

## Mountain Goats, The

### "So Desperate"

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We were parked in your car  
in our neutral meeting place, the Episcopalian  
churchyard  
I had things I'd been meaning to say  
but in the dazzling winter sun that late I could feel them  
melt away

And through the warm radio static  
I couldn't hear my stage directions  
And the fog on the windshield  
Obscured our sad reflections

I felt so desperate in your arms

We were parked near some trees  
And the moonlight soaked the branches in ever-  
deepening degrees  
Had my hand in your hair  
Trying to keep my cool 'til it became too much to bear

When we cracked the windows open  
Well the air was just so sweet  
We could hear the cars ten feet away  
Out there on the street

I felt so desperate in your arms

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