

411**"Wolverton Mountain"**Visit "[Wolverton Mountain](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

(Merle Kilgore)

They say don't go on Wolverton Mountain,
If you're lookin' for a wife.
'Cause Clifton Clowers has a fair, young daughter;
He's mighty handy with a gun and knife.

Her tender lips are sweeter than honey,
And Wolverton Mountain protects her there;
The bears and the birds tell Clifton Clowers,
If a stranger should enter there.

All o' my dreams are on Wolverton Mounrain;
I want his daughter for my wife.
I'll take my chances and climb the Mountain,
Though Clifton Clowers might take my life.

Her tender lips are sweeter than honey,
And Wolverton Mountain protects her there;
The bears and the birds tell Clifton Clowers,
If a stranger should enter there.

I'm goin' up on Wolverton Mountain,
It's so lonesome down here below;
It's just not right to hide his daughter,
From the one who loves her so.

Her tender lips are sweeter than honey,
And Wolverton Mountain protects her there;
The bears and the birds tell Clifton Clowers,
If a stranger should enter there.

I don't care about Clifton Clowers;
I'm goin' to climb up on his mountain;
I'm goin' to take the one I love.

I don't care about Clifton Clowers.
I'm goin' to climb up on his mountain.

I don't care about... (repeating, fading away)

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