

Ben Watt, On Box Hill

Lying back in the waterless & spiky grass
Looking up at the fluffy clouds seem closer now
Looking down through the tumbling grass to the line of trees
All the cars on the Gulldford Road are just a murmur now

Foot-worn paths like white-washed dreams run down the hill
Red kite waving so frantically in the bluey sky
Family with a little girl in a blowy dress
She crouches down to pick a flower then dances on

Bah bah...

Right up here I'm far away from everything
Right up here there's nothing that can touch me now
The only thing that stabs my back is spiky grass
The only thing that makes me fall is liberty

Bah bah...
On box hill
..standstill
On box hill
Here until