

HIGH UPON THE RIDGE Words and music © Joe Linus all rights reserved.

High upon the ridge where the sweet rain falls,
The lonesome sound of the mourning dove calls.
I ditched my dreams, I got no tale to tell you.
Western winds still blow low by just to wish me well, well, well!
High upon the ridge.

I can see tomorrow, I can see yesterday.
I hear quite clearly all the words I want to say,
And sometimes divine inspiration behold!
It keeps me warm up there, long after it gets cold,
And I'm high upon the ridge.

Once I was someone, turned a blind eye to love!
I took what I could—it was never enough!
I stood by the fire and tried not to burn,
'til one day I just walked away!
I got a lot to learn, high upon the ridge!

And it's hard to believe that it's come round to this!
The sun sets me down with a long good night kiss!
And all of those radical ways I rebelled
Begin to make sense now! It all starts to gel,
When I'm high upon the ridge.

High upon the ridge where the sweet rain falls
And the lonesome sound of the mourning dove calls,
I ditched my dream, I got no tale to tell you!
Western winds still blow low by, just to wish me well, well!
High upon the ridge!