

A mountain that I may never climb

F

C

FC

C7

It isn't Lord a hill any longer

C

F

C

C7

You gave me a mountain this time

C

F

C

2nd Verse: same progression as 1st verse

My Woman got tired of the heartache. Tired of the grief and the strife.
So tired of working for nothing. Just Tired of being my wife.

She took my one ray of sunshine. She took my pride and my joy.
She took my reason for living. she took my small baby boy