

In Corolla

The Mountain Goats

The day I turned my back on all you people
I felt an itching in my thumbs
Salt air like a broadcast from the distant dark beyond
When my transformation comes

I went down to the warm, warm water
Saw a pelican fly past
Waved once at the highway and then left all that behind
me
I went wading through the grass

And no one was gonna come and get me
There wasn't anybody gonna know
Even though I leave a trail of burned things in my wake
Every single place I go

And it was cool and it was quiet
In the humid marsh down there
I let my head sink down beneath the brackish water
Felt it gumming up my hair

The sun was sinking into the Atlantic
The last time that I turned my back on you
I tried to summon up a little prayer as I went under
It was the best that I could do

And I said let them all fare better than your serpent
The reeds all pricking at my skin
Here's hoping they have better luck than I had down
here with you
All that water rushing in