

Going to Monaco

The Mountain Goats

...the sergeant drop to the ground
In the shadow of a low branch
They heard a branch crack to the left
Then the sound of footsteps
Two of the renegades carrying firewood, a third with a
rifle
Were walking towards them
Closer and closer

The sea gobbles up the full sun
And I look at you and I know you're the one
The one I used to know something about
And I try to say what it was, but the words won't come
out
And you ask me to hold you
That's the devils' work.

You show your palms and I see they're empty
And I'd check them twice if you'd let me
But you wouldn't do that now would you?
I didn't think so.
And you ask me to hold you
That's the devils' work.

We stand on the sand and we watch the world turn
And we stand on the sand and we watch the water burn
And we stand on the sand six inches from one another
And the sands burn and blow and neither one of runs for
cover
And you ask me to hold you
That's the devils' work.
And you ask me to hold you
That's the devils' work