

## Mountain Goats, The "Idylls of the King"

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This place with its old plantations  
These roads leading out to the sea  
This day full of promise and potential  
More clay pigeons for you and me  
All of them all of them  
All of them all of them  
All of them all of them all of them all of them  
All lined up

Huge crows loitering by the curb  
Our shared paths unraveling behind us like ribbons  
And I dreamed of vultures  
In the trees around our house  
And cicadas and locusts  
And the shrieking of innumerable gibbons  
All of them all of them  
All of them all of them  
All of them all of them all of them all of them  
All lined up

How long will we ride this way about?  
How long 'til someone caves under the pressure?  
My dreams are haunted by armies armies of ghosts  
Faces too blurry to make out  
Numbers far too high to measure  
Your face like a vision straight out of Holly Hobby  
Late light drizzling through your hair  
Your eyes twin volcanoes  
Bad ideas dancing around in there  
All all of them all of them  
All of them all of them  
All of them all of them all of them all of them  
All lined up

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