

Montana

James Taylor

I'm not smart enough for this life I've been livin',
A little bit slow for the pace of the dream.
It's not I'm ungrateful for all I've been given;
But nevertheless, just the same...I wish to my soul, I was back in Montana,
High on my mountain and deep in the snow.
Up in my cabin, over the valley,
Under the blankets with you.Over the ocean from here.
Over the mountains from there.Who can imagine the scale of the forces
That pushed this old mountain range up in the sky?
Tectonic creation, erosion, mutation;
Somethin' to pleasure God's eye.The world is a wonder of lightnin' and thunder,
And green of the ground as we fall from the sky.
The old and new faces, the tribes and the races...
Thousands of places to try.Over the ocean from here.
Over the mountains from there.One sits and waits while the other one wanders,
And squanders his time with a life on the road.
Down from the mountain, across the wide ocean,
The world is in motion and cannot be slowed.Enough for today... the demands of the moment,
The thing on my mind is the work in my hand.
Wood for the woodstove and water for coffee,
Somethin' I can still understand.We got a few friends but not many neighbors,
The trip into town takes us most of the day.
And after, "Hello", and "it's sure good to see you",
It seems like there's nothin' to say.Over the ocean from here.

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