

The Mountain Goats

"Broom People"

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'36 hudson in the garage,
All sorts of junk in the unattached spare room,
Dishes in the kitchen sink,
New straw for the old broom,
Friends who don't have a clue,
Well meaning teachers,
But down in your arms,
In your arms, I am a wild creature.
Floor two foot high with newspapers,
White carpet thick with pet hair,
Half eaten gallons of ice cream in the freezer,
Fresh fuel for the sodium flares,
I write down good reasons to freeze to death
In my spiral ring notebook,
But in the long tresses of your hair
I am a babbling brook.

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