Mountain

Blue October

If I can't be a brave boy jumping of the head of a mountain
and I wonder why the thought of it brings me to the edge of my bed

if I can't tell the diffrence from a waterfall and fountain
is it the way that you looked at me then in a moment i said

that I could sit here for hours waiting on your arrival
I could sit here for days hoping you'd come out and play
I could die in a minute and the one chance for survival
would be the sound of your beautiful name

and if I cried would you hold me?
softly whisper everything is ok
because I live to breath the sky that hangs high above you
and the tears that I had before will simply say

that I love you!
that I love you!

singing Ohhh... Ahhh...

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