

# Daniel Johnston, Mountain Top

On top of a mountain top  
I stoop and thought one day  
I could really see a lot  
And if I had my way

A lazy young sod I was  
So deep in love those days  
As if there was nothing was  
But only love I crave

And so I didn't know as much  
Her loving touch amazed  
I was so gone with love  
The alphabet was a haze

So alone as she pulls away  
The funeral truck I cried  
I gazed the clouds away  
Like a Lost Christmas that day

And now I can't seem to cope  
But only hope some way  
Just to see her once more  
and we could be friends like way back when

It's as if I'm already dead  
And in my grave I lay  
If only her love could save me now  
And if some how she'd stay