

Alpha Incipiens

The Mountain Goats

The morning comes to a stuttering halt
The cool breeze that blows is somebody's fault
The summer heat tries to burn through
And I look over to warn you but something's happening

The morning glories climb the wall
And you speak in a slow drawl
I'm trying to piece together what you're saying
But the birds are screeching, the hounds are baying
I don't remember there being any hounds around here

We lean back and we clink our glasses
Raise the drinks to our thirsty mouths,
And thick as molasses ice cold vodka eases in as
The low pressure system brings the breezes in
And they sashay and pirouette above you
The only thing I know is that I love you
And I'm holding on,
Yeah