

## **Nonpoint "Moutains"**

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One more problem. how you've got them. All tied up  
with a million things to  
do. Two more problems. how i've got them. One is  
someone else. Two is you.  
I hate that it had to come to this so fast. How else will  
we know if we will  
last?

Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains  
past them fill. Making  
mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to  
kill.

Every wonder, every question, everything that i'm not  
so sure is real. Every  
funny look, every stop and stare, every doubt in my  
mind that you still care.  
I hate that it came to this so fast. How else could I know  
if we could last?

Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains  
past them fill. Making  
mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to  
kill.

Making mountains. Taking fountains. Shaking ground  
with tiny problems.  
Co-Created from the way you give direction with  
affection

Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains  
past them fill. Making  
mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to  
kill.

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