

## Extraction Point

The Mountain Goats

You never learn to tell the difference between  
The probable projections and the best parts of the dream  
The fragments that stick with you, the ones you really feel  
Those parts aren't real

But high in the cold Midwestern air  
They shimmer before us there  
Almost out of reach but not quite  
Stay up thinking about it all night  
Waited so long for days like these  
I'm tired of living on my knees

Pull your hair back tight, head right for the extraction point  
And if you don't hear from me let them all go free

I'm on the Kennedy Expressway at dawn  
Don't know where we got this car from  
I'm driving with the fog lights on  
The angles you don't plan for, the things you might have missed  
Those things exist

But under the waxing winter sun  
I feel like we're almost gone  
Just pick a lane and drive right through  
Headed off to freedom with you  
Dreams of the future up in the front of my mind  
Leave a couple dozen bodies behind

Pull your hair back tight, head right for the extraction point  
And if you don't hear from me let them all go free