

You Call That a Mountain

B.J. Thomas

I always heard about the great Atlantic
How it humbles you to stand upon it's shore
So I thought I'd take some time to go and see it
Since I had no ties upon me anymore
But I don't know what I'd wasted my time for

You call that an ocean?
To me it's just a pond that's almost dry
If you want to see an ocean
You should see the tears her leaving made me cry

So I headed west to see that famous canyon
That the Colorado cut so deep and wide
I thought seeing something lower down than I felt
Might cheer me up and ease my troubled mind
But I just got disappointed one more time

You call that a canyon?
It's nothing but a pothole in the yard
If you want to see a canyon
You should see the hole she left here in my heart

So now I stand here staring at the Rockies
I've heard they reach right up to heaven's door
They're like that little hole and that blue puddle
And I see now what I should have seen before
Without her life holds no wonders anymore

You call that a mountain?
It's just a little pile of rocks and dirt
If you want to see a mountain
You ought to try getting over her
You call that a mountain