

Echo on the Hill

Greg Graffin

Listen to the echo on the hill

'A comin' your way
It's decaying fast, the sound of yesterday
Listen to the echo on the hill that lonesome whine
Like the rocks and rills or the crops at harvest time

Like the swelling rush of water when the creeks are getting high
Or the wind that comes ripping off the mountain
A familiar craze or midnight blaze that permeates the horizon

Listen to the echo on the hill it's going away
And we'll soon be washed in the light of a new day
Listen to the echo on the hill it never lets down
It's the sound of home as you drift from town to town

From the cozy little holler to the big city shore
You can ramble all around and back again
But the vibrations will follow you just like an old long lost friend

Listen to the echo on the hill that clarion call
When you hear it ring bringing hope to one and all, one and all

Listen, listen, listen to the echo on the hill