

## **Mountain Goats, The "Sourdoire Valley Song"**

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Bang the small rocks on the big ones  
Till the small ones are sharp and clean  
Catch something, kill something  
New blade cuts real keen

And then the grass grows up to cover up the firepit and  
the forge  
Half a world away from the Olduvai Gorge

Chew these roots for a toothache,  
Chew these ones for atmosphere  
Dream the pleasant dreams that people dream  
When they grow up down here

And the the grass grows up to cover up the firepit and  
the forge  
Half a world away from the Olduvai Gorge

Take care of the old man  
See if he's in pain  
Have somebody stay with him  
Comfort him when he complains  
Keep to ourselves mostly  
Few friends and fewer closer friends  
Lead a long life if you're lucky  
Hope it never ends

And then the grass grows up to cover to cover up the  
firepit and the forge  
Half a world away from the Olduvai Gorge

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