

## Clutch "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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