

The Crooked Mountain

Capercaillie

The woman who read my palm today was a friend of the pessimistic
In a square at the edge of town was my fortune laid to bear
She said, "Climb that rocky mountain where the sun will rise to kiss you
And your dreams will flow like a virgin spring to the foot of the crooked hill"

Feels good to be dreaming
Feels good to be here with you
Wait now, the mist will clear
Wait now, the day will come
I'm caught in the rain again
I was caught on a snowbound highway
I was caught in the rain again
On top of the crooked mountain
On top of the crooked mountain

Like a fool, I took to the woman's words, being a slave of the optimistic
I left my friends of childhood and the ones who saw me right
Funny, you don't see the sunset and you wonder why you missed it
For a year I saw the skies change 'til all the day was night

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On top of the crooked mountain
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Feels good to be dreaming
Feels good to be here with you
Feels good to be here
Feels good to be dreaming
Feels good to be here with you
To be here

With the evening shadows falling on the day I'm supposed to find you
Chances are I'll never realize
The picture from this jigsaw that I always took for granted
Now I'm caught here in a raging storm on top of the crooked hill

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