

# Mountains

Stand High Patrol

Today, the ground is dry on the plain  
We are still waiting the blue gold from the mountains  
The sky is cloudy but it does not even rain  
We are waiting you Mother Rain

I light up a candle, with a flame  
I hope this makes the clouds rain  
Last year water use to run down the drain  
We are waiting you Mother Rain

I dream, about green pasture and fountains  
But when I open eyes it is only dust and pains  
I dream about green hills and hidden stream singing  
Morning rays warming the dew

Your shiny gold is useless I want it to be blue  
The ground is so hard under my shoe  
That the drop of water no longer seeps in  
The long-awaited shower sleeps in

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