Fish, View From The Hill

You sit and think that everything is coming up roses
but you can't see the weeds that entangle your feet.
You can't see the wood for the trees cos the forest is burning
and you say it's the smoke in your eyes that's making you cry.
They sold you a view from the hill.
They told you that the view from the hill would be
further than you'd ever seen before.
They sold you a view from the hill.
They sold you a view from the hill.
You were a dancer and a chancer, a poet and a fool
to the royalty of mayhem you were breaking all the rules.
Your decadence outstanding, your hopes flying high.
One eye looking over your shoulder, one on the hill.
You used to say you were scared of heights - you said you got dizzy.
You said you didn't like your feet being to high off the ground,
but they said that up there you'd find the air would be clearer
promised you more space to move and more room to breath.
They sold you a view from the hill.
They told you that the view from the hill would be
further than you'd ever seen before.
You were holding out forever - thought they'd never turn your mind.
Your ideals they were higher than you ever could have climbed.
We thought that they couldn't buy you - the price would be too high
that the riches there on offer they just wouldn't turn your eyes.
But your conscience it was locked up in the prisons of your schemes
your judgement it was blinded by your visions and your dreams
praying and hoping that the view from the hill
is wider than you've ever seen before.
For the view from the hill we held our heads so high (smell the roses)
All the loved ones that you lied to are strangers left behind.
All the ones that really mattered well you stood on as you climbed.
You were holding out forever for your fathers and your peers
holding out for everyone that ever walked in here.
The edge was inside and you rode it all the way.
You were playing the games that you learned yesterday
hanging around like a fool with a name
You are holding your place for the view, the view from the hill.
They sold you the view from the hill.
Look it all for a view from the hill
and you find the views no further than you've seen before.
They sold you the view from the hill.
And you stood and took it all from the view from the hill.
It's simply coming up roses.