

Over the Next Hill

Fairport Convention

Forever, forever, the road goes on forever.
If your wheels are burning up the miles,
And you're wearing down shoe leather.
And your face is frozen in a smile,
And the road goes on forever.
Forever, forever, the road goes on forever.
Over the next hill, maybe there's good weather.
If you're flying over table tops,
Eyes wide with wine and wonder.
Or lazy counting kangaroos,
In dingo days down under.
Down under, down under, in dingo days down under.
Over the next hill, there's no more rain or thunder.
Though you chose the open road and you were willing,
To sing and dance and take the tambourine man's shilling.
All the secret tricks and footsteps you were learning,
But once the stone begins to roll, it's not for turning.
Like a rolling stone, with no direction home.
If you're pacing in a dressing room,
With no fresh paint or windows.
Or you're strutting on some dusty stage,
Wondering where the time goes.
The time goes, the time goes, wondering where the time goes.
Over the next hill, they say there will be rainbows.
Oh, rainbows, rainbows, somewhere over rainbows.
Over the next hill, who knows where the time goes.