regular hand, you call me a lazy man  
Who on earth will ever understand I'm really trying

So I'm going to the house upon the hill , the place where they  
give you pills  
And where the doctors they don't kill cause they're so friendly  
Where the red bus stands by the great big gate  
The red bus and it's always late, you know why it's always late  
Because it's always empty