

Mountain Goats

"New Monster Avenue"

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Shadows on the broad lawn, canopy of trees
Sometime after midnight, the ground is gonna freeze.
Birds in the frosty air, what are they doing there?
Greenhouse full of butcher's broom, breezes at my
back
Some time before the sun comes up, the earth is gonna
crack.
I look down at my hands, like they were mirrors.

Fresh coffee at sunrise, warm my lips against the cup.
Been waiting such a long time now, my number's finally
coming up.
All the neighbors come on out to their front porches,
waving torches.

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