

## **Fixx**

### **"Climb the Hill"**

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I opened a door in me, like a cat with curiosity

Unwrapped the perfect present and saw a new history.

Panic politics don't get me down.

Bible thump posturing won't turn me 'round.

It seems the rules were made for some other time.

Too much money in the pipeline; too much fighting  
overseas.

Too much hatred in the heartland; too much talking  
over me.

Look around and listen; I don't exist without you in my  
life.

I'm having a good time by the way,

Sitting here wondering, how can I say,

Those pretty pictures don't paint the truth.

Very clever edits conceal the lie

If you want to hear the rules being made you've got to  
have

Your ear pressed to the ground.

Too many lost without a requiem; too many lost without  
a cause.

Too many win without a winner; too many want to go to  
war.

I'll climb the hill and look you down.

To me you're inside out and upside down

I'll climb the hill and look you down.

To me you're inside out and upside down

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