

Jakob Dylan, On Up The Mountain

You're old enough to know well
The better things are all up hill
Bitter songs are never sung
In the highlands where you belong
In the smoke of cannons below
Men they bury each other in rows
People come people go
Work in numbers and leave alone

There's a light making its way
On up the mountain night and day
You'll get tired and you'll get weak
But you won't abandon your masterpiece

Off to sleep you'll go
Through the halls and opened doors
Silver bells swinging low
Strung in branches of the unknown
Soon morning comes
To warm the world and wake you up
Night is gone awful fast
It ain't wrong to be sad

There's a light making its way
On up the mountain night and day
You'll go down and you'll go deep
But you won't surrender your masterpiece

Here it comes and there it goes
The unbearable sound of the earth making men out of boys
First you learn then you'll teach
About that bright bright light
Making its way
On up the mountain night and day
You'll get tired and you'll get weak
But you won't abandon your masterpiece

There's a light making its way
On up the mountain night and day
You'll go down and you'll go deep
But you won't surrender your masterpiece
You will deliver your masterpiece