

The Mountain Goats

"Family Happiness"

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as we cruised across the Canadian border

you reached into your handbag, pulled out a micro-cassette recorder,

started quoting Tolstoy into the machine,

i had no idea what you meant.

i guess i'm supposed to figure these things out,

or maybe it's supposed to be self-evident.

but i've gone feral,

and i don't speak the language anymore.

we're headed deep into the forest, i've got the pedal to the floor.

the engine shudders, like a dying man, when you reach out to grab my hand,

you can bring out all your weapons,

you can't make me go to war.

long winding Canadian highways,

innumerable evergreens.

weather forecast on the AM radio

says we'll be expecting highs in the low teens

when i mouth my silent curses at you,

you can see my breath.

i hope the stars don't even come out tonight.

i hope we both freeze to death.

look at the person i've turned into, tell me,

how do you like him now?

no standards of any kind, no creeds to disavow

i am right here where you want me

do what you brought me out here for.

you can arm me to the teeth.

you can't make me go to war.

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