

Peabody Hill

Tom Smith

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When the sun rises up over Peabody Hill
Hear the first morning sound, coffee ground in the mill
A little fire in the Valiant*, to take off the chill
There is peace here on Peabody Hill
 Oscar my dog, in a tone that's contrite
 Tells me he'd bark but he never would bite
 He was caught chasing chickens and the farmer's good will
 Still there's peace here on Peabody Hill

When the sun rises up over Peabody Hill
Hear the birds and the kids, as they twiddle and trill
And spill out of their nests, their bellies to fill
There is peace here on Peabody Hill
 The kids play skittles, they roll on the rug
 Then pick some blueberries, chased back in by bugs
 Drop their berries in batter, we pour on the grill
 Peace and pancakes on Peabody Hill

When the sun rises up over Peabody Hill
Wanting for nothing, no convenience nor frill
The hum of cikadas, is my sleeping pill
There is peace here on Peabody Hill
 I'm in my pajamas, the world has slowed down
 No cell phones, no e-mail, I left them in town
 Just the breath of the breeze in the trees breaks the still
 Of the peace here on Peabody Hill

There is peace here.... on Peabody Hill

* Valiant: a model of wood burning stove, by Vermont Castings
