

The Hill

Bombay Bicycle Club

We look at the summer sun yellow and round
And we go out to the hill and we lie down
Oh the one sits in the corner
Trying to find a way And alright let's go outside and rise rise rise to the meaning of life
And we're trying but we're all falling out
I want to go back to old times Looking back looking out at different things
We flew too high let the sun burn our wings
We never thought it would be us
But it all comes back turned to dust And alright let's go outside and rise rise rise to the meaning of life
And we're trying but we're all falling out
I want to go back to old times
(repeat)

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