

Toolshed

The Mountain Goats

Out by the tracks where the sunflowers grow high and fine,
Three sets of tracks: Steve and Rochelle's and the last one's mine.

Guy with a hat down in the weeds in a cardboard box
Secrets to keep.
Records to seal up.
Kittens weighed down with rocks.
There was a little toolshed where he made us suffer.

Back at the school everyone looks like the enemy.
And we couldn't sleep and i had the voices inside of me.
Steve and Rochelle and me down the well all semester long.
Back to the tracks to try and make peace,
But the box was gone, was gone.
There was a little toolshed where the sad man made us suffer.