

## Mountain Goats, The

### "Quito"

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When I receive the blessing I've got coming  
I'm going to raise an ice-cold glass of water  
And toast the living and the dead who've gone before  
me  
And my head will throb like an old wound reopening

When I get off the bus down there my children  
They all are going to greet me at the station  
Like gypsies they will dance around me  
And the choral droning sound their voices make will  
saturate the evening

When I get off the wheel I'm going to stop  
And make amends to everyone I've wounded  
And when I wave my magic wand  
Those few who've slipped the surly bonds  
Will rise like salmon at the spawning

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