

# Van Der Graaf Generator, Over The Hill

Let's recount our history,  
our tale of boom and bust.  
We could talk a good fight on our day  
but when we got a hand to play we bit the dust.  
Now in our threadbare suits we do our duty,  
still sold on the pursuit of a common cause.

Now let us call to memory such witness as we dare.  
We built our bridges, burned them down as well,  
maybe all we have to tell is off the square.  
We tried our instant remedies they didn't clear the air.  
Who could foresee how it was bound to end,  
in a break or in a bend?  
We intended well enough...  
Oh, but the clock was always counting,  
the envelope was sealed  
and as the pressure's mounting  
still precious little is revealed.

Still, let us speak of comradeship, of how we stood as one,  
shoulder to shoulder through the thick and thin  
while the roof was caving in;  
although everything begins in good faith,  
for all our sins we'll all end up being skinned  
and now there's nowhere left to run to, there's nowhere left to hide,  
we're strapped in and we're gunning for the roller-coaster ride.

If we're living our lives as though God's at our shoulders,  
if we're giving of our best, by an effort of will,  
then we'll be up for the test,  
we'll never know when we're over the hill.

Here comes then bit where we decide no passengers come on this ride  
civilians, the broken-hearted, need not apply.  
I count to a thousand and ten, I keep my eyes tight shut and then  
unsteadily count the numbers back down again.

Head on into the wind, on a heavenly mission,  
try to play with the spin while we burn in our hearts;  
although we know we'll never win we're still learning our lessons in the dark.

There's no choice here to make, there's no easier decision  
than to stand up, stand straight and to give it a try  
and there's no time for hesitation as the stations of our lives are passing by.  
Heads up and face front as brother to brother,  
time to come to the call if we're true to how we were  
because at last and after all we've given each other our words.  
If we live out our lives as though God's sat at our shoulders,  
if we give of our best and then give some more still,  
press on, with no pause for breath,  
then we'll see each other over the hill.

Now if we speak of distances we're only covering old ground:  
what's done is done and if we have become of worth at all  
we'll hope to see things in the round.  
Let's close the book on history and keep it safe and sound.  
While we've been moving forward to our goals  
we have done as we have told,  
so the story's closed behind us  
and the countdown comes in backwards,  
that much was always clear,  
so when it reaches zero our heroes disappear.