

Over The Hill

Ten Years After

I got water on the brain
My mind is like a drain
Here I go again
Over the hill

My eyes don't seem too clear
I'm not sure what I hear
It seems I'm going clear
Over the hill

Like a cripple and his crutch
I have leaned a bit too much
Seems that I should never touch again
Now it seems it's plain to see
That this stuff is killing me
Got to quit, so, I'll be free again

I got too much to lose
No one can fill my shoes
Think I'll leave the blues
Over the hill