

Magic Mountain

Black Stone Cherry

Its a vibe its a feeling that you just can't hide. If you aint ever felt it you never felt alive.

It is a juke joint jammin down an old dirt road, a puff puff give and then you pass it along

Take a trip up magic mountain.

Say Whoa

Let the feeling free your soul

Take a drink, straight from the fountain

Say whoa

The view from the top, stops you dead in your track, The sun is the moon and the future's the past
It is a wild kind of walkway up on back in the Woods, rolling in the grass ain't never felt so good.
I ate the fruit from the garden of the witch of the west, forgot my name but I passed the test.

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