

Tim Finn

"Young Mountain"

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I grew up, not looking down
The shadow of a mountain fell upon my town
A blueness in the distance
Living in my memory

Now I climb the creaking stairs
And walk upon a vanishing floor to get nowhere
A little Mussolini screaming in my mind

History will tell you lies
History will tell you lies
Your dream is buried by the dust of ages

Time to sing a travel song
For all the days that come and go
As we move on

Erotic summer heat wave burring in my memory
Travel over hills and plains
See the hidden valley's golden grass aflame
A mother tongue that licks away your secret fear

History will disappear
History will disappear
Your dream is buried by the dust of ages

Quite a load to carry
Everything that we have done
Searching my horizon for a glimpse of the millennium

Hasn't been so very long
We haven't even half begun
To peter out

A version of the future
Living in my mind
Leaving it all behind

It hasn't all been done
History will tell you lies
All who fall shall cry

Your dream is buried by the dust of ages
On the Young Mountain all four winds flow
From the Young Mountain wild rivers flow
History will disappear

On the Young Mountain, a path unwinds
On the Young Mountain, who falls shall climb
Climb the Young Mountain
Cross the first river, swim the new sea

On the Young Mountain, all four winds will blow
Leaving it all behind
From the Young Mountain, wild rivers flow
History will tell you lies

On the Young Mountain, who falls shall climb
On the Young Mountain, all four winds will blow
From the Young Mountain, wild rivers flow

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