

Wooden Circus "On The Hill"

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Somebody told me that you loved me
Somebody told me that salvations far away
Somebody left me a letter in your name
My head spins in circles
I drown my thoughts in the pouring rain

On the hill and almost over
I'm just too young to meet you there
I want her, share your laughter
With the monsters inside of you
They keep me company once and a while
It creeps upon me to, it creeps upon me
Let a da du da die hey anyway

The smell of her letters gets me so obsessed
With too many questions unanswered I think
That I'm stressed, f*** your opinion
I'm not a man that meets your criteria
What's that have to do with life anyway

On the hill and almost over
I'm just too young to meet you there
I want her, share your laughter
With the monsters inside of you
They keep me company once and a while
It creeps upon me to, it creeps upon me
I'd rather die, I'd rather die, I'd rather die

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