

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.

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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!