

# Capercaillie, The Crooked Mountain

The woman who read my palm today was a friend of the pessimistic  
In a square at the edge of town was my fortune laid to bare  
She said climb that rocky mountain where the sun will rise to kiss you  
And your dreams will flow like a virgin spring to the foot of the crooked hill

Feels good to be dreaming, feels good to be here with you  
Feels good to be here  
Feels good to be dreaming, feels good to be here with you  
Feels good to be here

I'm caught in the rain again; I'm caught on a snowbound highway  
I'm caught in the rain again; on top of the crooked mountain  
On top of the crooked mountain

Like a fool I took to the woman's words being a slave of the optimistic  
I left my friends of childhood and the ones who saw me right  
Funny you don't see the sunset, and you wonder why you missed it  
For a year I saw the skies change till all the day was night

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With the evening shadows falling on the day I'm supposed to find you  
Chances are I'll never realize  
The picture from this jigsaw that I always took for granted  
Now I'm caught here in a raging storm on top of the crooked hill

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