

Foot of the Mountain

Paul Weller

Like a dream on the ocean
Always drifting away
And I can't catch up
She just skips away on the tide

Sometimes a great notion
Can lead you astray
So weak to devotion
So strong to desire

Come on baby, baby won't you let me ride
Take me off on your sail boat ride
Come on Angels, are on your side
She slips away oh, never stays

Like mercury gliding
Silver teardrop that falls
And I can't hold her
Through my fingers, she's gone

Through my fingers, she's gone
Through my fingers, she's gone
Through my fingers, she's gone
Through my fingers, she's gone
Through my fingers, she's gone
Through my fingers, she's gone

At the foot of the mountain
Such a long way to climb
How will I ever get up there
But I know I must try

Come on baby, baby won't you let me ride?
Take me off on your sail boat ride
Come on now Angels, are on your side
But she slips away oh, and never stays

Like a dream on the ocean
Always drifting away
And I can't catch up

She just skips away on the tide
Just slips away on the tide
She just slips away on the tide
Aah skip away, she glides, she glides