

## House on a Hill

Passenger

In an old house on a hillside  
Next to the sea  
Far from the madness, that folds around me  
Peaceful and gentle, like sails on the breeze

In an old house on a hillside  
Next to the sea  
There's a warm light on a cold night  
And clean cotton sheets  
Soap smelling skin and tingling feet  
With stars lining the skyline  
And shine through the trees

In an old house on a hillside  
Next to the sea  
And when the autumn comes down  
We'll get what we need from the town  
And all of our friends will be round

In an old house on a hillside  
Next to the sea  
Moon white as paper and night like asleep  
With old things behind us and new things to be

In an old house on a hillside  
Next to the sea  
And when the sunshine comes down,  
My hair will turn golden  
And my skin will turn brown  
And all of our friends will be round