

Mountain Goats, The

"Balance"

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Two tall glasses of sweet iced tea, underneath the
sweet gum 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

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