

The Mountain Goats

"Balance"

Visit "[Balance](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

two tall glasses of sweet iced tea
underneath the sweetgum tree,
and the love we once nurtured, you and me,
disintegrating violently.
stick your tongue out.
catch the pieces as they drift down the air.
i am too slow to catch them all,
not too far gone to care.

two slow summer hours spent picking at the bones,
figuring the interest on delinquent loans.
speaking in sad and mournful tones,
trying to squeeze tears out of mute stones.
wet your finger.
place it toward the wind.
feel disaster in the air.
we are far too slow to outrun it now.
not too far gone to care
/]

Visit [The Mountain Goats](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.