

It Covers the Hillsides

Midlake

It covers the roadways
It covers the hillsides
It covers the houses
It covers the frozen pines And we had the snowfall
To run all the rations dry
And when we got hungry
We'd taken what wasn't ours And now we will set out
The seats are cold on this boat
As we head towards the ocean Making our way out
Trying to survive
As we head our 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 It covers the roadways
It covers the hillsides
It covers the houses
It covers the frozen pines Now we will set out
The seats are cold on this boat
As we head towards the ocean
Making our way out
Trying to survive
As we head out towards the ocean Towards the ocean, towards the ocean
Towards the ocean, towards the ocean

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