

Black Mountain

"Stormy High"

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Whoaaah

The witch is on your trail, my lord
Stormy stormy high
You've been dying to be set free
Oh curse those honeyed hands

Whoaaah

It wasn't the doctors that finished the pills
He wants the ones that don't crack
But they're dangerous like barbed wire ties

Oh stormy stormy minds

Well, oh, it wasn't us, though, that torched to flames
The fried daughters of oh, no oh
Well you've been up since the last ???
You've been up for so long
Ohhhhh

Stormy stormy high

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