

# The Hill

Marketa Irglova

Walking up the hill tonight,  
When you have closed your eyes.  
I wish I didn't have to make all those mistakes, and be wise.  
Please try to be patient, and know that I'm still learning.  
I'm sorry that you have to see the strength inside me burning. Where are you, my angel now?  
Don't you see me crying?  
And I know that you can't do it all!  
But you can't say I'm not trying.  
I'm on my knees in front of him!  
But he doesn't seem to see me.  
With all his troubles on his mind, he's looking right through me.  
And I'm letting myself down beside this fire in you!  
And I wished that you could see I have my troubles too! Looking at you sleeping,  
I'm with a man I know.  
I'm sitting here weeping, while the hours pass so slow. And I know that in the morning, I have to let you go.  
And you'll be just a man once I used know.  
For these past few days someone I don't recognize.  
This isn't all my fault!  
When will you realize?

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