

Mountain Men

Jethro Tull

The poacher and his daughter
throw soft shadows on the water in the night.
A thin moon slips behind them
as they pull the net with no betraying light.
And later on the coast road, I meet them
and the old man winks a smile.
And who am I to fast deny the right
to take a fish once in a while?
I walk with them, they wish me luck
when I ship out on the Sunday from the kyle.
And from the church I hear them singing
as the ship moves sadly from the pier.
Oh, poacher's daughter, Sunday best,
two hundred brave souls share the farewell tear.

There's a house on the hillside, where the drifting sands are born.
Lay down and let the slow tide wash me
back to the land where I came from.
Where the mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.

Did my tour, did my duty. I did all they asked of me.
Died in the trenches and at Alamein
...died in the Falklands on T.V.
Going back to the mountain kings
where the sound of the piper counts for everything.

Long generations from the Isles
sent to tread the foreign miles
where the spiral ages meet.
Felt naked dust beneath their feet.
Future sun called winds to blow
and the past and present hard-eyed crow
flew hunting high and circling low over blackened plains of Eden.

There's a child and a woman praying for an end to the mystery.
Hoping for a word in a letter
fair wind-blown from across the sea
to where the mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for eveything.

There's a house on the hillside, where the drifting sands are born.
Lay down and let the slow tide wash me
back to the land where I came from.
Where the mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.
Where the real mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.

Feel the naked dust beneath my toes
while the future sun calls winds to blow
and the past and present black-eyed crow
flies hunting high and circling low
between dream mountains of our Eden.