

# The Hill

Caylee Hammack

I know it would wreck me  
If we ever parted  
Sitting on a loveseat  
Neither of us talking

These eggshells we walked on  
Cut us like barbed wire  
Pride has kept us holding on  
We're both getting tired

Your side or mine  
The real fine line we're painting  
A mess we're making of love  
Who really cares who's right or wrong?  
If this is the hill we're dying on

Will you find some new friends  
And a new apartment?  
I don't think that I can  
If I'm being honest

Your side or mine  
The real fine line we're painting  
A mess we're making of love  
Who really cares who's right or wrong?  
If this is the hill we're dying on

Some things are past saving  
Some wars don't need waging  
Listen, all I'm saying  
Is my heart don't need breaking