

# To the Top of the Hill

Lee Kernaghan

Early dawn, the Dardanelles  
Johnny Turk won't know what hit him  
Drop the ladders down the side  
Thirty men to every lifeboat

Silence shattered, rifle crack  
And hell breaks loose with spiteful flashes  
Easy targets, hit the beach  
And run like hell through blood and water

And it's heads down lads, there's shrapnel flyin'  
To the left and right, men are dyin'  
And there's no retreat, no standing still  
Onwards boys to the top of the hill

Run for cover, drop your kit  
Under scrub fix bayonet  
Trench by trench, and hand to hand  
Up Scrubby Knoll and Chunuk Bair

And it's heads down lads, there's shrapnel flyin'  
To the left and right, men are dyin'  
And there's no retreat, no standing still  
Onwards boys to the top of the hill

Some have stood, and some have fallen  
Some are lying, torn and bleeding  
And for us who still remain  
We'll show their loss was not in vain

And it's heads down lads, there's shrapnel flyin'  
To the left and right, men are dyin'  
And there's no retreat, no standing still  
And it's heads down lads, there's shrapnel flyin'  
To the left and right, men are dyin'  
And there's no retreat, no standing still  
Onwards boys to the top of the hill  
Onwards boys to the top of the hill

Whoa oh oh oh, whoa oh oh oh-oh  
Oh-oh, oh oh-oh  
Whoa oh oh oh, whoa oh oh oh-oh  
Oh-oh, oh oh-oh  
Oh-oh, oh oh-oh