

Half Mile Hill

David Nail

Half Mile Hill, eight years old
Standing on top with the world below
Me and my dad
Talking man to man
Suitcase packed, he was moving out
Said, It's no one's fault, but I had my doubts
And I have them 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 street lamps glow
On those checkerboard roads
Wishing I could fly like a cut-string kite
Tapping on the floor of heaven
Is anybody listening?

Half Mile Hill, seventeen
Tailing the summer, Angie and me
Kicking beer cans off the side
One last time
She was wildcat tough, I was scarecrow thin
We were thick as thieves 'til the bitter end
Trying to make time stand still
Up on Half Mile Hill

Hey all, you lovers and leavers
Stuck in-betweeners
Loners and stoners
Old drunks and dreamers
Rumblin' and stumbling
Always looking for something
Past that no trespassing sign

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Tapping on the floor of heaven

Is anybody listening?
(Is anybody listening?)
Up on Half Mile Hill
Is anybody listening?
(Is anybody listening?)