

Going to Bolivia

The Mountain Goats

I cut myself a two-foot switch from some tropical
hardwood nearby
And the sounds of a carnival drifted miraculously through
the air from a thousand miles away
The monkeys jumped from tree to tree, it sent a deathly
chill through me
In Bolivia

Wildcats I had never seen claimed places in my room
Animal noises rang through the thick brush like voices
from the tomb
I saw the freshly polished chrome gleaming in the midday
sun
And I knew that you were coming home to Bolivia