

Early Spring

The Mountain Goats

The pictures you paint aren't as pretty as they once
seemed to me
And the coffee's bitter 'cause it's been boiling too long
And the jokes you tell aren't as funny as they once
seemed to me
And the songs you sing are just plain hackneyed

But the stars shine down on all God's children
And the sun sets on the good on the evil
And I know you
And I know you

The throbbing flowers outside, I get it
And the paint peeling from the bathroom walls
And the smile on your face is alive
And the smile on your face is real pretty

And the sun shines down on all God's children
And the stars burn for the good and the evil
And I know you
And I know you