

El Capitan

"Black Ice"

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1989 and we're skating to school
In the not-so-pleasant weather
Think January in your home town
Where Ye Olde Sierra Belle
Would bake for less when the temperature fell
Sugar, glazed, and maple bars
Were half-price when the ice formed upon the ground

So you better take that turn, at speed, like a man
You can't fault the fall line for taking charge
Black tar, fair weather friend
Still you better take that hill, at speed, like a man
Water seals my unsteady eyes
And you're blinded by the air in your eyes on the way
Down

Iâ¹m thinking 'bout Monday morning, and how I'm
gonna wake
Up then
There's a low pressure system building
The last night it couldn't keep the heat in
So it's one push, two push, three push, four, and on
down
The mountain
One push, two push, three push, four
Ye Olde Sierra Belle, I'm comin' home

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