

Katie Melua, Leaving The Mountain

We were leaving the mountain, it needed the day
I watched as the whiteness melted away
Our driver liked talking, with the hills in his eyes
and he mentioned a forest buried in ice

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He wanted to go and show it off glistening
and it all came alive in our listening
I could hear crisp Edelweiss
just in the words that rang in my mind
It really did glow like art in a gallery
in the mind, and then it was vanishing
and that place that was there
deep in the land
it put something new in the air

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Down in the valley, homes letting out smoke
and signs of landslides, I saw as he spoke
Dad said "let's go there, it's right on our way"
but we didn't have time to, we'll see it some day

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