

Joe Ely, Back To My Old Molehill

I went to see the gypsy,
but her mobile home was gone
And all that was left of the gypsy
was her tire tracks cross the lawn
I headed out across the flatlands
in a rooster tail of dust
Lookin' to find some peace of mind
from someone I could trust
I tried to hide the pain,
but the pain it would not hide
And when I tried to tell the truth,
the truth turned around and lied
We were flyin' too high for each other
Too High for our own good will
I wish you would take me off of this mountain
back to my old molehill
Take me off of this mountain
back to my old molehill
I decided to call my doctor,
but my doctor was not home
So I thought I'd call my lawyer,
but my lawyer didn't have a phone
The sky is a fallin' on me babe
ever since you decided to leave
I have this fear that the atmosphere
is gettin' too thin to breathe
I tried to hide the pain,
but the pain it would not hide
And when I tried to tell the truth,
the truth turned around and lied
We were flyin' too high for each other
Too High for our own good will
I wish you would take me off of this mountain
back to my old molehill
Take me off of this mountain
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I thought I'd just go fishin'
but the fish were not amused
And I caught myself just wishin'
that I was in the fishes shoes
Just swimmin in some deep blue water
not a care in my head
Watchin' some fool with a line and pole
hidin' by the riverbed
I tried to hide the pain,
but the pain it would not hide
And when I tried to tell the truth,
the truth turned around and lied
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