

## Mountain

KUČKA

We're on different time I know  
After the winter, flowers will show  
Underneath the weighted snow  
They wait to to grow  
They wait to to grow

Out my window  
Forever old  
Out my window  
I wonder how  
How many lives you have known

Share with us your winter cold  
After the spring, the ice will flow  
Down into the stream below  
Your path erodes  
Your path erodes

Out my window  
Forever old  
Out my window  
I wonder how  
How many lives you have known