

Mountain Goats "Cobra Tattoo"

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Sun just clearing the treeline when my day begins.
Slippery ice on the bridges, northeastern wind coming
in.
You will bruise my head, I will strike your heel.
Drive past wind of northern pine, try not to let go of the
wheel.
Dream at night
Girl with a cobra tattoo on her arm,
It's head flaring out like a parachute.

Prisms in the dew drops in the underbrush
Skatecase sailor's purses floating down in the black
needlerush
Higher than the stars I will set my throne.
God does not need Abraham, God can raise children
from stones.
Dream at night
Girl with a cobra tattoo
And try to hear the garbled transmissions come
through.

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