

Phish, Mountains In The Mist

Several times, uncontiously
I've stumbled upon the path
And seen a mountain in the mist
As rain falls on my shoulders
Sun rises in the east
A mourning bruise
but I am here at least
I guess im just an obsticle
A thing to overcome
If I could sneek around myself
Again I'll know I've won
The moment seems to hang and float
Before me with no end
'till I'm released, awaken beast
I'm on the road again
But now i'm soaring far to high
A fleck of dust upin the sky
Where tiny clouds go sailing by
Pull me down today
Woven in the fairy-tales
We fabricate each day
Our little golden strands of truth
That glimmer in the light
The colorful material
You hold a certin way
Can keep us from the cold
And help to get us through the night
But now i'm soaring far to high
A fleck of dust upin the sky
Where tiny clouds go sailing by
Pull me down today x4
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