Middle Of The Hill

Josh Pyke

When I was a kid I grew up in a house on a hill
Not the top, not the bottom, but the middle
And I still remember where I cracked my head
In the vacant lot, there's a row of tiny houses there nowAnd we used to light fires in the gutters
And I could cool my head on the concrete steps
But the girl down the street hit my sister
On the head with a stickAnd we hid behind my father
As he knocked on the parents' door
To tell the them what she did
But the parents were drunk
So they really didn't give a shitAnd the girl down the street said a dog couldn't bark
'Cause a man with an axe cut its voicebox out
But my older sister told me that it prob'ly wasn't true
And I believe what she said 'cause she took me by the handOne time when a coupla men drove down the hill in a white van
Said there was a phone box filled with money 'round the corner
And I woulda gone along but she took me by the hand
To the house in the middle of the hill
In the middle of the hill, in the middle of the hillAnd my mother knew the words to a lot of different songs
And we'd always sing the harmonies, yeah, we'd sing along
She had cold, cold hands when the fever hit
And then the noises that the trains made
Sounded like people in my headAnd the stories that the ceiling told
Through the pictures and the grains in the pine wood boards
And let me stay outside 'til the sky went red
And I could cool my head on the concrete stepsAnd you could never really see the top from the bottom
But I don't pay enough attention
To the good things when I got 'em
And you could never really see the top from the bottomI don't pay enough attention
To the good things when I got 'em
I don't pay enough attention
To the good things when I got 'emI don't pay enough attention
To the good things when I got 'em
I don't pay enough attention
To the good things when I got 'em

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