

THE LAST HILL THAT SHOWS YOU ALL THE VALLEY

LYRIC BY CLIVE JAMES: MUSIC BY PETE ATKIN

On the last hill that shows you all the valley look

back to see what little's to be seen Burned books left

over from the rally A worker-priest left bleeding in the alley and

real-ise The place was never green On the

last hill that shows you all your travel Look back to see your

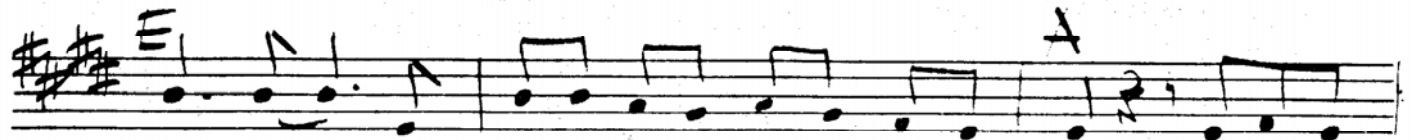
tepees disapp-ear A team of army dump-trucks full of gravel

comes to fill the graves & tamp them level The buffal-o

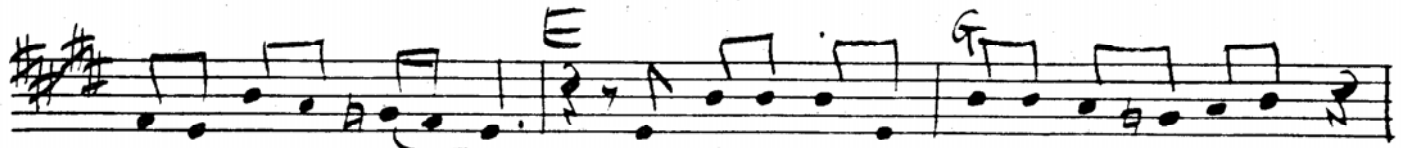
will not re-turn this year On the

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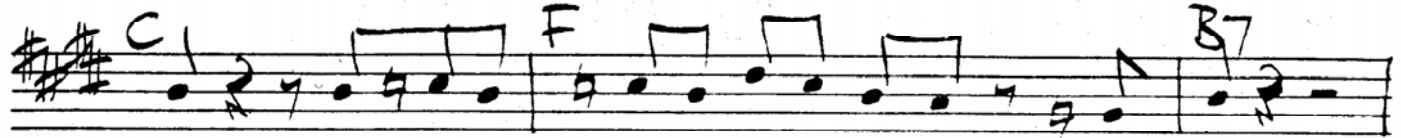
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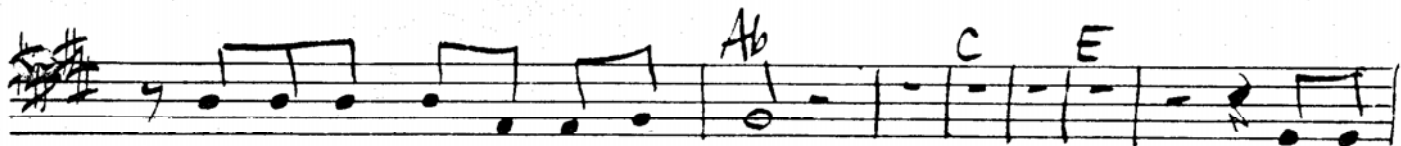
last hill that brands you as a dreamer Look back to see the



dreams were always true The Persians went a-shore at Iwo Jima



Christ was in the goldmines at Kol-yma De-nounced



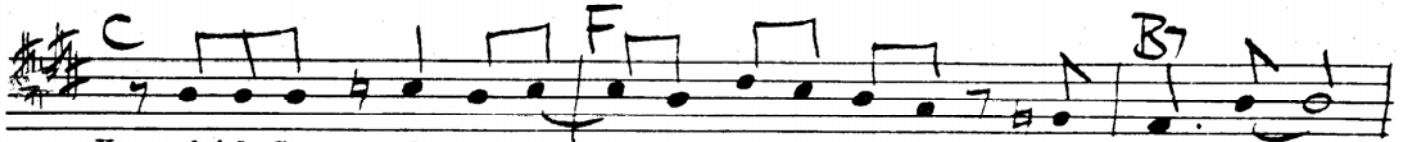
be-cause his mother was a Jew On the



last hill that shows you all the battle Look back to ev'ry-



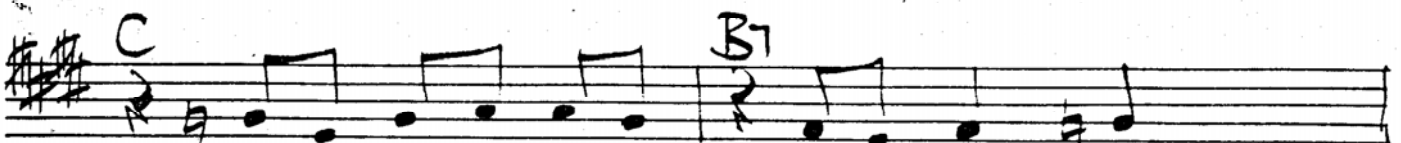
-where you cried for joy The killer-dogs run down your barren cattle



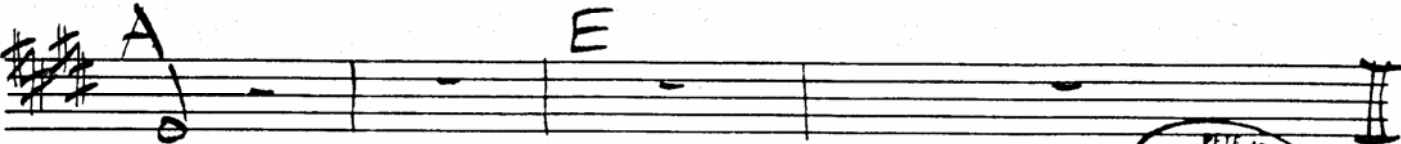
Your kid Cass-and-ra walks coll-ecting metal And you'll see



when those rows of dustclouds settle



There are hel-i - copters on the walls of



Troy

