

Going to Norwalk

The Mountain Goats

At one thirty on a thursday night
I saw a pair of raccoons heading to the gutter
they stopped at the storm drain
their tails hung down and out of sight
they looked up at me
their eyes were shining
I thought of you

and I can't stand the way the moon expands and fills out
the corners of your california sky
I can't stand it

the old buildings stood tall against the sky
the windows had old sheets hanging over them doubling as
curtains
and the silhouettes moving in the bright lights behind
the curtains
looked like you
I stopped moving momentarily

the world will
stand still on nights like these
without any kind of warning
and I can't stand it.