

Mountain Goats

"Whole Wide World"

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The last of the repercussions died off real slow

And the sky was still

And the cold sun sank down beneath the snow

I hung by my hand from the tree outside

And I looked at the whole wide world.

When the voices came quietly.

I shut them down.

When a tricky young southerly wind

Came at me with it's high whistling sound.

I turned around to face it

With real arrogance burning inside.

And I drank in the whole wide world

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