

# Mountain People

## Satsang

They don't care about  
You and me, obviously  
No not us  
We're the mountain people So far away from those  
Tree lined streets  
Look so neat, not for us  
No fat chance  
We're the mountain people They'll seek us in the valley  
They'll seek us on the plain  
They own the milk and runny honey  
And they're not quite the same And we live together under  
Fantasy, oak trees  
In the dark, we make sparks  
So unique  
We're the mountain people Curiosity comes to  
Plead with me, vanity  
Strangles me, pulls me  
Shakes me down  
We're the mountain people They'll seek us in the valley  
They'll seek us on the plain  
They own the milk and runny honey  
And they're not quite the same Because they don't care about  
You and me, obviously  
Hand-me-down culture  
Waiting for the vulture  
Yes, yes, yes  
We're the mountain people Hibernation comes so early this year  
Dig the peat, pile it high, let it dry  
One last chance at ignorance  
No fat chance  
We're the mountain people One short blast was followed by  
Two longer ones, short blast  
Long blast, coming for the outcast  
Put me in a deep freeze and I'll sneeze  
We're the mountain people From a distance, I can see them  
Pacing upstream, slowly, ruthlessly  
Onwards, steady, nets and cages  
Open, ready, long term memory  
Soothes me, worry, take me, break me

Any way you fancy  
Deep freeze, put me in it and I'll sneeze, a  
Deep freeze, put me in it and I'll sneeze, a  
Deep freeze, put me in it and I'll sneeze, a  
Deep freeze, put me in it

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