

HIGH ON A HILL

(Neil Murray)

I'm high on a hill looking over a small town
I see trucks roll in and trucks roll out
I'm somewhere in south-west WA
Never been here before, may never be again

People have been kind
I've been fed and I've been watered
I've been given a place to say, up this hill in single quarters
I'm thinking of walking down to the town
But it's hard to walk up again
So I sit here with the birds watching me watching them

Shadows creep on the hillside
A crow flies hard to the west
Wish I could be that certain of where to go next
Big old jarra tree is holding up the sky
His trunk's a storehouse of years gone by, years gone by
High on a hill it's quiet and still
If you get a clear day you can see a long way

Lights come on in the valley
Good people are in their homes
Loving wives and husbands laughing at their children's jokes
I'm up here in the trees, high above it all
I'm holdin' a guitar, strumming a few chords

There's women who've passed me by and there's those I've set free
I don't know if any of 'em could've changed me
I wonder if my children know I'm alive
I wish I had 'em with me, God knows I tried

I'm a long way from where I was born
But I'm closer to my grave
Just when I'll leave here, I cannot say
I hear the distant sound of a car slowing down
I hear them speed up again as they leave town
As they leave town, as they leave town

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If you get a clear day you can see a long way