

Gettin' Down On The Mountain

Corb Lund

When the oil stops, everything stops
Nothin' left in the fountain
Nobody wants paper money, son
So you just as well stop countin'
Can ya break the horse, can ya light the fire?
What's that, I beg your pardon?
You'd best start thinkin' where your food comes from
And I hope you tend a good garden

Gettin' down on the mountain
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Don't wanna be around when the shit goes down
I'll be gettin' down on the mountain

When the truck don't run, the bread wont' come
Have a hard time findin' petrol
Water ain't runnin' in the city no more
Do ya hold any precious metal?
Can you gut the fish, can you read the sky?
What's that about overcrowdin'?
Ya ever seen a man who's kids ain't ate
For seventeen days and countin'?

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There ain't no heat and the power's gone out
It's kerosene lamps and candles
The roads are blocked, it's all gridlocked
You got a shortwave handle?
Can ya track the deer, can ya dig the well?
I couldn't quite hear your answer
I think I see a rip in the social fabric
Brother can you spare some ammo?

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