

Tim Finn, Young Mountain

I grew up not looking down,
The shadow of a mountain fell upon my town,
A blueness in the distance,
Living in my memory.
Now I climb the creaking stairs,
And walk upon a vanishing floor to get nowhere,
A little Mussolini screaming in my mind,

History will tell you lies,
History will tell you lies.
Your dream is buried by the dust of ages.

Time to sing a travel song,
For all the days that come and go,
As we move on,
Erotic summer heatwave buring in my memory,
Travel over hills and plains,
See the hidden valley's golden grass aflame,
A mother tongue that licks away your secret fear.

History will disappear,
History will disappear.
Your dream is buried by the dust of ages.

Quite a load to carry,
Everything that we have done,
Searching my horizon for a glimpse of the millennium.

Hasn't been so very long,
we haven't even half begun,
To peter out,
A version of the future,
Living in my mind,
I'm leaving it all behind,
It hasn't all been done,
History will tell you lies,
Your dream is buried by the dust of ages,
On the Young Mountain all four winds will blow,
From the Young Mountain wild rivers flow,
History will disappear,
On the Young Mountain a path unwinds,
On the Young Mountain who falls shall climb,
Climb the Young Mountain,
Cross the first river,
Swim the new sea.
On the Young Mountain all four winds will blow,
Leaving it all behind,
From the Young Mountain wild rivers flow,
History will tell you lies,
On the Young Mountain who falls shall climb,
On the Young Mountain all four winds will blow,
From the Young Mountain wild rivers flow,