

Mountain Goats, The "Tahitianambrosia Maker"

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we were real hungry and half dead
when you broke out half a loaf of sourdough bread.
and in the tropical air the scent rose like a spirit.
moments of grace like this being wholly unmerited.
ahh.

we were newly alive and I felt your hand on my arm.
I was awake to the sensation and immune from all
harm.
you pressed your soft cheek up against my gut.
pure gold. nothing but gold,
and I'm gonna bake you a nice coconut cream pie.
'cause I saw the sky coming down to meet you.

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