

# 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 (?)