

Deianara Crush

The Mountain Goats

One day in September you come here
You pull my head down and you whisper in my ear
And you tell me the sidewalk is as far as the world really goes
But that's a secret everybody knows

You hold my head in your hands, you say my name
How is it that though you say it some 20,000 times, it's never
quite the same?
And you tell me that Hercules died burning, consumed by an arti
cle of his own clothing
That's something I'd rather not be reminded of