

Mando Diao, Misty Mountains

La la la aaaa

In a house on an island
There's a tale that must be told
Of our mysterious Misty Mountains
Behind all the songs I wrote
Lives an old man in his shadow
And they're whistling day and night
For whatever whatever its worth for
They are whistling for you and I

On a ranch in the wildness
There's a song that must be sung
About a blindfolded angel
Who never learned the right from wrong
And though I don't know enough English
To describe it's troubled mind
But for one thing I am certain
Is that it sings for you and I

And I tried so hard to figuring out
But I guess I'm only human
I've been watching him drawing him
Analysing him in every way
I could possible think of

But does not really help me
You got to sit back and enjoy
You know Ochrazy raised and betrayed him
Now he sits there all alone
With his soul and his legend and his epic melodies
They are with us when we crying
And they are with us when we bleed

Yes they are with us when we crying
And they are with us when we bleed