

## Tull Jethro

### "Mountain Men"

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The poacher and his daughter throw soft shadows on  
the water in the night.

A thin moon slips behind them as they pull the net with  
no betraying light.

And later on the coast road, I meet them and the old  
man winks a smile.

And who am I to fast deny the right to take a fish once  
in a while?

I walk with them, they wish me luck when I slip out on  
the Sunday from the kyle.

And from the church I hear them singing as the ship  
moves sadly from the pier.

Oh, poacher's daughter, Sundat best, two hundred  
brave souls share the farewell

tear.

There's a house on the hillside, where the drifting  
sands are born.

Lay down and let the slow tide wash me back to the  
land where I came from.

Where the mountain men are kings and the sound of  
the piper counts for

everything.

Did my tour, did my duty. I did all they asked of me.

Died in the trenches and at Alamein...died in the  
Falklands on T.V.

Going back to the mountain kings where the sound of  
the piper counts for

everything.

Long generations from the Isles sent to tread the  
foreign miles

where the spiral ages meet. Felt naked dust beneath  
their feet.

Future sun called winds to blow and the past and  
present hard-eyed crow

flew hunting high and circling low over blackened  
plains of Eden.

There's a child and a woman praying for an end to the  
mystery.

Hoping for a word in a letter fair wind-blown from  
across the sea

to where the mountain men are kings and the sound of  
the piper counts for

everything.

There's a house on the hillside, where the drifting  
sands are born.

Lay down and let the slow tide wash me back to the  
land where I came from.

Where the mountain men are kings and the sound of  
the piper counts for

everything.

Where the real mountain men are kings and the sound  
of that piper counts for

everything.

Feel the naked dust beneath my toes while the future  
sun calls winds to blow

and the past and present black-eyed crow flies hunting  
high and circling low

between dream mountains of our Eden

