

## Going to Queens

The Mountain Goats

The ghostly sing-song  
Of the children playing double-dutch  
I felt the wind come through the window  
I felt it turn around and switch back

In the second story room  
In Jamaica, Queens  
Your hair was dripping wet  
Your skin was clean

And the children skipping rope  
Tripled their speed  
You were all I'd ever wanted  
You were all I'd ever need

In New York City in the middle of July  
The air was heavy and wet  
The air was heavy, your body was heavy on mine  
I will know who you are yet, I will know who you are yet