

## Mountain Goats "Leaving Home"

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We gathered up our worldly goods  
And stole off in the dark as quickly as we could.  
You were quieting the baby when we came to the dock  
on the outskirts of town.  
And looking back we saw China, shrinking to size of a  
coin  
And then we saw water... everywhere.  
When we climbed on board they tied our things  
together with electrical cord.  
And then we set sail as we held on tight to the cold iron  
rail.  
And I apologize, but I don't know what I love more:  
You next to me there or the receding shore.  
We stood there in the cold, and the baby was 6 months  
old.  
We were passing him back and forth  
When a cold familiar wind came down from the north.  
And looking back we saw China shrinking to size of a  
coin  
And then we saw water... everywhere

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