

# Cowboy Mountain

Weatherbox

We made our ways to the top  
Our feet were pressed and worn  
out by the rocks  
Mountain and moon and the creeping fog  
We drummed on ourselves and watched  
I want  
I want this to be yours  
I want  
I want this to be yours  
Swelling love for all of you  
Swelling love for all of you  
We went back the next night  
Our apparitions were all present  
And displayed in the light  
They laughed at my body

And they flew in tight  
And we made this their burial site  
(Everybody!)  
We want  
We want this to be yours  
We want  
We want this to be yours  
Swelling love for all of you  
Swelling love for all of you  
And the ghosts fall in behind me  
Ghostly rows of ghostly feet  
I'm in control and then seem to know  
And we march ourselves back towards the street  
Swelling love for all of you  
Swelling love for all of you