

# Fearless

## Gov't Mule

You say the hill's too steep to climb  
Climb it.  
You say you'd like to see me try  
Climbing.  
You pick the place and I'll choose the time  
And I'll climb  
That hill in my own way.  
Just wait a while for the right day.  
And as I rise above the tree lines and the clouds  
I look down, hearing the sound of the things you've said today.  
Fearlessly the idiot faced the crowd  
Smiling.  
Merciless the magistrate turns 'round  
Frowning.  
And who's the fool who wears the crown?  
And go down,  
In your own way  
And every day is the right day  
And as you rise above the fear-lines in his brow  
You look down, hearing the sound of the faces in the crowd

Songwriters

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