

House On The Hill

John Miles

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,
And always remember the voice in the wall
A house where there's nowhere to hide

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