



Over The Hill

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Above in heaven, under the sky
I see two clouds that could be you and I

One looks like a shepherd by a flock of sheep
One looks like a sheepdog by the shepherd's feet

Comfort and harmony
The world stands still
The sheep are resting
Up over the hill

We're painted with colours, when the sun goes down
The sheep and the sheepdog and the shepherd are gone

How many changes
Needs a soul
How many ups and downs
And come-and-gos

We're gone with the wind – gone with the night
Tomorrow newborn in the morning light