

Clutch

"(In The Wake Of) The Swollen Goat"

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No horizon is obscured by the clouds
Settlements make nary a sound
And there were black birds singing and fish floating on
the sea
While the bells of the buoys all rang in harmony

Bury your treasure, burn your crops
Black water rising and it ain't gonna stop

The governor he been long gone, anchor dropped on
his front lawn
Build a keep and dig a moat, the return of the Swollen
Goat
Can you hear the fife and drums, barnacles barking at
the sun
Ain't no chance, so don't you try, now everybody got to
die

Bury your treasure, burn your crops
Black water rising and it ain't gonna stop

We do not desire tributes, we desire information
We seek the worm drink who has lately betrayed his
nation
Albatross on your neck and a hooker on the shore
Dog-men to the deck, there's a hooker on the
In the wake of the swollen goat

Bury your treasure, burn your crops
Black water rising and it ain't gonna stop

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