

# Half Mile Hill

## Rick Brantley

Half mile hill 8 years old,  
standing on top, with the world below,  
Me and my dad, talking man to man,  
suitcase packed,he was moving out,  
says no ones fault , but I had my doubts,  
and I have em still up on half mile hill,  
you can see the ball fields,  
watch the cars go round the courthouse,  
see the sun go down where the streetlamps glow,  
on those checkerboard rows,  
wishing I could fly, like a cut string kite,  
tapping on the floor of heaven,is anybody listening,

half mile hill 17,  
telling the summer, and jim beam,  
kicking beer cans off the side, one last time,  
she was wildcat tuff I was scarecrow thin,  
we were thick as thieves til the bitter end,  
trying to make time stand still,on half mile hill,  
you could see the ball fields,

watch the cars go round the courthouse,  
see the sun go down where the streetlamps glow,  
on those checkerboard rows,  
wishing I could fly, like a cut string kite,  
tapping on the floor of heaven, is anybody listening,  
hey all you lovers and leavers,  
stuck in between us,  
loners and stoners,  
old drunks and dreamers,  
rumbling and stumbling,  
always looking for something,  
past that no trespassing sign,  
you can see the ball fields,  
watch the cars go round the courthouse,  
see the sun go down where the streetlamps glow,  
on those checkerboard rows,  
wishing I could fly, like a cut string kite,  
tapping on the floor of heaven, tapping on the floor of heaven,

is anybody listening, (in background) (is anybody listening),  
up on half mile hill,  
is anybody listening,(in background) (is anybody listening).

Lyrics provided by  
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