

## Mountain Goats, The "Dinu Lipatti's Bones"

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we stank of hair dye and ammonia.  
we sealed ourselves away from view.  
you were looking at the void and sat unblinking.  
the best that I could do was to train my eyes on you.

we scaled the hidden hills beneath the surface,  
scraped our fingers bloody on the stones.  
and built our little house that we could live in  
out of dinu lapatti's bones.

we kept our friends at bay all summer long.  
treated the days as if they'd kill us if they could.  
ringing out the hours like blood drenched bed sheets  
to keep winter time at bay but december showed up  
anyway.

there was no money it was money that you wanted.  
I went downtown, sold off most of what I owned.  
and we raised a tower to broadcast all our dark dreams  
from dinu lapatti's bones.

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