

## 17 Hills

Thomas Dolby

This city rises on 17 hills  
17 hills from the sea  
And you can see 5 of those 17 hills  
Through the iron grill in cell block E

This city rises on 17 hills  
17 hills from the bay  
You can see 9 of those 17 hills  
From the lead roof of cell block A

Papa came here as a sailor  
Jumped a ship in '53  
And when he ran, my mama drank herself to death  
I guess got that dirty gene  
It's about all he left to me

This city rises on 17 hills  
17 hills from the bay  
You see 12 of those 17 hills  
From the downpipe of cell block H

Flaming hair and her name was Irene  
The prettiest thief you ever seen  
We robbed a store and she shot an armed guard  
Mine was the face on the DVR

They ran us down on the delta  
In a freight yard rusting in the sun  
But all I wanted was a place among those hills  
I didn't mean to hurt no one  
Least of all the girl I loved

This city rises on 17 hills  
17 hills to the sky  
I spread her ashes at the foot of those hills  
The 17th hill is where she lies

If I can bribe some crooked lawyer  
To smuggle in a hacksaw blade  
Tide tables and a yard or two of twine  
I'd ride the driftwood in the bay  
And let the wind decide my fate

This city rises on 17 hills  
17 hills from the bay  
And the silhouette of those beautiful hills  
Is right at the end of this old storm drain

This city rises on 17 hills  
17 hills from the bay  
Last thing I saw was all 17 hills  
In between crests of the ocean waves  
The towering crests of the ocean waves