Lagwagon, Over The Hill

Scaling the mountain, I have given up my pride and I'm clinging to this rocky edge, a rose thorn in my side It's fabled contradiction, it's bitter sweet and blind And I'm balancing the mountain of compromise

I went over the hill to be with you
I went over the hill
I am over the hill to be with you
Am I holding on to lies or holding onto life?

Standing in position objectivity goes by 'cause it's hard to ignore losing when you're winning all the time and the weight of this too heavy, the ceiling far too low This commitment is restraining and I can't grow

I went over the hill, over the hill I am over the hill to be with you Am I holding on to life or holding onto lies?

In retrospect in your absence my disposition's gone as I close my eyes to search for treasure in what I once lost I let go of the noose and breath again I am falling from the game and mending a foot (?)