

Capercaillie

"Crooked Mountain"

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The woman who read my palm today was a friend of
the pessimistic
In a square at the edge of town was my fortune laid to
bear
She said climb that rocky mountain where the sun will
rise to kiss you
and your dreams will flow like a virgin spring to the foot
of the crooked hill

Feels good to be dreaming, feels good to be here with
you
Feels good to be here

I'm caught in the rain again, I'm caught on a
snowbound highway
I'm caught in the rain again, on top of the crooked
mountain

Like a fool I took to the woman's words being a slave of
the optimistic
I left my friends of childhood and the ones who saw me
right
Funny you don't see the sunset, and you wonder why
you missed it
For a year I saw the skies change till all the day was
night

Feels good to be dreaming, feels good to be here with
you
Feels good to be here

With the evening shadows falling on the day I'm
supposed to find you
Chances are I'll never realise
the picture from this jigsaw that I always took for
granted
Now I'm caught here in a raging storm on top of the
crooked hill

Feels good to be dreaming, feels good to be here with
you

Feels good to be here

I'm caught in the rain again, caught on a snowbound
highway

Caught in the rain again, on top of the crooked
mountain

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