

# Midlake, It Covers The Hillsides

It covers the roadways  
it covers the hillsides  
it covers the houses  
it covers the frozen pines  
we had the snowfall  
to run all the rations dry  
when we got hungry  
we'd taken what wasn't ours  
now we will set out  
the seats are cold in this boat  
as we head towards the ocean  
making our way out  
trying to survive  
as we head out towards the ocean

i'm not sure where this river goes  
but we have no choice but to follow  
there is smoke in the sky over those trees  
let us hope they are kind to you and me  
let us hope, let us hope they have enough  
winter comes, it sure is rough  
maybe they'll welcome us  
we won't ask much  
but their rations were low  
and they couldn't help us  
so off we go