

## City On The Hill

Van Dyke Parks

The ghetto's hungry people cry  
Food is wasted on the hill  
Hands stretched upwards to the sky  
That hill seems high and higher still  
Summer's gone and winter's near  
The valley's restless, you can hear  
Seems lest they batter, burn and kill  
Till their hungry mouths are filled  
There'll be no city on the hill

There might be time to change the course  
Let's appoint a meeting place  
Till hill and valley wears the cross  
And cleanse each other of disgrace  
This land's a model of the world  
That's been a dream that's been ignored  
But let's make haste and settle bills  
Till their hungry mouths are filled  
There'll be no city on the hill