

## Family Happiness

### The Mountain Goats

As we cruised across  
The Canadian border  
You reached into your handbag  
Pulled out a micro-cassette recorder

Started quoting Tolstoy into the machine  
I had no idea what you meant  
I guess I'm supposed to figure things out  
Or maybe it's supposed to be self-evident

But I've gone feral  
And I don't speak the language anymore  
We're headed deep into the forest  
I've got the pedal to the floor

The engine shudders like a dying man  
When you reach out to grab my hand  
You can bring out all your weapons  
You can't make me go to war

Long, winding Canadian highways  
Innumerable evergreens  
Weather forecast on the AM radio  
Says we'll be expecting highs in the low teens

When I mouth my silent curses at you  
I can see my breath  
I hope the stars don't even come out tonight  
I hope we both freeze to death

Look at the person I've turned into  
Tell me, how do you like him now?  
No standards of any kind to break  
No creeds to disavow

I am right here where you want me  
Do what you brought me out here for  
You can arm me to the teeth  
You can't make me go to war