

## Mt. St. Helens

Mirah

From the morning when I rise from my bed  
Till the evening, when I lay my head in slumber  
Oh, the loss of you does wreck my days  
Leaves me with a violent hunger  
I will never be free from you  
Till I escape the lion's jaw  
There's no welcome in the end  
There's no reason to return, again

The mountain stood so large, we were humbled  
We walked a high and lonely path  
The sun beat down on the ground  
We looked around us  
There were no trees there  
We found a creek there  
We dipped our feet there  
We were alone there  
There was still hope there  
There had been a great disaster  
And the hot winds came just after  
A tremendous shock was felt  
Survivors, often tell  
The trees all hit the ground  
Death was all around  
And not a single, lonesome sigh

The example lay before you  
You, knew what you had to do  
You have a pressure in you  
To destroy the one who loved you  
The death was all around

You were hotter to me than the sun  
That burned me up the day we went  
To Mount Saint Helens,  
And if the special death you gave to me  
Is the prize I get to take home solemnly  
Then suffer with the fact that  
I could never be your friend  
I could never come back home, again