

652-1000
Mountainside

The sunset in the desert scorches red against the earth
Somehow i thought that year would signal some kind of rebirth
I lived among the creosote, nestled 'gainst the hills
I close my eyes and i can see that mountainside still

I had visions of sitting quiet under the stars
Back against the rock falls no hum from distant cars
But somehow i couldn't find my way to make that mountain mine
Instead i rode into the sun, gambling and lying

Mountainside
Just outside my door
But me inside
As if on a distant shore

I think back to that year and still i wonder why
Among the coyotes and the sage i refused to touch the sky
I lost my pick up and my home to hustlers at the dawn
But as always i still found a way to carry on