

## Mountain Goats, The "Weekend in Western Illinois"

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the land's opening up like a blanket,  
and the dandelions spread themselves thickly out  
along the fields, which are, evidently, endless;  
and we are hotly in love with one another.  
we've got an unquenchable thirst in our throats.  
we are, for some reason, all the time, bleeding,  
and we are friendless.

but we love these dogs that roll on the lawns here in  
galesburg --  
because they seem to know something nobody else  
knows.  
it is written on the smiles on their faces,  
and it rings in their high young voices  
and we are burning up all of our choices up here  
where the tall grass grows, up here in galesburg.

the sky's opening up like an old wound,  
and the rain on our bodies is warm tonight  
and the ground underneath us shakes in the cracking  
thunder.  
and we can taste fresh blood in our mouths again:  
there is no chance of getting enough of it,  
and we tally up all our possessions, and we're going  
under.

but we love these dogs that loll in the rain here in  
galesburg  
as the new season rocks them in its terrible arms.  
yeah they howl as though the world were ending,  
and we are watching the sky unwinding  
and some of our promises were binding up here where  
our dreams take form  
up here in galesburg.

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