

Chanson du Bon Chose

The Mountain Goats

Saw the sycamore underneath the moon
I was waiting for something & you were sleeping in the
living room
And it was five-sixteen a.m. - the air was sharp and cool
And I wondered where you buried our dark little jewel

And the heat rising, in the room
I am digging graves. I am digging graves
And the water boiling, on the stove
I am digging graves. I am digging graves

So I held you close to me
I saw the shadows start to gather outside beneath the
sycamore tree
And something was changing
This was something here entirely new
Bursting into blossom inside of us both with the sun
coming up and
Me holding onto you

And your body breathing on mine
I am digging graves. I am digging graves
And your hands running through my hair
I am digging graves. I am digging graves