

Faithless Bacchant Song

The Mountain Goats

Somewhere in the damn forest...
Where the fat pines look like my brother's arms,
Thick and ripe
I'm trying to get out for days and these green vines
Keep getting in my way

I came up to a clearing.
Where the crosswinds cooled my face.
I would've sat down there in the middle,
I would've rested just a little,
But for the fire-bellied toads.
See the ground was wet and they were everywhere.
Fire-bellied toad number five
From what may or may not have been unlimited series
Opened up his little mouth
As though to speak,
And then he spoke
And then he spoke to me, and he said,

"you can't holler down a rain barrel.
You can't climb around a tree.
I don't want to play in your yard.
If you won't be good to me."

Honey it was downright creepy