

Going to Reykjavík

The Mountain Goats

I've been drinking that coffee you sent me from Thailand
I've been watching the lamps burn
I've been listening to the wind chime
I've been waiting my turn

And I'm coming to you
I am coming to you
I am coming to you

I heated the milk until it boiled and I drank it down
I stepped outside and I checked my reflection in the rain
There were voices on the wind, winter coming on in
And I made myself up again, brand new

And I am broken
And I am tired
And I am coming to you
With my mouth dripping