

The Old Man Of The Mountain

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy

With a long white beard and his crooked staff
He walks around while the folks all laugh
With a twinkle in his eye he will pass them by
The old man of the mountain

But he's got long hair and his feet are bare
They say he's mad as an old march hare
His cares are none and he owes no one
The old man of the mountain

He talks with the birds when he's lonely
Sleeps with the sky as a tent
Feast make a feast when he's hungry
And God charges no rent

May he live as long as an old oak tree
And laugh at fools like you and me
Who I often sigh and wish that I
Was the old man of the mountain

He talks with the birds when he's lonely
Sleeps with the sky as a tent
Feast make a feast when he's hungry
And God charges no rent

May he live as long as an old oak tree
And laugh at fools like you and me
Who I often sigh and wish that I
Was the old man of the mountain

Yes, I often sigh and wish that I
Was the old man of the mountain
Ooh, I often sigh and wish that I
Was the old man of the mountain