

So Desperate

The Mountain Goats

We were parked in your car
In our neutral meeting place, the Episcopalian churchyard
I had things I'd been meaning to say
But in the dazzling winter sun that late, I could feel them melt away

And through the warm radio static
I couldn't hear my stage directions
And the fog on the windshield
Obscured our sad reflections

I felt so desperate
In your arms
I felt so desperate
In your arms

We were parked near some trees
And the moonlight soaked the branches in ever deepening degrees
Had my hand in your hair
Trying to keep my cool until it became too much to bear

When we cracked the windows open
Well, the air was just so sweet
We could hear the cars ten feet away
Out there in the street

I felt so desperate
In your arms
I felt so desperate
In your arms