Mountain Men

Jethro Tull

The poacher and his daughter
Throw soft shadows on the water in the night
A thin moon slips behind them
As they pull the net with no betraying lightAnd later on the coast road, I meet them
And the old man winks a smile
And who am I to fast deny the right
To take a fish once in a while?I walk with them, they wish me luck
When I ship out on the Sunday from the Kyle
And from the church I hear them singing
As the ship moves sadly from the pier
Oh, poachers daughter, Sunday best
Two hundred brave souls share the farewell tearWell, there's a house on the hillside
Where the drifting sands are born
Lay down and let the slow tide wash me
Back to the lands where I came from
Where the mountain men are kings
And the sound of the piper counts for everythingI did my tour, did my duty
I did all they asked of me
Died in the trenches and at El Alamein
Died in the Falklands on TV
Going back to the mountain kings
Where the sound of the piper counts for everythingLong generations from the Isles
Sent to tread the foreign miles
Where the spiral ages meet
Felt naked dust beneath their feetFuture sun called winds to blow
And the past and present hard-eyed crow
Flew hunting high and circling low
Over blackened plains of EdenThere's a child and a woman praying
For an end to the mystery
Hoping for a word in a letter
Fair wind-blown from across the sea
To where the mountain men are kings
And the sound of the piper counts for everythingThere's a house on the hillside
Where the drifting sands are born
Lay down and let the slow tide wash me
Back to the lands where I came fromWhere the mountain men are kings
And the sound of the piper counts for everything
Where the real mountain men are kings
And the sound of that piper counts for everythingFeel the naked dust beneath my toes

While the future sun calls winds to blow
And the past and present black-eyed crow
Flies hunting high and circling low
Between dream mountains of our Eden

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