

Asylum On The Hill

The Felice Brothers

I can hear the mumbling of the lunatics
Echoing down the hall
I wake when the dream becomes unbearable
In this asylum on the hill

From my window I can see the harbor
Sparrows on a withered arbor
Sparrows fly like a shower of arrows
On this asylum on the hill

Winter came; the asylum garden went on growing
The tears of lunatics made the flowers glow
They grew so high til they cluttered up the sky
From this asylum on the hill

I can hear the night watchman whistling a happy tune
Under the trees made blue by the moon (blue by the moon)
The snow is falling down and all is stilll
In this asylum on the hill

The papers say that Germany's invaded Poland
There's nothing we can do but sit and pray
All of our prophets here have long since been killed
In this asylum on the hill

From my window I can see the soldiers goose stepping by the gar
den walls
They're flooding in now like a shower of arrows
On this asylum on the hill

The red geraniums appear like mythic heroes
The tear-fed daffodils to arms arise
All of the mangled soldiers fall like marionettes
Dead among the roses on the hill

From my window I can see the harbor
Sparrows on a withered arbor
If it's all been just a dream
I'm dreaming still
From this asylum on the hill