

Black Molly

The Mountain Goats

Black mollies in the aquarium,
Darting back and forth as though an earthquake were
certain
And I, turned up the heater
And I ripped off my shirt
And I grabbed hold of my stereo
And I threw it out the window
You were in town again
You'd come around again
You were dragging me down again with you

Siamese fish flashing like sparklers
It started to rain
And the telephone rang a couple of times
I put a bullet through its cold dead brain
And I got out my photographs of you
And I put bullets through all of them too
You were in town again
You'd come around again
You were dragging me down again with you
Yeah