

## **Mountain Goats, The "Riches And Wonders"**

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We live high  
Our love gorges on the alcohol we feed it  
And it grows all fat and friendly  
we have surplus if we need it  
we hold on as hard as we can  
our knuckles are white

we write letters to each other  
invent secrets to confess to  
I learn foreign and exotic terms of endearment  
by which to address you  
we feed fresh fruit to one another  
we stay up all night

I am healthy, I am whole  
but I have poor impulse control  
and I want to go home  
but I am home

we are strong, we are faithful  
we are guardians of a rare thing  
we pay close careful attention  
to the news the morning air brings  
we show great loyalty to the hard times we've been  
through

we are filled with riches and wonders  
our love keeps things it finds  
and we dance like drunken sailors  
lost at sea  
out of our minds  
you find shelter somewhere in me  
I find great comfort in you

And I keep you safe from harm  
you hold me in your arms  
and I want to go home  
but I am home

