

Fearless

The Atlas Moth

You say the hill's too steep to climb climbing
You say you'd like to see me try climbing
You pick the place and I'll choose the time
And I'll climb the hill in my own way
Just wait a while for the right day
And as I rise above the tree-line and the clouds
I look down hearing the sound
Of the things you've said today

Fearlessly the idiot faced the crowd smiling
Merciless the magistrate turns round frowning
And who's the fool who wears the crown
No doubt in your own way
And every day is the right day
And as you rise above the fear-lines in his brow
You look down hear the sound of the faces in the crowd

...Walk on; walk on with hope in your heart,
And you'll never walk alone;
You'll never walk alone.
Walk on; walk on with hope in your heart,
And you'll never walk alone;
You'll never walk alone.