

# John Miles, House On The Hill

Stand by yourself in the still of the night  
When people are quietly sleeping.  
Then up at the window a lady in white  
And the wind brings the sound of her weeping.

Used to belong to a suicide queen  
Who knew that she wouldn't make it  
Everyone laughed as they called her a fool  
Till finally she couldn't take it.  
So she ended it all  
In the House on the Hill.

The people who lived near they won't say a word  
They look in the other direction.  
They say it's a tale which they don't believe  
Then they pray to the Lord for protection.  
And there's no-one will talk  
Of the House on the Hill.  
The House on the Hill won't hurt you at all  
As long as you stay outside,  
And always remember the voice in the wall  
A house where there's nowhere to hide

The House on the Hill won't hurt you at all  
As long as you stay outside,  
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A voice calls you back to the House on the Hill  
Start thinking about what you're leaving,  
So much going on that your feeling confused  
And you don't know just what to believe in  
It keeps calling you back  
To the House on the Hill

It keeps calling you back  
To the House on the Hill