

# Jethro Tull

## "Mountain Men"

Visit "[Mountain Men](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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 ship out on the Sunday from the Kyle  
And from the church I hear them singing  
As the ship moves sadly from the pier  
Oh, poachers daughter, Sunday best  
Two hundred brave souls share the farewell tear

Well, 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 lands where I came from  
Where the mountain men are kings  
And the sound of the piper counts for everything

I did my tour, did my duty  
I did all they asked of me  
Died in the trenches and at El Alamein  
Died in the Falklands on TV  
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 lands 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

Visit [Jethro Tull](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.