

Mountain Goats "Dilaudid"

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The reception's gotten fuzzy.
The delicate balance has shifted.
Put on your gloves and your black pumps.
Let's pretend the fog has lifted.

Now you see me.
Now you don't.
Now you say you love me.
Pretty soon you won't.

If we get our full threescore and ten,
We won't pass this way again.
So kiss me with your mouth open.
Turn the tires toward the street
And stay sweet.

All the chickens come on home to roost.
Plump bodies blotting out the sky.
You know it breaks my heart in half, in half
When I see them trying to fly.

'Cause you just can't do
Things your body wasn't meant to.
Hike up your fishnets.
I know you.

If we live to see the other side of this,
I will remember your kiss.
So do it with your mouth open.
And take your foot off of the brake
For christ's sake.

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