

# Stormy High

## Black Mountain

Whoaaah

The witch is on your trail, my lord  
Stormy stormy high  
You've been dying to be set free  
Oh curse those honeyed hands

Whoaaah

It wasn't the doctors that finished the pills  
He wants the ones that don't crack  
But they're dangerous like barbed wire ties  
Oh stormy stormy minds

Well, oh, it wasn't us, though, that torched to flames  
The fried daughters of oh, no oh  
Well you've been up since the last motel  
You've been up for so long  
Oh

(13x)

Stormy stormy high