

Mountain Goats "Weekend In Western Illinois"

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The land's opening up like a blanket,
And the dandelions spread themselves thickly out
Along the fields, which are, evidently, endless;
And we are hotly in love with one another.
We've got an unquenchable thirst in our throats.
We are, for some reason, all the time, bleeding,
And we are friendless.

But we love these dogs that roll on the lawns here in
galesburg --
Because they seem to know something nobody else
knows.
It is written on the smiles on their faces,
And it rings in their high young voices
And we are burning up all of our choices up here
Where the tall grass grows, up here in galesburg.

The sky's opening up like an old wound,
And the rain on our bodies is warm tonight
And the ground underneath us shakes in the cracking
thunder.
And we can taste fresh blood in our mouths again:
There is no chance of getting enough of it,
And we tally up all our possessions, and we're going
under.

But we love these dogs that loll in the rain here in
galesburg
As the new season rocks them in it's terrible arms.
Yeah they howl as though the world were ending,
And we are watching the sky unwinding
And some of our promises were binding up here where
our dreams take form
Up here in galesburg.

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