

## **Bombay Bicycle Club**

### **"The Hill"**

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We look at the summer sun yellow and round  
So we go out to the hill and we lie down  
Oh but one sits in the corner  
Trying to find a way

And alright let's go outside  
And rise rise rise to the meaning of life  
And we're trying, but we're all falling out  
I want to go back to olden times

Looking back, looking out at different things  
We flew too high, let the sun burn our wings  
We never thought it would be us  
But it all can fast turn to dust

And alright let's go outside  
And rise rise rise to the meaning of life  
And we're trying, but we're all falling out  
I want to go back to olden times

And alright let's go outside

And rise rise rise to the meaning of life  
And we're trying, but we're all falling out  
I want to go back to olden times

Say what I know  
You keep it low  
If I give you my word would you keep it  
Say what I know  
You keep it low  
You're shit at keeping secrets

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You keep it low  
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