

Jimmy Buffett, High Cumberland Dilemma

It's been a little fever and maybe Bucky Beaver
Who made me pull the lever and leave once again
We chose just not to marry but go ahead and carry
All of our earthly goods and go to live out in the woods

Midnight on the mountain and you watch the clouds roll by
Country air's appealin' but there's more than meets the eye
Meets the eye...

Moonlight on the cabin and you're too damn cold to sleep
Your head turns from my pillow so I can't see you weep
See you weep...Sarah sleep

Stoned alone together least the city streets have drains
Standing here ass high up in the rain longin' for Boston
Once again

Sarah's cold and hungry and the baby's due any day
Stuck up in high country and it don't thaw out 'til May
Here we'll stay...

Mountain fever's on me and tonight the truck broke down
Doctor in the valley but we can't get in to town
He don't come 'round

Sarah cried for Boston and her mother late last night
I reassured her everything was tight but I'm not sure that it's all
right...

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Meets the eye.