

**Floyd Pink****"Fearless"**

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You say the hill's too steep to climb

Climbing

You say you'd like to see me try

Climbing

You pick the place and I'll choose the time

And I'll climb the hill in my own way

Just wait a while for the right day

And as I rise above the tree-line and the clouds

I look down, hearing the sound

Of the things you've said today

Fearlessly the Idiot faced the crowd

Smiling

Merciless the magistrate turns 'round

Frowning

And who's the fool who wears the crown

No doubt in your own way

And everyday is the right day

And as you rise above the fear-lines in his brow

You look down, hear the sound

Of the faces in the crowd

