

Elijah

The Mountain Goats

Streak the windows
Smear the walls with coconut oil, yeah
Fill the cast-iron kettle
With water and magnolia blossom

Let it boil
Let the water roll
Let the fire takes its toll
I'm coming home, I'm coming home

Dust off the idols
Give them something to eat
I think they're hungry
I know I'm starving half to death

I know you're waiting
I know you've been waiting for a long, long time
And I'm coming home
I'm coming home

Set the table
Those three extra places
One for me, one for your doubts
And one for God

Let the incense burn in every room
Feel the fullness of time in the empty tomb
Feel the future kicking in your womb
I'm coming home, I'm coming home