

Mountain Goats

"Going To Bogatá"

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I know what I want
And I know what we need
When the first fruits of the harvest
Begin to blacken and bleed
And the purple fruit gives way when you press it
Even so slightly
And through the thatches behind the green leaves
We heard the fire-eyed mccaaw sing as evil as you
please
His little song
Is a very pretty song
But it's something I won't stand for

And as the sun rises over columbia
I know we're done for

When the holes started forming in the tent
And you wondered out loud where the sunlight went
I had a mind to tell you
But I didn't want to hurt you
And if I knew how to form the words
I would ask you what you'd come for

But as the sun rises over columbia
I know we're done for

Yeah as the sun rises over columbia
I know we're done for
As the sun rises over columbia
I know we're done for

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