

Going to Bogotá

The Mountain Goats

I know what I want
And I know what we need
When the first fruits of the harvest
Begin to blacken and bleed

And the purple fruit gives way when you press it
Even so slightly
And through the thatches behind the green leaves
We heard the fire-eyed macaw sing, evil as you please

And his little song is a very pretty song
But it's something I won't stand for
And as the sun rises over Colombia
I know we're done for

When the holes started forming in the tent
And you wondered out loud where the sunlight went
I had a mind to tell you
But I didn't want to hurt you

And if I knew how to form the words
I would ask you what you'd come for
But as the sun rises over Colombia
I know we're done for

Yeah, as the sun rises over Colombia
I know we're done for
As the sun rises over Colombia
I know we're done for