

Catherine Feeny, Cold Mountain

I live on cold mountain
I am one with the sky, yeah.
And I wave my hands as the planes fly by.
And autumn appeared as my favorite time,
'Cause there ain't no leaves falling,
ain't no saying goodbye.

Absence makes the heart forget.
But it ain't workin' yet.
Now you tell me something:
What is a heart if it ain't made to feel?
What is a world if there ain't nothing real?
What is a nest, if the bird...she has flown?
What is a life if you live all alone?

Absence makes the heart forget.
But it ain't workin' yet.
And I know in a while that I will be strong.
How come it's taking so long?

Oh, the stars beloved and bright.
Still the darkness...still the darkness
lasts all night.
And the wind sings a comforting song.
Why is taking so long?

Absence makes the heart forget.
Absence makes the heart forget.
Absence makes the heart, the heart, forget.