

## Cold Mountain

### The Pentangle

Cold mountains they're here around me  
Cold waters rolling down the stream  
Oft in my sleep I think I see you  
But when I wake it's just a dream

I've often thought, I've often wondered  
What makes young women love young men  
They're like the stars on a summer morning  
First they appear and then they're gone

I'd rather be in some God holler  
Where the sun don't ever shine

Than to see you with another  
And know you never would be mine

I've wandered down your lonesome highways  
I've chased the stars most of my days  
I'm going back to East Virginia  
The place where I was born and raised

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But when I wake it's just a dream