

Over the Hill

Ten Years After

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 again

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