

## Small Mountain

Midlake

The rise and the fall upon small mountain  
Was fair not for all in need  
And I with my life have gone  
Away from this land of gold

Formed from the seed aligned for all that fortune brings  
And all that certain men lay upon it when anger is seen  
And it reigns like the others  
Giving what all it can  
While the days count for nothing  
Nothing that one understands

Upon that road I had struggled to find  
A way of life that was common for all  
And all that runs on the mountain was mine  
A way of life that will surely be gone

Poor lands will grow  
Among the weeds among the roads  
And all are anxious for song and dance  
That will sometimes get old

And it reigns like the others  
Giving what all it can  
While the days count for nothing  
Nothing that one understands