

Running up that hill,
it hurts like in that song
we like.

When I said:
“I’ll follow you where you belong”,
I didn’t know what it’s like,
running up that hill, you know?

When you said:
“You’ll never understand me”,
I got scared to slip my fingers
in your cage and caress your hand.

All I can is pretend I am free
and run up that hill, up to you,
where you search for a refrain
asleep in your guitar.

But you don’t know I found it
in a dream,
and it hurts like in that song
we like.