

Just Over the Hill

Down around St. George. home of the long-needle pine.
Fog was in the ditches: smoke was on the rise.
Undemeath a “bomber’s moon”,
You could see vengeance in the young boy’s eyes.

Just over the hill, there was a rainbow.
Just ‘round the bend was a pot of gold.
And, there was light at the end of the tunnel.
But, I only know what I’ve been told.

In the distance, the chimes were ringing
As the hour was getting late.
The sirens were gently screaming
As the boy dropped to his knees to wait.

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Just ‘round the bend was a pot of gold.
And, there was light at the end of the tunnel.
But, I only know what I’ve been told.