

Golden Jackal Song

The Mountain Goats

well I swung through town
shining like a new quarter
felt something sharp rise up within me
when I crossed the border
stopped at the gas station payphone
I let my fingers fly
the wicked impulses were dying
but I couldn't let them die
we were over at your place
singin about the old times
I ate so much carrion
that I could not move
I was bloated

when I saw you in the kitchen
glistening like the old country
all your cups and glasses
lined up in front of me
I stopped at the faucet for a minute
waited til you came in to see what was wrong
your fingers brushed my ribs playfully
and I played along
you had your tongue in my mouth
your eyes glistening in the light
I ate rich raw carrion
till I couldn't think right
I was full