

# The Hill

Bombay Bicycle Club

When we look at the Summer Sun; yellow and round.  
So we go out to the hill and we lie down.  
All but one sits in the corner.  
Trying to find a way;

And alright let's go outside,  
And ride, ride, rise to the meaning of life,  
And we're crying.  
We're all falling out.  
I want to go back to old times.

And looking back, looking out at different things.  
We flew too high; let the Sun burn our wings.  
We never thought it would be us.  
Let it all come fast; turn to dust.

And alright let's go outside,  
And ride, ride, rise to the meaning of life,  
And we're crying.  
We're all falling out.  
I want to go back to old times

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Say what I know, you keep that oath.  
I give you my word, you keep it.  
Say what I know, you keep that oath.  
You're shit at keeping secrets.

Say what I know, I know that oath.  
I give you my word, you keep it.  
Say what I know, I keep that oath.  
You're shit at keeping secrets.

And alright let's go outside,  
And ride, ride, rise to the meaning of life,  
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