

# Chris Rea, Chisel Hill

Misty eyes on a misty day  
Come across a place like this along your way  
You walk straight in to that sweet and tender trap  
And you know you're lost and found  
And there ain't no going back  
Spend the rest of your days playing all the hardest games  
Just to get back to that place again  
And memories oh how they stick to you  
You know there ain't a thing, not a single thing you can do  
On Chisel hill

I've been ten thousand miles from this place and seen it I swear  
I've woke up happy thinking that I was there  
It's the place I love, it's where I wanna be  
And I won't give up until I get to see  
A little something in there to call my own  
Pass the time of day and head off home  
The evening shadows on the dry stone walls  
The night draws in and the ale house calls  
And happy I will be  
When the road goes no further than what I see  
When past here it's nowhere to go  
And I ain't gonna give up until I get see  
Those angel eyes looking up at me  
The prince of peace and time is standing still  
On Chisel hill