

Going to Jamaica

The Mountain Goats

I saw the last of the brightly colored birds
check out of maine for the other world.
and you ask me how much longer we have to stay here.
but I'm not at liberty to say.

and what flowers there were around kingston are blue.
I ripped them up from the dry soil and draped them over
you.

we saw the last of the bright colored birds coming home.
I saw you address them through your megaphone.
and you asked me when we were leaving.
well, it's any day now.

and what flowers there were around trenchtown were red.
I stole them from the hands of children.
I braided them around your head.