

Foggy Mountain Top

Skeeter Davis

If I was on some foggy mountain top
I'd sail away to the west
I'd sail around this whole wide world
To the boy I love the best

If I had listened to what my mama said
I would not have been here today
Oh, wishin' for things that I'll never have
And weepin' my young love away

He taught me to weep, he taught me to moan
He taught me to leave my home
That lonesome town and those good old times
I'm on my way back home

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Now when you see that other blond
There's something you can tell her
She need not fool her time away
Tryin' to steal my feller

Now when you come upon me
Put on your navy blue
That long tail [Incomprehensible]
Don't blew a thing for you

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