

Star Dusting

The Mountain Goats

Toward the end of our first year in las vegas
You looked up from your little corner
And i saw that your face was getting a little brighter
And you asked me is it really getting warmer
Or is it just me
And then you started mumbling unintelligibly
So what are you saying anyway?

I thought i heard bells ringing
But then i remembered that i no longer knew what bells sounded
like
I thought maybe we'd strike up a conversation
'till bad luck cruised by on his ten-speed bike

I got real cold
And i grabbed my coat
And i saw that the ringing was coming from your throat
What are you saying anyway?