

## The Hill

### The Legendary Pink Dots

Michael couldn't understand why people shook him by the hand  
then laughed at him and talked behind his back.

Michael didn't know the rules.

Abused, confused at all the schools they sent him to - gave him  
the view to leave.

Michaels' got a gun. Now he's living on the hill.

Watch the people run, shooting down the kids at play. He'll teach  
them all to stay away.

Mothers screaming, running round... No-  
one laughs at Michael now!

Out the classroom window stood a hill which made him feel so good.

He thought he'd like to have it as a home.

People never spoke to him.

Ignored, deplored, he got so bored.

He ran away and bought himself a gun.

Michaels' got a gun. Now he's living on the hill.

Watch the people run, shooting down the kids at play. He'll teach  
them all to stay away.

Mothers screaming, running round... No-  
one laughs at Michael now!

Michaels' got a gun. Now he's living on the hill.

Watch the people run, shooting down the kids at play. He'll teach  
them all to stay away.

Mothers screaming, running round... No-  
one laughs at Michael now!

Michael lay down in the sun.

Perhaps he'd put away the gun if only they would leave him quite  
alone.

No-one heard his point of view, the crowd of vigilantes grew  
so Michael used the gun just one last time.

Michaels' got a gun. Now he's buried on the hill.

Watch the people run, shooting down the kids at play. He'll teach  
them all to stay away.

Mothers screaming, running round... No-  
one laughs at Michael now!