Up On That Hill

Shawn Colvin

The blood that run your veins
Of all that you are made
It didn't start with you
As much as you would like it to

The path they set you on
Your battles lost and won
The fakin' and the show
And all you thought you wanted
All them things you think you want

And in the land where all are mourning
You hear the band you hear them call
You can be happy
You can be happy

You stood up on that hill
You thought you'd had your fill
Didn't want no pedestal
But mark my words you will

You heard your story told
You felt you were getting old
You thought it time to go
But you couldn't find no share of gold
That set you back on down the road

So take your hopes and woes
Take your bruised ego
Light a fire here
Where the air is clear

Or take your sorrow, man
To your selfish land
Run your poor mouth there
See if they care