

Over the Hill

Blood, Sweat & Tears

29 years and it's over the hill at 30
They got your wheelchair ready
And your hiking boots are not even dirty

Lady luck, a-stepping up beside you greet her
You'll do some climbing together
But then she runs out for somebody younger

There's a shining prize from a carefree day
When the world round was cheering to win
Now daddy who's chairless lets out his belt
And music plays and peace is made for someone else

Over the hill and the bread of the times is yours now
And most deciding
A lot of work and little enjoying

Some along the line get a feeling they have been cheated
Spirit defeated
Young is best is always conceded

There's a shining prize from a carefree day
When the world round was cheering to win
Now daddy who's chairless lets out his belt
And music plays and peace is made for someone else

39 years and the chair is hard to wheel at 40
How would you feel
If you would sit down to roll around at 20

I submit to you my many friends
Better out of tune for there to lend
Good time, everybody in the fold
Got sunshine for everybody young and old

Good time for everybody in the fold
Got sunshine, everybody young and old
Sunshine for everybody in the fold
Got good times for everybody in the fold