Meet me on the mountain, I'll be there. with my mohair suite and baseball shoes.

This broken old body, Young again. You and me babe we could never loose.

Never loose what we had, it came to be so strong. How we hung on to each other through the night.

So we'll meet on the mountain, in our young clothes so fine. And we'll be together, 'till the end of time.

Meet me on the mountain in that pretty dress you made. It looks so good nobody could have known.

And babe I gotta tell you how you still look good to me I sure could not have got through on my own.

And if I ever hurt you it was never mend that way. These broken bones would never, never let you down.

So bring your Motown records and your French crepe dress so fine And we'll be together, 'till the end of time