

Hidden Fields

Pothead

There's A Place On Hidden Fields
yellow Daffodils In Bloom And The
house Where We All Lived
mike's My Neighbor My Best Friend
we're Buildin' Tree Houses Again
and They Look As If They've Been
put There By The Wind- Oh It's
changed
mind Keeps Burnin' Turnin' Me
back Again
there's A Small Stone In The Night
the Way Those People Run Their
lives How They Have Treated One
another
on The Face Of The Planet Earth
you Can See Ten Billion Trials
in The House With All Its Majestic
beauty And The Powers That Be
mind Keeps Burnin' Turnin' Me
back Again
mind Keeps Burnin' Turnin' Me
back Again

well These Places They Run Forever
and The People They're All The
same
lord, They'll Never Know- They'll
never Know That There's Nothin
else
and Their Lives Are Stacked With
fear And Those People They Fear
each Other
no, They'll Never Learn- They'll
never Learn That This Ain't All
mind Keeps Burnin' Turnin' Me
back Again
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