

Coming Down The Mountain

Mipso

I was up to my elbows
You know the way it gets
I was looking for exits
And I had far too many friends
So I packed up my suitcase
I threw away my phone
I told you I loved you,
Just had to leave you alone
Then I went walking through the rhododendron flowers
Got me a fishing pole
And it's been ten years now

I'm coming down the mountain again
Get the word to all my good-time friends
The fishing was fine but fishing comes to an end
I'm coming down the mountain again

I traded my trimmings
For a white cotton robe
I gave up my grudges and paid back
All my loans
You fools in your cities
You think you got it made
The yoke of this harlequin world
Will break you to pieces someday

And you'll go walking through
The rhododendron flowers
Looking for the white robes
But The Prophet won't be found

I'm coming down the mountain again
Get the word to all my good-time friends
The fishing was fine but fishing comes to an end
I'm coming down the mountain again

Let's go walking through the rhododendron flowers
Isn't it lovely above the madding crowd?

I'm coming down the mountain again
Get the word to all my good-time friends
The fishing was fine but fishing comes to an end
I'm coming down the mountain
Coming down the mountain
Again