

A Band Of Bees, This Is the Land

The windows were black but I saw through
You don't know me and I don't know you
You see through the viewfinder, no one's beside her
There's no worry, no hurry
This is the land that I traveled through
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This is the land that I traveled through

The stage coach is driving, bridges arriving
Over the hills till you see the windmill
The sea's in the harbor has left for the time now
And the ledge won't pretend when it's holing your hull
This is the land that I traveled through
This is the land that I traveled through, through
This is the land that I traveled through
This is the land that I traveled through, through