

## **Hornsby Bruce**

### **"Stander On The Mountain"**

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(by Bruce R. Hornsby)

And he stands at the banquet room bar  
Looking over the crowd  
The reunion band playing too loud  
And he sees his fellow old star  
Looks him up and down  
Sees a little of himself in his frown

The stander on the mountain  
Looking for the fountain to drink some  
To think some  
King of the mountain  
Nothing could be found  
Of the old ways, the old days  
When he was the one  
And the stander on the mountain runs

Let us sit and talk of old times  
That's what we're supposed to do  
And you don't look a day over thirty-two  
Yes, we were so funny and wild  
There's an old friend of mine  
Says I'm looking back most all the time

And the stander on the mountain  
Listens to the sound  
Of the city streets, the lonely beat  
The town he once owned  
King of the mountain  
Nothing could be found  
From the old ways, the old days  
When he was the one  
And the stander on the mountain runs  
King of the hill runs away

Oh, she's knocking on your door tonight  
Oh, she wants to see if she remembers right  
Say, won't you come out tonight  
Alright  
They drive to the lookout hill

And when it was over  
They sat there and looked back  
Tomorrow was way in the distance  
Tomorrow was a long time away  
Nobody thought much about it  
And there's nothing wrong  
If we live for today

I recall when you filled it on up  
And you bowed to the crowd  
The girls in the short skirts  
Screaming loud

The stander on the mountain  
Looking for the fountain  
To drink some, to think some  
About the old days  
Big man around town  
Nothing could be found  
Of the old ways, the old days  
When he was the one  
And the stander on the mountain runs

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