

The Man on the Mountain

Mike Scott

Ask the man on the mountain
Which way to run
Whichever you choose
Will be the right one
'Twas a prince of an evening
And the moon hung low

I was feeling like Mordred
When he struck the last blow
My sword hung poised
At the High King's throat
He begged for no mercy
But sang as he spoke :

Ask the man on the mountain
Which way to run
Whichever you choose
Will be the right one
Twelve crooked jurors
Snuck in for the kill