

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