

## Mountain Goats, The

### "Going to Bogatá"

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i know what i want  
and i know what we need  
when the first fruits of the harvest  
begin to blacken and bleed  
and the purple fruit gives way when you press it  
even so slightly  
and through the thatches behind the green leaves  
we heard the fire-eyed mccaaw sing as evil as you  
please  
his little song  
is a very pretty song  
but its something i won't stand for

and as the sun rises over columbia  
i know we're done for

when the holes started forming in the tent  
and you wondered out loud where the sunlight went  
i had a mind to tell you  
but i didn't want to hurt you  
and if i knew how to form the words  
i would ask you what you'd come for

but as the sun rises over columbia  
i know we're done for

yeah as the sun rises over columbia  
i know we're done for  
as the sun rises over columbia  
i know we're done for

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