

# Mountain Greenery

Ella Fitzgerald

On the first of May  
It is moving day  
Spring is here, so blow your job  
Throw your job away

Now's the time to trust  
To your wanderlust  
In the city's dust you wait  
Must you wait, just you wait

In a mountain greenery  
Where God paints the scenery  
Just two crazy  
People together

While you love your lover  
Let blue skies be your cover  
Let, when it rains  
We'll laugh at the weather

And if you're good  
I'll search for wood  
So you can cook  
While I stand lookin'

Beans could get no keener  
Reception in a beanery  
Bless our mountain  
Greenery home

Mosquitoes here  
Won't bite you dear  
I'll let them sting  
Me on the finger

We could find no cleaner  
Retreat from life's machinery  
Than our mountain  
Greenery home