

The Mountain Low

Will Oldham

If I could fuck a mountain
Lord, I would fuck a mountain
And I'd do it with a woman in the valley

If she lives in the valley
O, if she lives in the valley
The mighty, mighty valley of the sun

Yes, if she lives there quietly
And goes to bed there nightly
I'd tower over peaks and in the sky

Well, she comes tumbling to me
It seems every night there for me
With a different face and legs that will not quit

Now I'm waiting on a friend
To give me advice if I ask him
And his presence will tell me what I need to know

I would sell my belongings
In the mountains where she's living
Just to be there when she comes every morning