Matterhorn

Fesaci

We started out from Bern one sunny August morn
There was just the four of us against the Matterhorn
There was Albert the Australian and John the Irishman
Me and Bill from Britain, mad dogs in the sun

Matterhorn, Matterhorn
Men have tried and men have died to climb the Matterhorn
That mighty Matterhorn

Two miles up we lost John and our rations fell below
Now Al and Bill are lying beneath an avalanche of snow
Now here I am alone and I know I cannot stop
Two more yards in front of me before I reach the top

Now here I am a dying upon the Matterhorn
Not a thing for me to lie in or a thing to keep me warm
The Queen would surely knight me if I could get back down
But it's closer here to heaven than it is back to the ground

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