

Mountain Goats, The "Heights"

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when the seashells crumbled in your hand
you looked up up at me
and the sand shifting underneath your feet
softened for you and incredibly the sun went through
from the sky
and i was certain i was going to cry

but then you reached up and you reached out
we'd been staring at the water all day
and then you touched me you were golden
you were giving the game away

when the sand crabs ran across your face
you didn't even twitch
and a soft scent came across the water
impossibly rich
impossibly cold
we were just nineteen years old

but then you reached up and you reached out
we'd been staring at the water all day
and then you touched me you were golden
you were giving the game away

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