

The Hill

Ty Segall

Here we will stand
Holding the strand
Walking upon the frill
Open our hands
Upon the sands
We are the children still
Still...

Come take a walk
To the streets
Then the hill
To the top
Looking left to the city
Looking right onto the [?]
To the right
To the [?]
To the lights that are [?] down
Down, down, down
They are [?] down

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Holding the strand
Walking upon the frill
Open our hands
Upon the sands
We are the children still
Still...

And when you're here
Take my hand
And we'll go into the [?]
To disappear from this land
For all we know it is our fear

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