

# Willamette Mountain

Joshua James

Just the power of indecision  
You're riddled with shame  
If you leave your home number I will send you the blame  
The teeth in the cupboard ward away all bad luck  
Deep within Willamette Mountain

A sheepskin for winter  
And a tin can for rain  
I could cut you fresh ginger if you say that you're staying  
I got a million more stories, and only half aren't true  
Here inside Willamette Mountain

Well, I am not real, for you I feel  
For you I feel when the morning comes  
I am not real, for you I feel  
For you I feel when the morning comes

Please be cautious, my loved one  
The collar round your neck might not lead you to water  
But to prison instead  
You have four paths to choose from  
And only three will confuse  
The last leads to Willamette Mountain

Well, I am not real, for you I feel  
For you I feel when the morning comes  
I am not real, for you I feel  
For you I feel when the morning comes

Hurry and write down your feelings  
Hesitation means death  
Pickle all of your wrinklins  
Bottle every last breath for your mind will betray you  
And say your memory is false  
Underneath the sheets in Willamette Mountain

Conjure all of your demons  
Try and make peace with the pain  
To ignore and neglect will make you bitter and stained  
You're a creature of comfort  
Your body gives way  
To the spirits in Willamette Mountain

Well, I am not real, for you I feel  
For you I feel when the morning comes  
I am not real, for you I feel  
For you I feel when the morning comes  
For you I feel when the morning comes