

## Mountain Goats, The "Broom People"

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'36 hudson in the garage,  
all sorts of junk in the unattached spare room,  
dishes in the kitchen sink,  
new straw for the old broom,  
friends who dont have a clue,  
well meaning teachers,  
but down in your arms,  
in your arms, I am a wild creature.

floor two foot high with newspapers,  
white carpet thick with pet hair,  
half eaten gallons of ice cream in the freezer,  
fresh fuel for the sodium flares,  
I write down good reasons to freeze to death  
in my spiral ring notebook,  
but in the long tresses of your hair  
I am a babbling brook.

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