

Bruce Hornsby & The Range "Stander On The Mountain"

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Well

And he stands at the banquet room bar
Looking over the crowd
Reunion band playing too loud
And he sees his fellow old star
Looks him up and down
Sees a little of himself in his frown

The stander on the mountain, looking for the fountain
To drink some, to think some about the old days
King of the mountain
Nothing could be found of the old ways, the old days
When he was the one and the stander on the mountain
runs

Let us sit and talk of old times
That's what we're supposed to do
And you don't look a day over thirty-two
Yes, we were so funny and wild
There's an old friend of mine
Says I'm looking back most all the time

And the stander on the mountain, listens to the sound
Of the city streets, the lonely heat, the town he once
owned
King of the mountain
Nothing could be found of the old ways, the old days
When he was the one, oh and the stander on the
mountain runs
And king of the hill runs away

Oh, she's knocking on your door tonight
Oh, she wants to see if she remembers right
Say won't you come outside tonight? Alright
They drive to the lookout on the hill

When it was over
They sat there and looked back
Tomorrow was way in the distance
Tomorrow was a long time away
Nobody thought much about it

There's nothing wrong if we live for today

I recall when you filled it on up and you bowed to the crowd

Girls in the short skirts screaming loud

The stander on the mountain, looking for the fountain

To drink some, to think some about the old days

Big man around town

Nothing could be found of the old ways, the old days

When he was the one and the stander on the mountain

runs

King of the hill runs away, now

King of the hill runs away

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