

Jimmy Buffett, A Mile High In Denver

Sittin' on a pocket full of hard earned wages
Lookin' at the world through magazine pages
I heard a lot about the mountains and the Colorado range
Made this stop for personal reasons
I didn't know I'd catch the changin' of the seasons
Where winter dictates everything from frost to naked trees

I'm about a mile high in Denver
Where the rock meets timberline
I've walked this ground from town to town
Just to finally call it mine

Lookin' for the cloud with a Styrofoam lining
Hopin' that the sun will keep on shining
Leading me to distant peace that waits so patiently
Need a little love to try some givin'
Try a little love and then start livin'
Things I feared so long ago
When everything was wrong

I'm about a mile high in Denver
Where the rock meets timberline
I've walked this ground from town to town
Tonight I'll call it mine

Sittin' on a pocket full of hard earned wages
Lookin' at the world through magazine pages
I heard a lot about the mountains and the Colorado range
Need a little time to try some livin'
Try a little love and then start givin'
Things I feared so long ago
When everything was wrong
I'm about a mile high in Denver
Where the rock meets timberline
Where God and trees create the breeze
Tonight I'll call it mine