

# Rebecca Lavelle, My Hearts Home

&lt;The eyes of a child  
See a long way  
See the future, see the past  
They see everything  
First and last  
I was that child  
Who rode these hills  
In my dreams I see the stars  
In my dreams, I always will

Ride these hills  
See in the morning  
Ill hear the rain on the shed  
But other stars and other sunsets  
Will hang above my head  
There'll be different places, different people  
But Ill still be the same  
And this is my hearts home  
Ill still dream of Drovers Run

I will ride these hills  
See in the morning  
Ill hear the on the shed  
But other stars and other sunsets  
Will hang above my head  
And this is my hearts home  
Ill still dream of Drovers Run&gt;