

Two Little Feet

Greg Brown

Two little feet to get me 'cross the mountain
Two little feet to carry me away into the woods
Two little feet, big mountain, and a
Cloud comin' down cloud comin' down cloud comin' down

I hear the voice of the ancient ones
Chanting magic words from a different time
Well there is no time there is only this rain
There is no time, that's why I missed my plane

John Muir walked away into the mountains
In his old overcoat a crust of bread in his pocket
We have no knowledge and so we have stuff and
Stuff with no knowledge is never enough to get you there
It just won't get you there

A culture exploded into knickknacks and memories
Eagle and Bear trinkets I don't think it's good
Old man what am I trying to say it's a
It's a messed up world but I love it anyway

Two little feet to get me 'cross the city
My little hand to knock upon your door
My little thing for your little thing
And a big love to lift us up once more to the mountain
Lift us up

Tumble us like scree let us holler out our freedom like a
Like a wolf across a valley like a kid lost in a game
No time no name gonna miss that plane again
And I'm gonna stay here with you baby and kiss you to a good dream
I'm goin' kiss you
Kiss you like you like it

I got two little feet to get me across the mountain
Two little feet to carry me away into the woods
Two little feet big mountain and a
Cloud comin' down cloud comin' down cloud comin' down