Eric Clapton, High

(Eric Clapton)

High upon a mountain top Where the eagle builds his nest I shall go wandering, Trying to put my mind at rest, And I shall never cease Until the day I die.

He was once a friend of mine, But I did not know or care Until she said goodbye. I cried till I could hardly see The meaning of my life. What do I do now?

High upon a mountain top Where the eagle builds his nest I shall go wandering, Trying to put my mind at rest, And I shall never cease Until the day I die.