

## **Billy Bragg**

# **"Remember The Mountain Bed"**

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Do you still sing of the mountain bed we made of limbs  
and leaves:

Do you still sigh there near the sky where the holly  
berry bleeds:

You laughed as I covered you over with leaves, face,  
breast, hips and thighs,

You smiled when I said the leaves were just the color of  
your eyes.

Rosin smells and turpentine smells from eucalyptus  
and pine

Bitter tastes of twigs we chewed where tangled  
woodvines twine

Trees held us in on all four sides so thick we could not  
see

I could not see any wrong in you, and you saw none in  
me.

Your arm was brown against the ground, your cheeks  
part of the sky,

As your fingers played with grassy moss, and limber  
did you lie:

Your stomach moved beneath your shirt and your  
knees were in the air

Your feet played games with mountain roots as you lay  
thinking there.

Below us the trees grew clumps of trees, raised  
families of trees, and they

As proud as we tossed their heads in the wind and  
flung good seeds away:

The sun was hot and the sun was bright down in the  
valley below

Where people starved and hungry for life so empty  
come and go.

There in the shade and hid from the sun we freed our  
minds and learned

Our greatest reason for being here, our bodies moved  
and burned

There on our mountain bed of leaves we learned life's  
reason why

The people laugh and love and dream, they fight, they  
hate to die.

The smell of your hair I know is still there, if most of our  
leaves are blown,  
Our words still ring in the brush and the trees where  
singing seeds are sown  
Your shape and form is dim, but plain, there on our  
mountain bed  
I see my life was brightest where you laughed and laid  
your head...

I learned the reason why man must work and how to  
dream big dreams,  
To conquer time and space and fight the rivers and the  
seas  
I stand here filled with my emptiness now and look at  
city and land  
And I know why farms and cities are built by hot, warm,  
nervous hands.

I crossed many states just to stand here now, my face  
all hot with tears,  
I crossed city, and valley, desert, and stream, to bring  
my body here:  
My history and future blaze bright in me and all my joy  
and pain  
Go through my head on our mountain bed where I  
smell your hair again.

All this day long I linger here and on in through the  
night  
My greeds, desires, my cravings, hopes, my dreams  
inside me fight:  
My loneliness healed, my emptiness filled, I walk above  
all pain  
Back to the breasts of my woman and child to scatter  
my seeds again.

Words: woody guthrie (1944) -  
Music: jeff tweedy/jay bennett (1999)

Leroy bach: piano  
Jay bennett: organ, nylon-string guitar, backing vocal  
Ken coomer: drums  
John stirratt: bass, backing vocal  
Jeff tweedy: vocal, acoustic guitar

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