

Cobra Tattoo

The Mountain Goats

Sun just clearing the tree line when my day begins
Slippery ice on the bridges, northeastern wind coming in
You will bruise my head, I will strike your heel
Drive past woods of northern pine, try not to let go of
the wheel

Dream at night
Girl with the cobra tattoo
On her arm
Its head flaring out like a parachute

Prisms in the dewdrops in the underbrush
Skate case sailors' purses floating down in the black
needle rush
Higher than the stars I will set my throne
God does not need Abraham, God can raise children from
stones

Dream at night
Girl with the cobra tattoo
And try to hear
The garbled transmissions coming through