

Midlake

"Small Mountain"

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The rise and the fall upon small mountain
Was fair not for all in need
And I with my life have gone
Away from this land of gold

Formed from the seed aligned for all that fortune
brings
And all that certain men lay upon it when anger is seen
And it reigns like the others
Giving what all it can
While the days count for nothing
Nothing that one understands

Upon that road I had struggled to find
A way of life that was common for all
And all that runs on the mountain was mine
A way of life that will surely be gone

Poor lands will grow
Among the weeds among the roads
And all are anxious for song and dance
That will sometimes get old

And it reigns like the others
Giving what all it can
While the days count for nothing
Nothing that one understands

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