

# King Of The Mountain

## Midnight Oil

Walking through the high dry grass, pushing my way through slow  
Yellow belly black snake, sleeping on a red rock  
Waiting for the stranger to go  
Sugar train stops at the crossing, cane cockies cursing below  
Bad storm coming, better run to the top of the mountain Mountain in the shadow of light, rain in the valley below  
Well you can say you're Peter, say you're Paul  
Don't put me up on your bedroom wall, call me the king of the mountain Blacksmith fires up the bellows, cane  
cutters burning the load  
Workers of the world, run to the top of the mountain Mountain in the I can't take my hands from my face, there  
are some things we can't replace Mountain in the Over liquid tarmac wastelands of cactus and heat  
Down cobblestone alleyways of washing day sheets  
Up ghost prairie mountains of sunset and space  
Down the road at a familiar place, across the wilderness  
Out further than the bush I will follow you

Songwriters

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WAYNE Published by

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