

High on the Mountain

Del McCoury

As I looked at the valleys down below
They were green just as far as I could see.
As my memory returned, oh how my heart did yearn
for you and the day that used to be.

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High on a mountain oh, wind blowin' free
Thinking about the days that used to be.
High on a mountain oh, standin' all alone
Wondering where the years of my life has flown.

Oh I wonder if you ever think of me
or if time has blotted out your memory.
As I listen to the breeze, whisper gently through the trees
I'll always cherish what you meant to me.