

## 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