Mountain Man

You'll find him up on top of a hill
Where peace and quiet is not a sin
The kettle stays on day and night,
For people who like to drop in.

His hound dog is friendly,
His bark is worse than his bite.
Don't even think you'll fool him
He's got you in his sight

His house is his mansion,
Where he doesn't give a damn,
He's king of his castle,
He's called the mountain man.

He doesn't need a lounge chair,
Or carpet on the floor,
If ever you feel out of place,
We'll I guess it's always the door.

Id change places with him any day,
To live in that great land,
I'd like to be king of the castle,
Just like our mountain man.

There's no need for a telephone
Or a fancy TV set.
He won't put on airs and graces,
What you see is what you get.

There's always coffee in the pot,
In the fire he'll chuck a log.
There's a chair in the corner,
You're welcome to have,

If you think you can beat the dog.
Saw him just last Sunday
Standing so tall as a tree,
With a look of contentment on his face,

He didn't even see me.
I'll pay him another visit,
Just to walk on his great land,
We'll have tea and damper in the bush,

With our mountain man.

Marjorie Hinton, Whiddon Wingham