

Genesis 3:23

The Mountain Goats

House up in Clear Lake where I used to live
Picked the lock on the front door and felt it give
Touch nothing, move nothing, stand still, keep my ears
open for cars
See how the people here live now, hope that they're
better at it than I was

I used to live here
I used to live here
I used to live here
I used to live here

Pictures up on the mantle, nobody I know
I stand by the tiny furnace where the long shadows grow
Living room to bedroom to kitchen, familiar and warm
Hours we spent starving within these walls, sounds of a
distant storm

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Fight through the ghosts in the hallway
Duck and weave
Stand by the door with my eyes closed
When it's time to leave

Steal home before sunset, cover up my tracks
Drive home with old dreams at play in my mind and the
wind at my back
Break the lock on my own garden gate when I get home
after dark
Sit looking up at the stars outside like teeth in the
mouth of a shark

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