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## Mountain Goats "the garden song"

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I see the flowers in your garden are in bloom.
I see the flags are flying high.
I hear you've gone and rearranged things in your room.
I guess you're trying to cut-off my air supply.

I came toward your window, real slowly.

I knew deep down I was about to strike oil.

I guess by the now the flowers in your garden know me.

I felt them trying to get at me through the soil.

my bare feet felt the cool, soft dirt, moving up my ankles, but I don't fear you. the thorns began tearing at my shirt, but I didn't even care when they tore clear through.

your garden can't hurt me. your flowers don't threaten my life. your garden can't hurt me anymore. your flowers don't threaten my life.

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