

This Is The Land

The Bees

The windows were black
But I saw through
You don't know me
And I don't know you
Through the viewfinder
There's no one beside her
I see there's no worry
See there's no hurry

This is the land that I traveled through

Bridges arriving
The stage coach is driving
Over the hills
Till you see the windmill
The sea in the harbour
Has left for the time now
And the ledge won't pretend
When it's holing your hull

This is the land that I traveled through