

Mountain Goats, The

"Cobra Tattoo"

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sun just clearing the treeline when my day begins.
slippery ice on the bridges, northeastern wind coming
in.
you will bruise my head, I will strike your heel.
drive past wind of northern pine, try not to let go of the
wheel.
dream at night
girl with a cobra tattoo on her arm,
it's head flaring out like a parachute.

prisms in the dew drops in the underbrush
skatecase sailor's purses floating down in the black
needlerush
higher than the stars I will set my throne.
God does not need Abraham, God can raise children
from stones.
dream at night
girl with a cobra tattoo
and try to hear the garbled transmissions come
through.

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