# Mountain People

## Satsang

They don't care about
You and me, obviously
No not us
We're the mountain peopleSo far away from those
Tree lined streets
Look so neat, not for us
No fat chance
We're the mountain peopleThey'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 sameAnd we live together under
Fantasy, oak trees
In the dark, we make sparks
So unique
We're the mountain peopleCuriosity comes to
Plead with me, vanity
Strangles me, pulls me
Shakes me down
We're the mountain peopleThey'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 sameBecause they don't care about
You and me, obviously
Hand-me-down culture
Waiting for the vulture
Yes, yes, yes
We're the mountain peopleHibernation 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 peopleOne 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 peopleFrom 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 fancyDeep 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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