

# Cab Calloway, The Old Man Of The Mountain

(Lew Brown / Victor Young)

With his long white beard and his crooked step  
He tramps along with the folks all left (?)  
With a twinkle in his eye he passes them by  
The old man of the mountain

He wears long hair but his feet are bare  
They say he's mad as an old march hare  
His cares are none and he owes no one  
The old man of the mountain

He talks with the birds when he's lonely  
Sleeps with the stars for a tent  
While the bees spread a feast when he's hungry  
And God charges no rent

He'll live as long as an old oak tree  
And laugh at fools like you and me  
I often sigh and wish that I were  
The old man of the mountain.

=====

With a long, white beard and a crooked stare,  
He tramps along with the folks all scared;  
With a twinkle in his eye, he passes them by,  
The Old Man of the Mountain!  
Oh, he wears long hair and his feet are bare,  
They say he's mad as a grizzly bear,  
His cares are none and he fears no one,  
The Old Man of the Mountain!  
He talks with the bears when he's lonely,  
He sleeps with the sky for a tent,  
And he'll eat you up when he's hungry,  
And it wouldn't cost him a red cent!  
And he'll live as long as an old oak tree,  
He'll eat up fools like you and me,  
Oh, I often sigh and jump and cry  
At the Old Man of the Mountain!