

# Fearless

## Pink Floyd

You say the hill's too steep to climb,  
chiding  
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 hear the sounds of the things you 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>