starting at the very bottom
the nasty pit of despair
you know how people always tell you
it's only up from there
I'm humbled to find myself
spitting blame and going nowhere
I'm doing everything to make it new
I'm on my way up

I'm climbing, I'm climbing
I'm climbing
yeah I'm on my way up
I'm on my way

I've seen the vultures circle slowly over my head
I wave my arms and shout
get out of here
because I'm not dead-yet
you will not devour my soul
or take my house
you hear what I said
I'm doing everythig to make it true
I'm on my way up

I'm climbing, I'm climbing
I'm climbing
yeah I'm on my way up
on my way

and it's true
hope springs eternal
in the dark heart of a man
so I take a breath
and make my way up
and the world falls away from me