

Mountain Goats "Tahitianambrosia Maker"

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We were real hungry and half dead
When you broke out half a loaf of sourdough bread.
And in the tropical air the scent rose like a spirit.
Moments of grace like this being wholly unmerited.
ahh.

We were newly alive and I felt your hand on my arm.
I was awake to the sensation and immune from all
harm.
You pressed your soft cheek up against my gut.
Pure gold. nothing but gold,
And I'm gonna bake you a nice coconut cream pie.
'Cause I saw the sky coming down to meet you.

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