

“Mountains Blue”

Lyrics: Zoe Howard  
Music: Michael Oosterhout

Every morning I wake up,  
Drink coffee from a paper cup.  
Then roll my sleeves up tight and neat  
And I head out onto the street.

With every sun that rises in the sky,  
I feel another day slip by,  
And I wonder what is left for me to do,  
If there's anything beyond these mountains blue.

Every evening I get home,  
Black grease has seeped into my bones.  
And all the water on my skin  
Won't wash it clean again.

With every sun that rises in the sky,  
I feel another day slip by,  
And I wonder what is left for me to do,  
If there's anything beyond these mountains blue.

I believe I'm a lucky man—  
Two kids, a job, my Marianne,  
But I spend my weekend afternoons  
At Pastimes, Patton Avenue,  
Browsing through the comic books,  
I'd like to take a longer look.  
And if my auto job falls through,  
I know what I would like to do...

Every Sunday, go to church,  
I say my prayers and hope it works.  
But God don't like a begging man  
So I do what I can.

With every sun that rises in the sky,  
I feel another day slip by,

And I wonder what is left for me to do,  
If there's anything beyond these mountains blue.

With every sun that rises in the sky,  
Another day asks for a ride,  
I wonder what is up to me to do,  
To reach whatever is beyond these mountains blue.  
Whatever is beyond these mountains blue,  
Whatever is beyond, I'm coming to you...