Mountains

Tvardovsky

One more problem. How you've got them. All tied up with a million things to do. One is someone else. I hate that it had to come to this so fast. Two more problems, how I've got them. Two is you. Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains past their filf. How else would i know if we would last. Making mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to kill. Every wonder, every question, every thing that I'm not so sure is real. Every funny look, every stop and stare, How else would i know if we would last. I hate that it had to come to this so fast. every doubt in my mind that you still care. Making mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to kill. Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains past their filf. Making mountain, taking fountains, shaking grounds with tinny problems. Co-created from the way you give direction with affection. Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains past their filf. Making mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to kill. [Thanks to omnigene@hotmail.com for these lyrics]

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