

## Mountain Goats "Going To Bolivia"

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It is the only appliance that grinds the grain into flour  
And kneads the dough in the same container

I cut myself a two-foot switch from some tropical  
hardwood nearby.  
And the sounds of a carnival drifted miraculously  
Through the air from a thousand miles away.  
The monkeys jumped from tree to tree.  
It sent a deathly chill through me  
In bolivia

Wildcats I had never seen claimed places in my room.  
Animal noises rang through the thick brush like voices  
from the tomb.  
I saw the freshly polished chrome  
Gleaming in the mid-day sun.  
And I knew that you were coming home  
To bolivia.

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