

Dilaudid

The Mountain Goats

The reception's gotten fuzzy
The delicate balance has shifted
Put on your gloves and your black pumps
Let's pretend the fog has lifted

Now you see me
Now you don't
Now you say you love me
Pretty soon you won't

If we get our full three-score and ten
We won't pass this way again
So kiss me with your mouth open
Turn the tires toward the street and stay sweet

All the chickens come on home to roost
Plump bodies blotting out the sky
You know it breaks my heart in half, in half
When I see them try to fly

'Cause you just can't do
Things your body wasn't meant to
Hike up your fishnets
I know you

If we live to see the other side of this
I will remember your kiss
So do it with your mouth open
And take your foot off of the brake, for Christ's sake!