

# Foot of the Mountain

Paul Weller

Like a dream on the ocean  
Always drifting away  
And I can't catch up  
She just skips away on the tide

Sometimes a great notion  
Can lead you astray  
So weak to devotion  
So strong to desire

Come on baby, baby won't you let me ride  
Take me off on your sail boat ride  
Come on Angels, are on your side  
She slips away oh, never stays

Like mercury gliding  
Silver teardrop that falls  
And I can't hold her  
Through my fingers, she's gone

Through my fingers, she's gone  
Through my fingers, she's gone  
Through my fingers, she's gone  
Through my fingers, she's gone  
Through my fingers, she's gone  
Through my fingers, she's gone

At the foot of the mountain  
Such a long way to climb  
How will I ever get up there  
But I know I must try

Come on baby, baby won't you let me ride?  
Take me off on your sail boat ride  
Come on now Angels, are on your side  
But she slips away oh, and never stays

Like a dream on the ocean  
Always drifting away  
And I can't catch up

She just skips away on the tide  
Just slips away on the tide  
She just slips away on the tide  
Aah skip away, she glides, she glides