

Meet Me On the Mountain

Chris Rea

Meet me on the mountain,
I'll be there.
with my mohair suite
and baseball shoes.

This broken old body,
Young again.
You and me babe
we could never loose.

Never loose what we had,
it came to be so strong.
How we hung on to each other
through the night.

So we'll meet on the mountain,
in our young clothes so fine.
And we'll be together,
'till the end of time.

Meet me on the mountain
in that pretty dress you made.
It looks so good nobody
could have known.

And babe I gotta tell you
how you still look good to me
I sure could not have got through
on my own.

And if I ever hurt you
it was never mend that way.
These broken bones would never,
never let you down.

So bring your Motown records
and your French crepe dress so fine
And we'll be together,
'till the end of time