

# Katie Melua, Leaving The Mountain

We were leaving the mountain, it needed the day  
I watched as the whiteness melted away  
Our driver liked talking, with the hills in his eyes  
and he mentioned a forest buried in ice

□

He wanted to go and show it off glistening  
and it all came alive in our listening  
I could hear crisp Edelweiss  
just in the words that rang in my mind  
It really did glow like art in a gallery  
in the mind, and then it was vanishing  
and that place that was there  
deep in the land  
it put something new in the air

□

Down in the valley, homes letting out smoke  
and signs of landslides, I saw as he spoke  
Dad said "let's go there, it's right on our way"  
but we didn't have time to, we'll see it some day

□

He wanted to go and show it off glistening  
and it all came alive in our listening  
I could hear crisp Edelweiss  
just in the words that rang in my mind  
It really did glow like art in a gallery  
in the mind, and then it was vanishing  
and that place in the land  
One of those things you try  
but you can't understand

□

One of those things you try  
but you can't understand