

Family Happiness

The Mountain Goats

As we cruised across
The Canadian border
You reached into your handbag
Pulled out a micro-cassette recorder

Started quoting Tolstoy into the machine
I had no idea what you meant
I guess I'm supposed to figure things out
Or maybe it's supposed to be self-evident

But I've gone feral
And I don't speak the language anymore
We're headed deep into the forest
I've got the pedal to the floor

The engine shudders like a dying man
When you reach out to grab my hand
You can bring out all your weapons
You can't make me go to war

Long, winding Canadian highways
Innumerable evergreens
Weather forecast on the AM radio
Says we'll be expecting highs in the low teens

When I mouth my silent curses at you
I can see my breath
I hope the stars don't even come out tonight
I hope we both freeze to death

Look at the person I've turned into
Tell me, how do you like him now?
No standards of any kind to break
No creeds to disavow

I am right here where you want me
Do what you brought me out here for
You can arm me to the teeth
You can't make me go to war