

It Covers The Hillsides

Midlake

It covers the roadways
It covers the hillsides
It covers the houses
It covers the frozen pines

We had the snowfall
To run all the rations dry
When we got hungry
We've taken what wasn't ours

Now we will set out
The seats are cold in this boat as we head towards the ocean
Making our way out
Trying to survive as we head out towards the ocean

I'm not sure where this river goes
But we have no choice but to follow
There was smoke in the sky over those trees
Let us hope they are kind to you and me

Let us hope
Let us hope they have enough
Winter comes it sure is rough
Maybe they'll welcome us
Won't ask much
The rations were low and we couldn't help it
So off we go

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