

## **Mountain Goats, The**

### **"Birth Of Serpents"**

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Let the camera pull back till the fullness of the frame is  
clear and plain  
Peer into the screen until you see it all like a vision in a  
crystal ball  
Let it all fill with smoke  
Is this somebody's idea of a joke?

Let the fixer work until the silver's washed away  
And take the picture from the tray  
Look hard at what you see and then remember you and  
me  
And let the truth spring free  
Like a jack-in the box  
Like a hundred-thousand cuckoo clocks  
From the Oregon corners to the Iowa corn  
To the rooms with the heat lamps where the snakes get  
born

Crawl through the tunnel and follow, follow the light  
north west  
See that young man who dwells inside his body like an  
uninvited guest  
See the tunnel twist  
Clutch your birth rite in your fist  
Let the camera do its dirty work down there in the dark  
Sink low, rise high, bring back some blurry pictures  
to remember all your darker moments by  
Permanent bruises on our knees  
Never forget what it felt like to live in rooms like these  
From the California coastline to the Iowa corn  
To the rooms with the heat lamps where the snakes get  
born

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