

# Olana

Marc Cohn

They say my final masterpiece  
Was this house upon the hill  
High above the great and mighty river  
My hand could not hold the brushes  
Yes I guess I lost my will  
And you can't keep painting paradise forever  
Oh forever

From the Andes to Niagara  
To where we stand today  
I drew the great creations of my master  
'Til the oil and the canvas  
Lord I threw them all away  
And traded them for stone and brick and plaster  
I traded them all for you

(Winter wind blows and the river lies frozen at my feet)  
I traded them all for you  
(Springtime come and the river wanna run above the street)

She came to me one night  
While I was tossing in my dreams  
She said she'd give my family protection  
I recall the night I died  
Beneath her arches and her beams  
I thanked her for the shelter and direction  
I was lost until Olana

(Sun beat down on a summertime town -- he left me there)  
I was lost until Olana  
(Watching these hills turning gold for one more year)

Oh I've been from Jerusalem to Rome  
Now I'm floating through these rooms tonight alone  
And looking back on everything  
All I ever wanted was a home

I was lost until Olana  
How sweet the sound  
How sweet the sound

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