

High On A Mountain

As I look at the valley down below
It is green just as far as I can see.
As my memory returns, how my heart does yearn
For you and the days that used to be.

Chorus:

High on a Mountain wind blowing free,
Thinking about the days that used to be.
High on a mountain standing all alone,
Wondering where the years of my life have gone.

Oh, I wonder if you ever think of me
Or if time has blotted out your memory.
As I listen to a breeze blow gently through the trees
I'll always cherish what you meant to me

Chorus (2x)

Olabelle Reed: Midstream Music BMI)

