

Alice Ripley, I Miss The Mountains

There was a time when I flew higher
Was a time the wild girl running free would be me
Now I see her feel the fire
Now I know she needs me there to share, I'm nowhere
All these blank and tranquil years
Seems they've dried up all my tears
And while she runs free and fast
Seems my wild days are past
But I miss the mountains
I miss the dizzy heights
All the manic, magic days
And the dark depressing nights
I miss the mountains
I miss the highs and lows
All the climbing, all the falling
All the while the wild wind blows
Stinging you with snow
And soaking you with rain
I miss the mountains
I miss the pain
Mountains make you crazy
Here it's safe and sound
My mind is somewhere hazy
My feet are on the ground
Everything is balanced here
And on an even keel
Everything is perfect
Nothing's real, nothing's real
And I miss the mountains
I, I miss lonely climb
Wandering through the wilderness
And spending all my time
Where the air is clear and cuts you like a knife
I miss the mountains
I, I miss the mountains
I miss my life, I miss my life