

Mountain Goats, The

"All up the Seething Coast"

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I eat a couple Milky Ways for breakfast
I take my coffee light and sweet
Show up for dinner when you tell me to
I heap the sugar high and white on everything I eat

Carry an apple in my pocket
I write reminders on my skin
Clip meaningless pictures from old magazines
I tape them to the walls
It's a bad place I'm in

And nothing you can say or do will stop me
And a thousand dead friends can't stop me

I go back to places I remember
See what's been going on without me
Stare down the strangers at the bus stop
Pretend they've been gossiping about me

White sugar by the spoonful
Cantaloupes and grapes and watermelons
I force it down like it was medicine
Anybody asks you tell 'em what you want to tell 'em
But the best you've got is powerless against me
All your little schemes break when they come crashing
up against me

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