

# 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

Where the whippoorwills sing me to sleep at night  
And the eagle roosts on the rocks of spontan  
I'll feast on the meat and the honey so sweet  
Way out on the mountain