

# Over the Hill

## Ian Gillan Band

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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