

Mountain Goats

"Hast Thou Considered the Tetrapod?"

Visit "[Hast Thou Considered the Tetrapod?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You are sleeping off your demons
when I come home.

Spittle bubbling on your lips,
fine white foam.

I am young and I am good.
It's a hot southern California day.
If I wake you up,
There will be hell to pay.

And alone in my room,
I am the last of a lost civilization,
And I vanish into the dark,
And rise above my station.
Rise above my station.

But I do wake you up, and when I do,
You blaze down the hall and you scream.
I'm in my room with the headphones on,
Deep in the dream chamber.
And then I'm awake and I'm guarding my face,
Hoping you don't break my stereo,
Because it's the one thing that I couldn't live without.
And so I think about that,
And then I sort of black out.
Held under these smothering waves,
By your strong and thick-veined hand,
But one of these days,
I'm gonna wriggle up on dry land.

Visit [Mountain Goats](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.