

The Old Man Of The Mountain

The Mills Brothers

The old man of the mountain
Old man in the mountain
With his long white beard
And his crooked step
He tramps along
While the folks all laugh
With a twinkle in his eye
He passes them by
The old man of the mountain
He wears long hair
But his feet are bent
They say he's mad as an old march hare
His cares are not any
And he owes no one
The old man of the mountain
He talks to the birds when he's lonely
He sleeps with the stars for a tent
And the bees spread a feast when he's hungry
And God charges no rent
He'll live as long as an old oak tree
And laugh at fools like you and me
I often sigh and wish that I were
The old man of the mountain
With his long white beard
And his crooked step
(skat)
The old man of mountain
He wears long hair
And his feet are bent
(Skat)
The old man of mountain
He talk with the birds when he's lonely
Sleeps with the stars in his tent
(Skat)
The old man of the mountain
(skat)
Old man of the mountain
End