

## Mountain Stream

Cowboy Junkies

I had a dream I was a king  
A king of empty things  
I had a queen, she lit my way  
And she wiped my tears away

My kingdom was broad and vast  
I ignored it as it passed  
As I walked  
She left me, did my queen

Alone to think and dream  
As I walked my mountain streams  
I dried tears and all my fears  
With ten thousand shields and spears

My queen came back again  
But I was ready to defend  
My heart now hard and cold  
She left me without hope

With gray hair upon my head  
My queen and youth had fled  
My youth and queen, my mountain stream  
Had been stolen by the years

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A king of empty things  
Alone to think and dream  
But not to hope, or so it seems  
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