

I Come from the Mountain

Thee Oh Sees

Early morning, underneath the city
In a tunnel calling rescue me
I come from the mountain I return again
Without a tear, naturally

Girls like to smile half the time
Boys are the trouble all the time
Sitting in their pocket just a dime
Lifting heavy spirits from the slime

No one likes a heartache or the kind
Everyone's a problem sometimes
Flipping over secrets day and night
Flipping out our insides, what a fright.