

Away Out On the Mountain

[Jimmie Rodgers](#)

I'll pack my grip for a farewell trip
Kiss Susie Jane goodbye at the fountain
I'm going, said I, to the land of the sky
Away out on the mountain Where the wild sheep grows and the buffalo lows
And the squirrels are so many you can't count them
Then I'll make love to some turtle dove
Way out on the mountain When the north winds blow and we're gonna have snow
And the rain and the hail comes bouncing
I'll wrap myself in a grizzly bear coat
Away out on the mountain Where the snakes are vile and the zebras wild
And the beavers paddle on walking canes
Then I'll send my boots with a buffalo hide
Away out on the mountain

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