

Mountain Goats "In Corolla"

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The day I turned my back on all you people
I felt an itching in my thumbs.
The salt air like a broadcast from the distant, dark
beyond
When my transformation comes.

I went down to the warm, warm water
Saw a pelican fly past
Waved once at the highway and then left all that
behind me
I went wading through the grass.

And no one was gonna come and get me.
There wasn't anybody gonna know.
Even though I leave a trail of burnt things in my wake
Every single place I go.

And it was cool, and it was quiet
In the humid marsh down there.
I let my head sink down beneath the brackish water,
Felt it gumming up my hair.

The sun was sinking into the atlantic
The last time that I turned my back on you.
I tried to summon up a little prayer as I went under
It was the best that I could do.

And I said,
"let them all fare better than your servant",
The reeds all pricking at my skin.
"here's hoping they have better luck than I had down
here with you"
All that water rushing in.

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