

Krystle Warren Lyrics

« Near The House On The Hill »

*Shades of blue in the fall
From the wind to my steps
In the mud that traps my feet
In the empty of my words*

*Only words are the pieces of places
Some I've seen, some I never will
but the peace, the peace of these places
Is the green of a lawn near a house on the hill*

*Shades of blue in the fall
from Eastern skies, to the West
In the wake of my rest
in the milky blue of morning*

*In nightfall, are the pieces of places
Some I've seen, some I never will
but the peace, the peace of these places
Is the green of a lawn near a house on the hill*