

MARC COHN, Olana

They say my final masterpiece
Was this house upon the hill
High above the great and mighty river
My hand could not hold the brushes
Yes I guess I lost my will
And you can't keep painting paradise forever
Oh forever
From the Andes to Niagara
To where we stand today
I drew the great creations of my master
'Til the oil and the canvas
Lord I threw them all away
And traded them for stone and brick and plaster
I traded them all for you
(Winter wind blows and the river lies frozen at my feet)
I traded them all for you
(Springtime come and the river wanna run above the street)
She came to me one night
While I was tossing in my dreams
She said she'd give my family protection
I recall the night I died
Beneath her arches and her beams
I thanked her for the shelter and direction
I was lost until Olana
(Sun beat down on a summertime town -- he left me there)
I was lost until Olana
(Watching these hills turning gold for one more year)
Oh I've been from Jerusalem to Rome
Now I'm floating through these rooms tonight alone
And looking back on everything
All I ever wanted was a home
I was lost until Olana
How sweet the sound
How sweet the sound
They say my final masterpiece
Was this house upon the hill
CHORUS