

Totally Michael

"Death Hill"

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Take me back to 1993. When I was so young and care-free.

My time was spent out questing in the woods. Death Hill was down the street waiting for me.

I packed a little backpack with sandwiches, binoculars, and juice.

I headed up the dirt path. My body said turn back but I refused.

Supposedly two kids on ATV's, one day, they tried riding up this hill.

The angle of the slope was just too steep. They both flipped over and got killed.

But I never believed that. I made it to the top without a scratch.

The view up there was gorgeous. I couldn't help, but yell

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my name through the clouds.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my name to my house.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my name through the clouds.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my name to my house.

Later on that year I began to dig a secret hideout underground.

No reasoning behind it I'll admit. Maybe I was bored, no friends around.

But whatever the reason. It didn't matter. I was having fun.

And soon after I began I gave up and it never got done.

But through all of my failures I think back to that time up there. I'd yell

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my name through the clouds.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my name to my house.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my

name through the clouds.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my
name to my house.

Age is leaving my body behind. I still feel I've a lot of
time before I stop building
snowmen, climbing trees and jumping rope. I'll never
abandon all my hope. I will never forget.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my
name through the clouds.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my
name to my house.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my
name through the clouds.

Over and Over and Over and Over I would echo my
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