

# Will Oldham, The Mountain Low

If I could f\*\*k a mountain  
Lord, I would f\*\*k a mountain  
And I'd do it with a woman in the valley

If she lives in the valley  
O, if she lives in the valley  
The mighty, mighty valley of the sun

Yes, if she lives there quietly  
And goes to bed there nightly  
I'd tower over peaks and in the sky

Well, she comes tumbling to me  
It seems every night there for me  
With a different face and legs that will not quit

Now I'm waiting on a friend  
To give me advice if I ask him  
And his presence will tell me what I need to know

I would sell my belongings  
In the mountains where she's living  
Just to be there when she comes every morning