

CHOP WOOD

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A man sits on a mountain
A man sits all alone
A man sits on a mountain
He believes he counts
Will he come home?

Before enlightenment you chop wood
After enlightenment you chop wood
Straighten your back girl and just
Keep on chopping wood
He believes he counts
Will he come home?

Somewhere over the mountain
we will know
Somewhere over the mountain
we will know