The Top of the Hill

By John T. Wurzer

There was a time and a place when we would ramble

There was a woman whose face made me sit still

I’ve lost the cause and the reason for to gamble

Now that I’m sitting at the top of the hill

And that hill is a great big pile of money

Ain’t it funny how we struggle to ascend?

Kicking back now in silence with my honey

We’d piss it all away to spend some time with our old friends

When I was young, impulsive, strange and aimless

And minstrels knocked upon my door at will

They’d sing me songs of outrageous deeds so shameless

And all illegal at the top of the hill

And that hill is a great big pile of money

Ain’t it funny how we struggle to ascend?

Kicking back now in silence with my honey

We’d piss it all away to spend some time with our old friends

We started growing old; and the bruises lingered longer

And broken hearts piled up on our window sills

And what once did not kill us made us stronger

As we were crawling to the top of the hill

And that hill is a great big pile of money

Ain’t it funny how we struggle to ascend?

Kicking back now in silence with my honey

We’d piss it all away to spend some time with our old friends

There is no special time or place when you should ramble

It’s not success if it stifles your free will

So find your cause, don’t be afraid to gamble

Because it’s lonely at the top of the hill