

Mountain Goats, The

"The Mess Inside"

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took a weekend, drove to Provo
the snow was white and fluffy
the weekend in Utah won't fix what's wrong with us
the grey sky was vast and real cryptic above me
I wanted you to love me like you used to do

we took two weeks in the Bahamas
went out dancing every night
tried to fight the creeping sense of dread with
temporal things
most of the time I guess I felt alright
but I wanted you to love like you used to do

but you cannot run
and you cannot hide
from the wreck we made of our house
and from the mess inside

we went down to New Orleans
one weekend in the spring
looked hard for what we'd lost
it was painful to admit it
but we couldn't find a thing
I wanted you to love me like you used to do

we went to New Your City in September
took the train out of Manhattan
to the grand army stop
found that bench we'd sat together on
a thousand years ago
when I felt such love for you
I thought my heart was gonna pop
I wanted you to love me like you used to do

and I cannot run
and I can't hide
from the wreck we made of our house
from the mess inside

