

FROM GOOD HOMES



COLD MOUNTAIN

(Music/Lyrics: Todd Sheaffer)

the world is speeding up
these days are flyin' by
it's impossible...

high up in a mountain
there's a man who carves
his poems into rock
the rhythm of his heart
is his only clock

the world's a spin
I feel it draggin' me in
tryin' to hold on...

high up in the mountain
there's a man who carves
his poems into rock
the rhythm of his heart
is his only clock

there's a billion days
until the end of time
not a lot of these
are yours and mine

high up cold mountain
there's a man who carves
his poems into rock
the rhythm of his heart
is his only clock



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