

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