

# Like a River

[Kate Wolf](#)

It's high on a mountain, the warm winds are blowing  
And where the winds are blowing to there ain't no way of knowing  
The mountain grass is short, it's dry and close to burning  
Crying out for water as the season's turning The sweet smell of the pines, the tall western cedar  
Drifting on the wind through the mountains like a river And I've been too long away from this wild open sky  
On the concrete trails that wind through the canyons dark and wide  
With the sounds of people talking in words of blue and gray  
And smells of doors and windows closed against the day  
The sweet smell of the pines, the tall western cedar  
Drifting on the wind through the mountains like a river Now the dust lies thick and heavy where my feet are  
falling  
There's nothing but the sound of the jaybirds calling  
My mind grows dry and thirsty as the memories linger  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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