

Mountain Goats, The "In Corolla"

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the day I turned my back on all you people
I felt an itching in my thumbs.
the salt air like a broadcast from the distant, dark
beyond
when my transformation comes.

I went down to the warm, warm water
saw a pelican fly past
waved once at the highway and then left all that behind
me
I went wading through the grass.

and no one was gonna come and get me.
there wasn't anybody gonna know.
even though I leave a trail of burnt things in my wake
every single place I go.

and it was cool, and it was quiet
in the humid marsh down there.
i let my head sink down beneath the brackish water,
felt it gumming up my hair.

the sun was sinking into the atlantic
the last time that I turned my back on you.
I tried to summon up a little prayer as I went under
it was the best that I could do.

and I said,
"let them all fare better than your servant",
the reeds all pricking at my skin.
"here's hoping they have better luck than i had down
here with you"
all that water rushing in.

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