Kahn "Mixed Up Man Of The Mountains"

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Looking at the ground,

I'm crying for the sky,

I know I can't hope to go,

Where I can't be found.

But when I close my eyes,

I start to fly.

The sun burns down on me,

I'm praying he'll take me away.

So very much higher,

Than the peaks above me,

I open myself, my spirit is free,

And I start to fly.

As a leaf upon the breeze

Higher than the chains of mortal man,

Surrounded by the wonders of a life I saw

But never knew,

Revealed, the hazy secrets of the mountain man,

But soon as I am here I have to go

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