

## Mountain Goats, The

### "Alpha Incipiens"

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the morning comes to a stuttering halt  
the cool breeze that blows is somebody's fault  
the summer heat tries to burn through  
and i look over to warn you but something's happening

the morning glories climb the wall  
and you speak in a slow drawl  
i'm trying to piece together what you're saying  
but the birds are screeching, the hounds are baying  
i don't remember there being any hounds around here

we lean back and we clink our glasses  
raise the drinks to our thirsty mouths,  
and thick as molasses ice cold vodka eases in as  
the low pressure system brings the breezes in  
and they sashay and pirouette above you  
the only thing i know is that i love you  
and i'm holding on,  
yeah

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