

David Gray, The Dark Hills

A web of light divine
Screen to block my view
Head without control
Our tree grown askew
Cynical mass and fruitless passions
Mouthing the words with time
Slowly as the bond unfastens
Catch sight of the mountain in this climb
And I'm spitting out that sentimental syrup
That they like to pour on bitter pills
Wind in my hair, foot in the stirrup
And I'm leaving for the dark hills
Head long the hound
And the bandwagon followed
Deluge of tinsel and fire
Faces turned to stone
For the shroud of lost tomorrow
Sweetly sings the choir
Nothing much on offer here
Except cellophone and laughter
They've even got oxygen, tender
To hold inside a hummingbird
Or weave out of dreams
And to feel just like a butterfly pinned
And I'm spitting out that sentimental syrup
That they like to pour on dollar bills
Wind in my hair, foot in the stirrup
And I'm leaving for the dark hills
Steps that lead to wall
The wall of seduction
And a whole new range of treadmills
Lips that speak no language
But destruction
Hey I'm leaving for the dark hills
I can't seem to get across with my conclusion
Its the billboard, not the bullet that kills
Cut back to the roots of disillusion
Hey I'm leaving for the dark hills
And I'm spitting out that sentimental syrup
That they like to pour on dollar bills
Wind in my hair, foot in the stirrup
And I'm leaving for the dark hills