

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

When I said:
“I’ll follow 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
inside the cage.

A pretty stone in hand,
I keep running up that mountain
where you search for a refrain
asleep in your guitar.

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