

## Mountain Goats "Heights"

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When the seashells crumbled in your hand  
You looked up up at me  
And the sand shifting underneath your feet  
Softened for you and incredibly the sun went through  
from the sky  
And I was certain I was going to cry

But then you reached up and you reached out  
We'd been staring at the water all day  
And then you touched me you were golden  
You were giving the game away

When the sand crabs ran across your face  
You didn't even twitch  
And a soft scent came across the water  
Impossibly rich  
Impossibly cold  
We were just nineteen years old

But then you reached up and you reached out  
We'd been staring at the water all day  
And then you touched me you were golden  
You were giving the game away

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