

Pink Floyd, Fearless

You say the hill's too steep to climb,
Climb it!

You say you'd like to see me try,
Climb it!

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 treeline and the clouds

I look down hear the sound of the things you said today

Fearlessly the idiot faced the crowd, smiling

Merciless, the magistrate turns 'round, frowning

and who's the fool who wears the crown

Go down in your own way

And everyday is the right day

And as you rise above the fearlines in the frown

You look down

Hear the sound of the faces in the crowd