

To the Mountains

Mental As Anything

People say the strangest things
When you're trying to play
You're trying to sing
They call out words
I don't know why
But I just wish
That I could fly away

When the truck's loaded up
And I'm back at my place
It's not very hard
To make a pretty good case
To get out of town
As fast as I can
I don't need a map
I don't need a plan
Time to go

To the mountains
Or a beachside bungalow
To a quiet place
Where nobody ever goes
And nobody knows

Comes a time
In your life
When you can't take the pain
You don't need the strife
Gets harder and harder
To stay on the scene
And after a while
You don't know what it means
Time to go

To the mountains
Or a beachside bungalow
To a quiet place
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Everything I do
Flies in the face of nature
Just for once
I'd like to let it go

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