

Bruce Hornsby, Stander On The Mountain

B. R. Hornsby

And he stands at the banquet room bar
Looking over the crowd
The reunion band playing too loud
And he sees his fellow old star
Looks him up and down
Sees a little of himself in his frown

The stander on the mountain
Looking for the fountain to drink some, to think some
About the old days
King of the mountain
Nothing could be found of the old ways, the old days
When he was the one
And the stander on the mountain runs

Let us sit and talk of old times
That's what we're supposed to do
And you don't look a day over thirty-two
Yes we were so funny and wild
There's an old friend of mine
Says I'm looking back most all the time

And the stander on the mountain
Listens to the sound of the city streets, the lonely heat
The town he once owned
King of the mountain
Nothing could be found of the old ways, the old days
When he was the one
And the stander on the mountain runs
King of the hill runs away

Oh she's knocking on your door tonight
Oh she wants to see if she remembers right
Say won't you come outside tonight
Alright
They drive to the lookout on the hill

And when it was over
They sat there and looked back
Tomorrow was way in the distance
Tomorrow was a long time away
Nobody thought much about it
And there's nothing wrong if we live for today

I recall when you filled it on up
And you bowed to the crowd
The girls in the short skirts screaming loud

The stander on the mountain
Looking for the fountain to drink some, to think some
About the old days
Big man around town
Nothing could be found of the old ways, the old days
When he was the one
And the stander on the mountain runs