

Jackson Browne, A Child In These Hills

I am a child in these hills
I am away
I am alone
I am a child in these hills
And looking for water
And looking for life

Who will show me the river and ask my name?
Is there nobody here who'll do that?

Well I have come to these hills
I will come to the river
As I choose to be gone from the house of my father

I am a child in these hills
I am a child

Chased from the gates of the city where no one had touched me

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I am a child in these hills
And looking for water
And looking for life

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