

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