

(GUITAR INTRO)

I've got a mountain of dreams to climb  
'fore I get to that house on the hill  
that keeps the lady of my morning  
in a brown earthen pot on the sill  
of the window that looks out  
across the valley, probably always will

I'll make sure no one is watching me  
like ev'ry good and successful thief  
and maybe tomorrow when the sun goes down  
I'll have put an end to this grief  
by giving myself a potted plant  
and a rainbow, calling it a wreath

she's the energy that runs my day  
and the first star out at night  
by God, I'm gonna climb that hill  
if it takes, ev'ry bit of my my might

in the morning the early summer breezes call  
me away from my warm sleeping bed  
and fill me up with expectations  
of filling this hole in my head  
that was left long ago  
somewhere in my lifetime, left me feeling dead

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