

You say the hill's too steep to climb  
Trying  
You say you'd like to see me try  
Climbing

You pick the place and I'll choose the time  
And I'll climb the 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 sounds 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  
Go down in your own way  
And every day is the right day  
And as you rise above the fear lines in his crown  
You look down hearing the sound of the faces in the crowd