

Mountain Goats, The

"New Britain"

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you've had it up to here with my west country talk
you can hardly understand a word i say
the shortest tree around here is a hundred feet tall
it's gonna rain today

i try and tell you secrets 'til my face turns blue
i am not getting through to you
all the way across the ocean
they're gathering their strength again
lining up along the country's length again
this morning i know who you are
this morning i know who you are

on the river, the sun is bright gold
and the things you try to say to me make my blood run
cold
but i hold you anyway, and we stare into the sun all day
and you're about to leave again
i've learned to read your movements
and i'm learning how to read your mind
the sun climbs up the sky for us above the mississippi
and i feel you in my arms, but you're hardly even with
me
this morning i know who you are
this morning i know who you are

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