

Fairport Convention, Over The Next Hill

Forever Forever the road goes on Forever

If your wheels are burning up the miles,
And your wearing down shoe leather,
And your face is frozen in a smile,
And the road goes on forever.

Forever, forever,
The road goes on Forever.

Over the next hill,
Maybe there's good weather.

If your flying over table top,
Eyes wide with wine and wonder,
Or lazy counting kangaroos,
In the dingle days down under.

Down Under, Down Under,
In Dingle days down under.

Over the next hill,
Theres no more rain or thunder.

Though you chose the open road when you were willing
To sing and dance and take the tamborine and the shilling
All the secret tricks and footsteps you were learning
But once the stone begins to roll its not the turning.

Like a rolling stone
With no direction home

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To sing and dance and take the tamborine and the shilling
All the secret tricks and footsteps you were learning
But once the stone begins to roll its not the turning.

Like a rolling stone
With no direction home

If your pacing in some dresing room
Where there's no fresh paint or windows,
O your strutting on some dusty stage
Wondering where the time goes.

The time goes, The time goes
Wodering where the time goes.

Over the next hill,
They say there will be rainbows

Oh Rainbows Rainbows
Somewhere over rainbows

Over the next hill
Who knows where the time goes