

## On The Hill

The Wolfgang Press

Allen - Cox  
... Can't find... my way...  
Reach out and find it  
So so  
Is this a matador falling into my arms  
Turnig and burning in this rage  
Calypso find another cause  
5 more hours until dawn

Remember that golden day  
Remember that golden day  
A relevation  
The pain is lost not long to go  
You can sigh  
Peace is near peace is close  
You will live again  
Bad days have blown away  
My head is on the mend  
A symphony hits the back of my head  
and it's misunderstood  
but heaven accepts me

A last mad fling a conscious effort  
to forget all the pain  
Is this an easy task  
When I walk down the street  
I heard children playing  
Screaming, laughing ha ha  
In bright sunlight  
It made my eyes squint  
You know it was heaven

Reach out and find it  
Is this a matador falling into my arms  
Turning and burning in this rage  
Calypso find another cause  
5 more hours until dawn  
Straighten your tie you naughty boy  
Above the rafters above the slopes.  
You climb  
And so on peacefully.