Over the Hill

Ian Gillan

I got water on the brain
My mind is like a drain
Here I go again
Over the hillMy eyes don't seem too clear
I'm not sure what I hear
It seems I'm going clear
Over the hillLike a cripple and his crutch
I have leaned a bit too much
Seems that I should never touch againNow it seems it's plain to see
That this stuff is killing me
Got to quit, so, I'll be free againI got too much to lose
No one can fill my shoes
Think I'll leave the blues
Over the hill

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