

Mountain Goats, The "Distant Stations"

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I found an old rock
in the dry dirt outside
the door of my hotel room
it was a triangle with soft rounded edges
and a split down the middle of one corner
it was darker than english moss
green like the soft frill's of a peacock's plume
I waited for you
but I never told you where I was
it was you who taught me how
to write these kinds of equations
I waited on the steps for you
and I hid in the bushes whenever a car pulled into the
parking lot
you taught me how to listen to these distant stations
distant stations

I saw the sky break
I threw a rock at a crow who was playing
in the rose bushes by the motel office
missed him by a good yard or two

I sang old songs from nowhere
Los Angeles, Albuquerque
said a small prayer for the poor and the naked and the
hungry
and I prayed real hard for you
I waited for you
but I never told you where I was
it was you who taught me how
to write this kind of equation
I waited on the steps for you
and I hid in the bushes whenever a car pulled into the
parking lot
you taught me how to listen to these distant stations
distant stations

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