Beyond The Hill

Matt Monro

Beyond the hill there lies some land Some fresh green land on which our home will stand And when we walk beyond the hill All that we'll ask is that our home stays still and strong

So we'll have time to see each summer come and go
And time to dream and watch our children grow and grow
No man will find his peace until
He builds a home that lies somewhere beyond the hill

No man will find his peace until He builds a home that lies somewhere beyond the hill