

Mountain Goats, The

"The House that Dripped Blood"

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Look beyond the broken bottles
Past the rotting wooden stairs
Root out the wine-dark honeyed center
Not everyone can live like millionaires

Look through the air-thin walls
Tear up the floorboards strip the paint
Go over every inch of space
With the patience of a saint
Grab your hat get your coat
The cellar door is an open throat

Look past the kitchen cabinets
Go through the chest of drawers
Scrutinize the casements
Rip the varnish off the doors
Dig up the laughing photographs
They're here somewhere or other
Take what you can carry
But let me tell you brother
Still waters go stagnant
Bodies bloat
And the cellar door is an open throat

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