

Mountain Goats "Maybe Sprout Wings"

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A bad dream shook me in my sleep and I woke up
sweating.

Ran through the dark to the shower,
Already forgetting.

Tried to think good thoughts.

Trying to find my way clear.

Let the room fill with steam,

Traced pictures on the mirror.

Ghosts and clouds and nameless things.

Squint your eyes and hope real hard,

Maybe sprout wings.

I clawed my way to the living room window,

Stood there in the cold.

The last bits of my dream like figures in the distance,

Hard to hold.

I thought of old friends,

The ones who'd gone missing.

Said all their names three times.

Phantoms in the early dark,

Canaries in the mines.

Ghosts and clouds and nameless things.

Squint your eyes and hope real hard,

Maybe sprout wings.

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